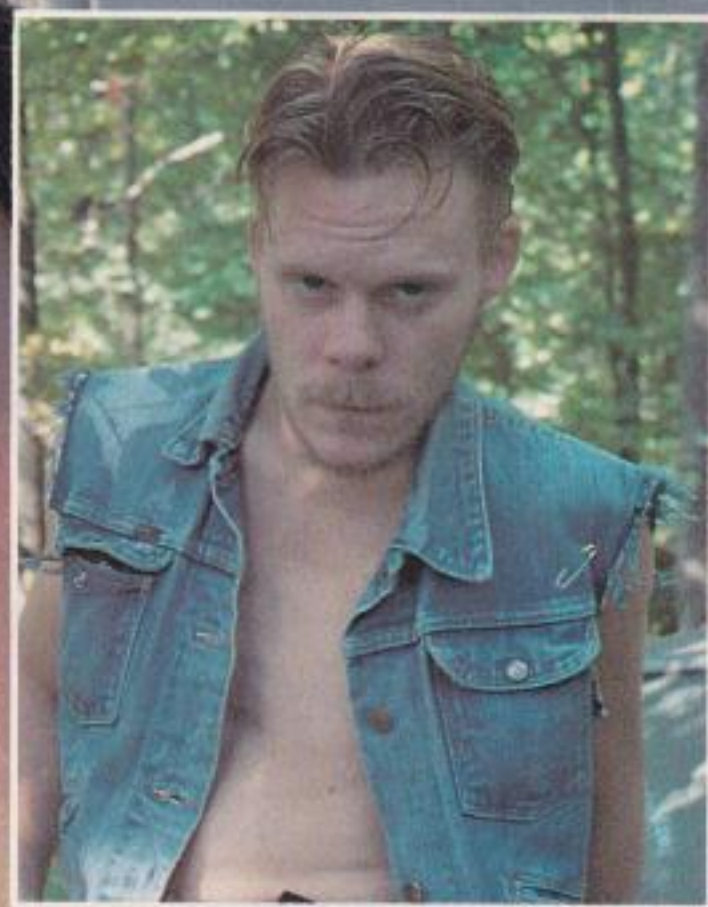
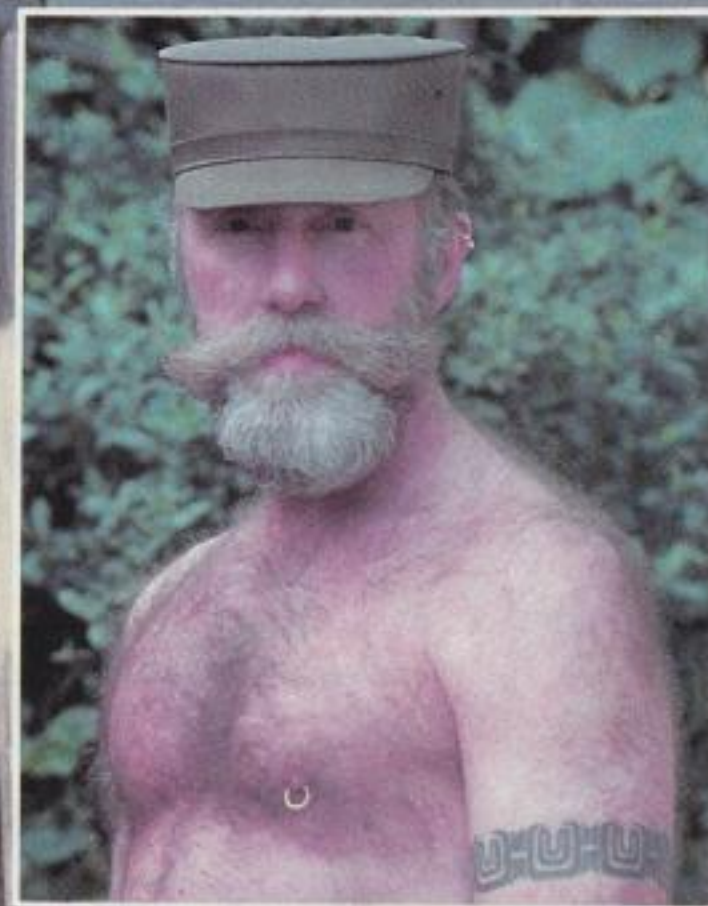


DRUMMER

ISSUE 117

495



**THE
CADILLAC KID**
AUTOEROTIC

DADDIES
COME IN ALL AGES

**DRUMMER
PRESENTS A FIRST:
A NEW SERIES OF EROTIC LEATHERMAN POSTERS
BY LEON**

Join us in September
FOR A SAN FRANCISCO
LEATHER WEEKEND



REGIONAL MR. DRUMMER CONTESTS:

Mr. New England Drummer—July 24
The Underground—Portland, ME

Mr. Northeast Drummer—June 25
Tracks—New York, NY

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer—July 3
RES Productions, Charlotte, NC

Mr. Dixie Drummer—July 19
The Eagle—Atlanta, GA.

Mr. Southeast Drummer—April 16
Tacky's—Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Mr. Midwest Drummer—
The Dock—Cincinnati, OH

Mr. Great Lakes Drummer—August 19
The Detroit Eagle—Detroit, MI

Mr. Great Plains Drummer—August 26
The Windjammer—Kansas City, MO

Mr. Southwest Drummer—July 3
Chutes—Houston, TX

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer—August 6
Galerie Leon—Denver, CO

Mr. S. California Drummer—April 16
Probe—Los Angeles, CA

Mr. N. California Drummer—June 10
SF Eagle—San Francisco, CA

Mr. Northwest Drummer—Sept. 4
Mack's Leathers—Vancouver, BC

Mr. Eastern Canada Drummer—
MC Faucon—Montreal, PQ

Mr. Europe Drummer—August
Eagle Bar—Amsterdam, Netherlands

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Fri. Sept. 23: Leather Pride Party

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And watch for updated information in *Drummer!*

DRUMMER

ISSUE 117

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

DRUMMER

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PRESIDENT: Andrew V. Charles

PUBLISHER: Anthony F. DeBlase

EDITOR: Fledermaus

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Tim Barrus

CONSULTING EDITOR: JimEd Thompson

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: Ken Lackey

ART DIRECTOR: Jameo Saunders

ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR: Guy Magallanes

PRODUCTION ARTIST: John Wood

TYPOGRAPHY: Eric Daniels Arthur Kaplan

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER: Scott Martin

CLASSIFIED AD SERVICES: Ken Lackey

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RETAIL SALES: Everett Sloan

FEATURED CONTRIBUTORS:

Guy Baldwin Bill Ward
Larry Townsend

FREQUENT CONTRIBUTORS:

Writers:

Tim Barrus Jack Fritscher Aaron Travis
Steve Evans John Preston Scott Tucker
Fledermaus Jay Schafer Richard A. White

Photographers:

Albert Old Reliable Zeus Studios
Scott Martin Robert Pruzan
Jim Moss Jim Wigler

Artists:

Boss The Hun Olaf Sean
Cavelo Leon R.A.W. Tallwing
Cirby K. Mann Rex

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ROLF ERIC BERGMAN photo by Altomar Productions
Back Cover: THE CADILLAC KID photo from Spur Productions

OFF THE TOP

Timothy Patrick Barrus

Howl, howl, howl, howl! O! you are men of stones. Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so that heaven's vaults should crack . . . —King Lear

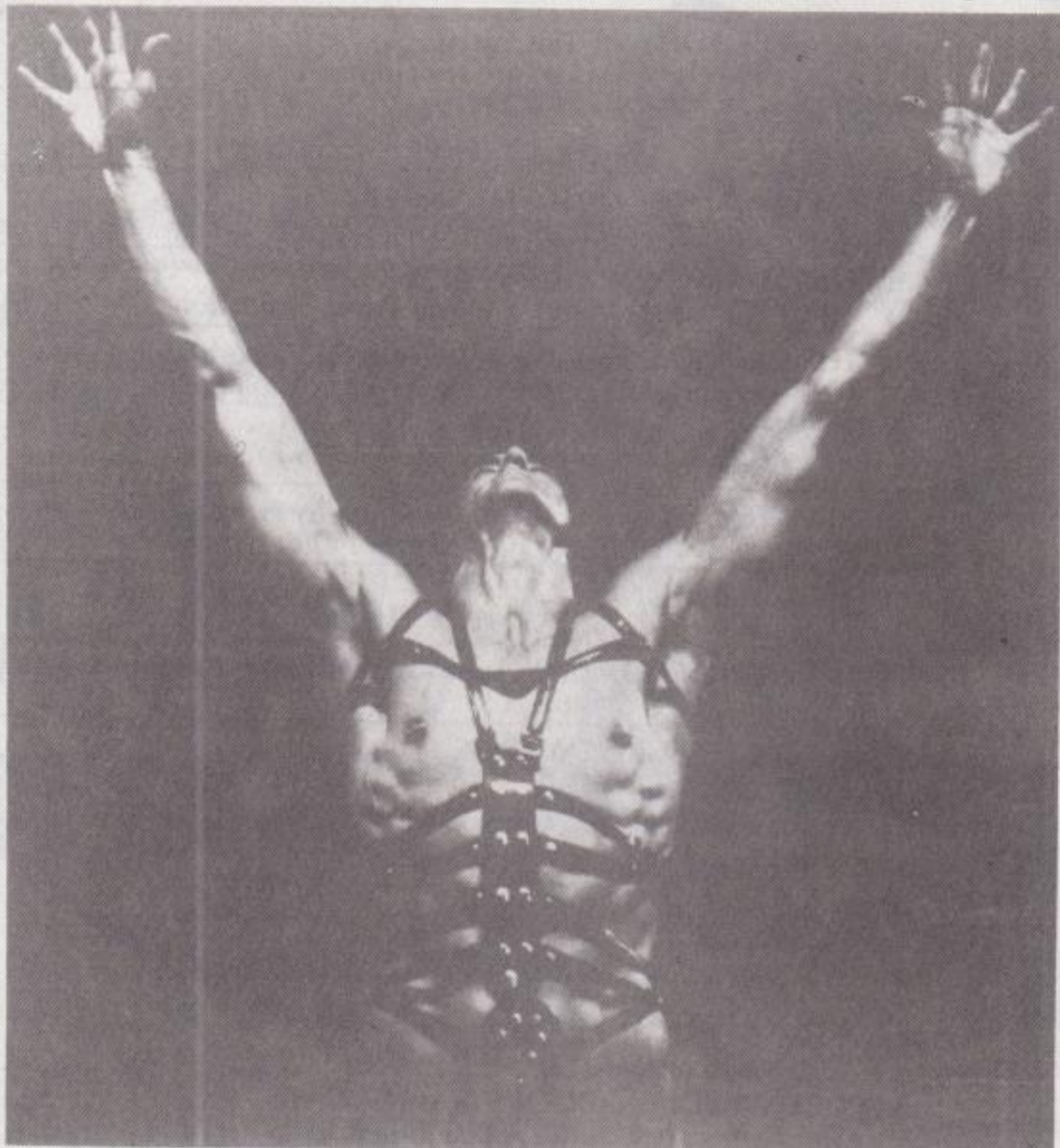


Photo by MARK I. CHESTER

THE CHALLENGE IS TO REACH . . .

There is a photographic image on the wall of my bedroom of a muscular man dressed in leather harness—reaching. I find myself often staring at the photograph, its shadow-like chimera elucidation, and over the years it has come to symbolize to me, oh, so many indecipherable erotic illuminations. There is a photograph on the wall of my bedroom of a man dressed in leather harness—reaching. It is a simple image; there is nothing complicated about what it says, yet every time I look at it I see something different. Something about strength. Something about indomitable vibrancy. Something about the tension found in unconquerable masculine beauty.

Something about reaching.

The man in the photograph on the wall of my bedroom, dressed in leather harness, is JimEd Thompson, my predecessor at *Drummer*. As Associate Editor

of this often frustrating often wild often wonderful often prodigious publication, JimEd Thompson was and remains intensely involved in the process of nurturing *Drummer* through many stages of its growth. The fact that this publication exists whatsoever is due to the efforts and the vision and the commitment of such men as JimEd and the other folks, here, whose voices continue to reverberate with sexual electricity. There is a photographic image on the wall of my bedroom of a man dressed in leather harness—reaching. And—often—when I feel absolutely defeated by all of the many struggles which exist out there in the world: the health crisis, gay community infighting, political stagnation, genocide (the list is endless), and I know in my bones that I cannot face another day of it, I look at the muscular man dressed in leather harness on my wall. Reaching.

And I am reminded that the struggle is worth the fight. And I am reminded that in the midst of madness and chaos and WAR there is amazing grace and amazing Herculean ecstasy and amazing rage and amazing ardent reciprocal passion to this thing called living. That is JimEd's gift to me. It is a message that must be reflected on the pages of this magazine. It is only a magazine. Pieces of paper stapled together. Words on a page. And yet *Drummer* must be, oh, so much more than just another gay male sex rag. There have been an awful lot of gifted people who have given, oh, so much of themselves to the essence of *Drummer*.

When I look around at the sweat and the outrageous spirit of those men who have been here before me—with their vision, their strength, their contributions, I realize that the challenge, here, is to keep *Drummer* alive, to maintain *Drummer's* sense of balls, to communicate the amazing grace, the amazing rage, the amazing ardent reciprocal passion to this thing we call sexuality and living. The challenge is to keep reaching. I owe so much to the talented people who have been here before me: Howl, howl, howl, howl! O! You are great men of stones. Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so that heaven's vaults should crack . . .

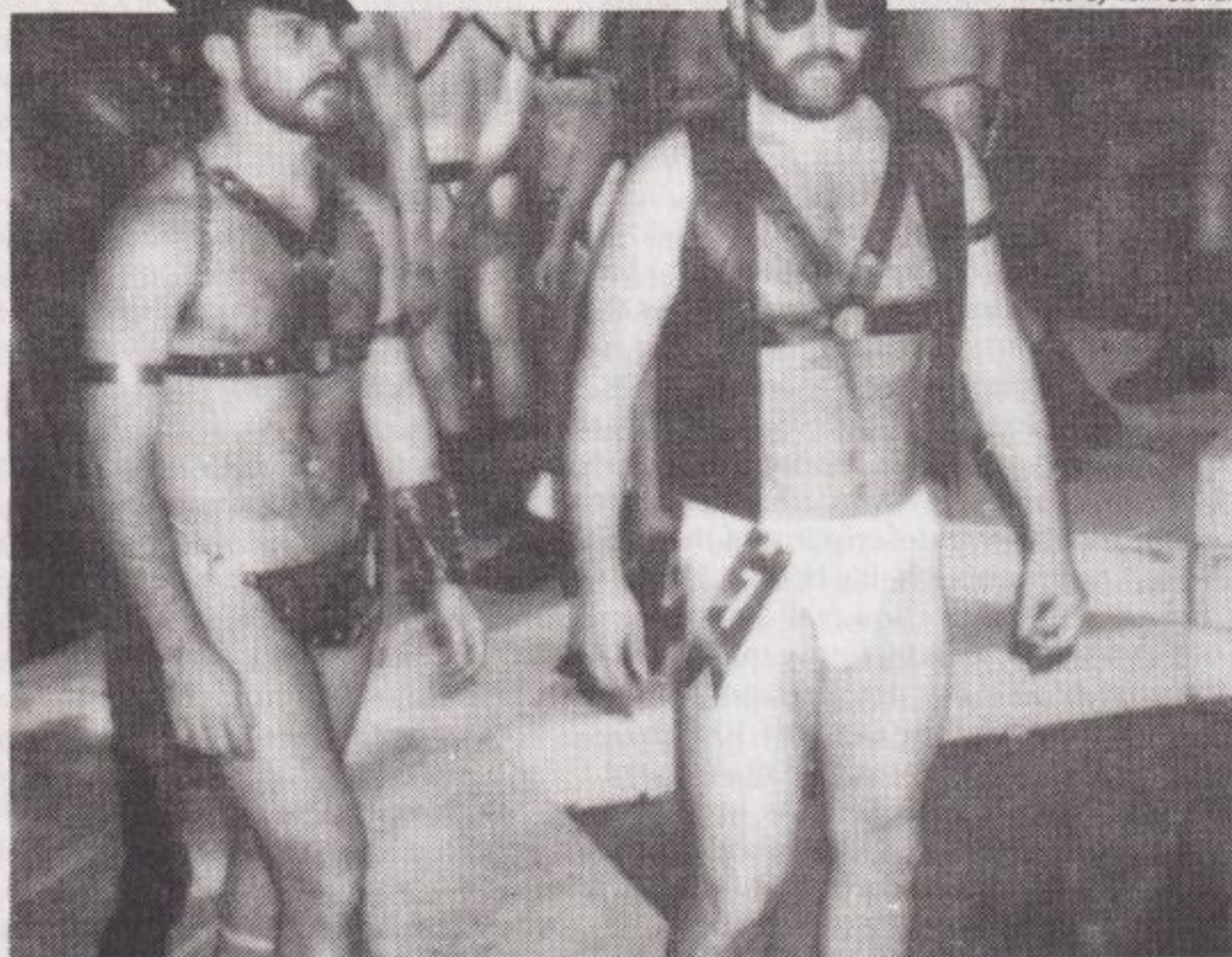
The challenge is to push home the reality that the gay masculine experience remains alive and well and lives not so much on pieces of paper—or in words on a page—but within each one of us. The challenge is to let the universe know in no uncertain terms that we will not be defeated, that our concentrated stamina is connected to our leather brotherhood, that we will not go gently into that good night, that we will continue to celebrate our living—our fucking—our leather, our spiritual virility. Tim Barrus has some pretty goddamn big boots to fill, here, at *Drummer* and I'm making no goddamn promises outside of giving this wild and wonderful and radical publication my best shot.

No bullshit. Next month this razzle dazzle balancing act goes COLOR!

There is a photographic image on the wall of my bedroom of a muscular man dressed in leather harness—reaching into the blackness into Herculean ecstasy. A man who is about courage. A man who is about pride. A man—a leather fighter brother—who is very much about what it means to be alive and a man. *Drummer* must be about keeping gay sex and gay men luminescent, rapturous, torrid, and the hot incandescent burning flame that has always symbolized our spirit. We will continue to razzle dazzle.

We will continue to reach . . .

Photo by Vern Stewart



MYSTERY MEN

In *Drummer 114*, in the Leather Bulletin Board, you published two pictures, one of the three winners of the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather '88 Contest and another of the contestants. I would like to know who is contestant number seven and where is he from? I sincerely believe I met him Thanksgiving weekend in '86 at the Spike in New York City. I struck up a small conversation with him and explained to him that "He has put the mystery back in New York." After which he smiled and left to meet friends of his. I to this day, until this issue, wondered if I would ever see him again.

J.D./New York City

I am writing to inquire about a hot leatherman in *Drummer 114* who appears on page 91. Who is the man in the picture on the left facing the camera with the sunglasses and the white jock strap? He looks great! Can you help out a curious admirer?

Brad Allen/Intercourse, PA

In your issue 114 on page 91 you have a photo of the most masculine man I have seen in a long time. I would

like to see more pictures of him. He is wearing a white jock, dark glasses, leather vest, hat, and tag #7. He is what I consider a man's man. I also feel that this issue is one of your best.

Thanks . . .

Daniel/New Orleans, LA

Looks like this one made a big splash! Why don't you all try contacting the Centaur MC, sponsors of the contest, at PO Box 912, Harrisburg, PA 17108-0912 to see if they can put you in touch.

—TPB

TATTOOED AND PROUD!

I rarely write letters in response to letters in magazines, however the letter from P.R./Bridgeport CT (*Drummer 114*) has prompted me to write this. I am a member of the National Tattoo Association and am heavily tattooed. I am very proud of my tattoos, my leather, and my gayness. I don't believe that ANY of them belong "hidden in the closet." It seems that P.R. is suffering from internalized homophobia. This is sad. He could use some help in the self-image department.

Tattoos have been around almost as long as man. They are not merely a fad.

For many people they're a fetish and for some, like myself, they're much more than even a fetish. They are meaningful symbols; beautiful artwork and the object of erotic attention. The latter being the reason that *Drummer* dedicated an issue to them.

Personally, I was somewhat disappointed in the issue due to the fact that most of the men were not physically attractive to me. There were, however, some very hot tattoos.

Overall I really enjoyed the issue. At least one a year would be fine with me.

Although I don't own one (nor do I plan to), if I did, my leather opera gown would not only be strapless, it would also be backless. That way I could show off my backpiece, chest and arms, and demonstrate backbone at the same time. What good is something beautiful if you have to keep it in the closet? Please use my real name if you decide to print this letter. I am proudly out of the closet . . .

Larry D'Oria/San Diego, CA

It's great that you took the time to respond. The whole issue around how we "show off" our tattoos, our piercings, our leather—ourselves—is one that can be approached with a variety of perspectives. My own personal experiences with tattoos is that they can also involve a very special kind of prideful sharing—phantasy (as opposed to mere fantasy)—in that when I choose to share my tattoos with another person (whether or not the sharing takes place on a bike, in public, in rubber, or in a bed) what I'm choosing to share is an articulation of esoteric aphonic insurrection. Personal rebellion! And every time I look at my own tattoos (piercings can also impart the same kind of sensibility, here), I am reminded of and reinforced for my masculine individuality.

Whenever I'm feeling really battered or smacked around by the real world (as opposed to my sexual phantasy world which is frequently a much better, more honest place to live in than what others refer to as "reality"—at least it's real to me), I tend to cover up my piercings and tattoos with layers of leather—as protection. Armor. There's a part of one's warrior

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person *must* understand the dangers involved in each activity.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its

readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from the generally recog-

nized safe-sex—as well as safe-and-sane—play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from any other Desmodus, Inc. products.

soul that receives sustenance from the images one has put on one's body. And my sharing of who I am, what secrets I possess, goes through a very circumspect part of what I call "the brotherhood cycle." The sharing gets relegated to those whom I feel connected to; people who I can trust.

Similarly to the creative construction of a complex concerto, no two tattoos are perfectly the same anymore than two masterpieces—works of mosaic art—are the same. People, like tattoos, are beautiful in their unique texture. Each person and each tattoo says something different. Something unique. Something magnificent. Something satyr. And something about the kaleidoscopic inevitable tension, the *pain*, the *patience* which exists between the renegade mutant and the artful musician who lives and breathes and connects in each one of us.

—TPB

TRAS EL CRISTAL

Last fall you reviewed *Tras El Cristal*. I want to see that movie in the worst way, but I can't find it playing anywhere. Your sources are infinitely better than mine. Could you track it down and list in your next issue movie houses where it is playing? I am sure that a lot of guys out there would be grateful for the information. I know I would.

E.D./Chicago

We are told by the Strand Theatre in San Francisco (which unfortunately has no current plans to show this film) that it can be ordered by most "art-type" movie houses and that if you inquire around with managers of smaller theatres in Chicago you might be able to find someone willing to exhibit the film.

—TPB

BOOTFUCK!

Drummer 113 was the best yet. I've been cruising boots for several years now. When I find a pair of hot boots, there is no limit to what I'll do to TOP the guy wearing them. To me there's no better feeling than plugging a guy's asshole while his boots are on my shoulders. I get to smell the leather. And sometimes when the boots are especially hot, I get to taste the leather. Also, the other guy gets a terrific fuck from me.

That's why I decided to join the BOOTS club in Vancouver, B.C. as mentioned on page 47. However I've run into some difficulty trying to get US money changed into Canadian money as the article requests. The local banks don't want to handle anything under \$100. The Post Office has too many strange requirements to go that route. Any suggestions?

Daddy in Raleigh, NC

The article says that \$20 (Canadian) covers one year's membership, meaning \$20 in Canadian value/exchange not meaning that funds had to be actual Canadian

cash. And . . . what do mean by the term "no limits" to what you'll do in order to top a guy wearing boots? Does this "no limits" rule apply to Associate Editors obsessed with boots as well?

—TPB

rites of exchange

P.D.P.'s short but mighty letter in *Drummer 112* was so intriguing that i have a compulsion to answer him in hopes that you might consider what i have to say is worth forwarding to him.

The philosophers, poets, writers, playwrights, and sages throughout the ages have all, in their own way, tried to put into words a definitive description of the word "love." Sadly enough, it's been without success! i fear that i, too, will not succeed, but in my own mind, i know that "love" is the answer to "Long-term relationships."

During my lifetime i've had 30 plus lovers, and happily now, will never have the need for any more! All the loves that i've had were all Mr. Rights at the time i had them, but they proved in time to be nothing more than an exquisite box of expensive candy, tasty to eat, sweet as sugar, but once finished, all too forgotten.

P.D.P. put a limit in his question of S/M Relationships!!! This is a reasonable and questionable debate, for if we include "pseudo-love" in our question, we must admit that it could be a one-night stand, or a lifetime! Whether it be homosexual or heterosexual, the worthless marriage vows repeated daily in either worlds hold very little value when it comes to keeping two hearts together for a lifetime.

In the same issue of *Drummer*, Mike from Vancouver has also written an intriguing letter that, strangely enough, between the lines, has a hidden message to answer P.D.P. Mike and his Master have a very definite style, while my Master and i have one that is entirely the opposite, and yet both of us are happy and successful in our relationships! Mike and his Master have their symbols of slavery and ownership, and so do my Master and i. While Mike is branded on the head of his cock, i am branded on my right ass cheek! i also wear black (4) pure onyx earrings in my right ear, plus seven (7) stainless steel rings inserted into my scrotum. my tits have been pierced and i wear proudly ten gauge rings in them. my head and body are kept shaved at all times, but i do wear an exquisite full hair-piece in formal public and while at work. And like Mike's situation, every time the Master inflicts any implement of slavery upon me, he has stated that our unity as one has just become stronger. Now, my own point herein of value to P.D.P. is the cost of these symbols! Yes, again, a true Master/slave long-term relationship is a burden upon the Master, both physically and monetarily.

Without intent to harp upon the religious

involvement, i still must make a few more statements that have a bearing upon "long-term."

The brandings, the piercings, and the vocal declarations of "you are now My slave forever" are just as binding as the church's rite of exchanging vows and wedding rings!

The formal, public wedding declaration does not bind two men, or any man and woman, together any more than a simple action or vocal rite secretly conducted between the two involved in the presence of their God.

The formal religious ceremony does have a value in its contents if the participants' declarations of responsibility for each other is the most important part of the promise of unity, which cannot be entered into lightly. The only part of such ceremonies that holds any lifetime binding is the statement: "For richer or poorer and in sickness and in health!"

Both letters are so intriguing to me due to a time limit being set up in both of them—using one period of 5 years and the other coming up with ten years. Is it true that a lasting relationship is the subject matter. That is an important issue, but is it really necessary? i would believe that a definite time limit can be set as a criterion. i've been with my Master just short of four years and feel that if you want a time limit that we certainly qualify along with the longest term holders, for we are definitely and forever one!

i mention "love" in my explanation, but all the love in the world is not sufficient if there is no trust between any couple. So trust becomes the glove that touches the cheek, therefore bringing about the long-term, lasting relationship!

If the rest of columnist Guy Baldwin's articles on Master/slave long-term relationships are as intelligent and informative as his first two, perhaps the gay world will have a better understanding of what true S/m is all about. i, for one, congratulate him and you for printing his articles and am anxiously waiting for his opinions on Master/slave love as involved in long-term relationships!

phillip donatien pereiere
slave to MASTER DOC/Dallas, Texas

DISASTER FOR A MASTER . . .

I had not intended to write on this again, as it has a high potential of turning into a rather pointless pissing contest. However, having read J.D.'s letter (*Drummer 113*), I would like to present my side.

He seems to remember our preliminary phone conversation differently than I do. He outlined what he wanted, and a long list of limits and restrictions. While I thought (and still think) what he wanted was possible, I did not have the resources to do it within the limits he insisted on.

Simply as an example, he wanted a total one-on-one situation, no third party

involved. The scene he wants requires (in my opinion) a prolonged period of confinement; I feel it is not safe to leave a person confined or bound without supervision, when I was not with him, someone else would have to be. He was adamant about no third person, and I could not at that time put my work and life on hold for a couple of weeks; I told him that a few months in the future might be better.

J.D. told me that he was coming to Arizona for his health, that he would be traveling and staying with some straight friends. He asked if we could meet at that time. I agreed to meet with him for the purpose of discussing his scene (a person's susceptibility to hypnosis will vary from operator to operator; some people who are good subjects with one person will be totally unable to relax and "go under" with another).

(Speaking of which, it is interesting that someone who stresses honesty as much as he does states that he "pretended" to go under hypnosis and gave me a "fictitious" story. I have several years' experience using hypnosis as a therapeutic technique, and if he was not under he is a consummate actor.)

So we started with different expectations of what was going to happen. From there I would not recognize his account of what did happen, except for one point. My pet does attempt to manipulate me

through tantrums. So did J.D.

Sometimes when my pet wants attention, he will misbehave, acting on the principle that being punished is better than being ignored. My response to this is to ignore his tantrums, as any reaction is simply reinforcing the behavior. It seems to be working, and the tantrums are less and less frequent.

However, my pet happened to throw one of his tantrums in front of J.D. J.D. then started in on a tantrum of his own, telling me how I "should" react to this. Having found out that tantrums got J.D.'s attention, even if they didn't get mine, my pet threw more in the next week than in the past year.

J.D. later told me that his tantrum was calculated to make me mad. I don't see how he can criticize my pet for attempting to manipulate me when he was attempting the same thing.

(There was also an unexpected demand on my time. A few days after J.D. arrived, one of my employees got stabbed. He has since recovered nicely, thank-you, but for a while I had to do double duty at work.)

Other than this, I feel that all of our problems were the result of a failure to communicate. For example, I never did figure out what J.D. meant by "real animal training." I have trained horses and dogs. I have found that the approach that works is firm, consistent discipline. Any display

of anger is counterproductive. Some pain is sometimes necessary. But J.D.'s list of limitations prohibited (among other things) using a shock prod or hitting with a belt, whip, crop, or anything else. What I was left with as a disciplinary measure was verbal abuse and ball work. Anyone who wants to is invited to try to train a "real animal" (say, a horse or large dog) using these techniques. Let me know if it turns out (by mail, not in person).

I do agree with J.D. that I lost control of the situation, that I should have said "no" with more conviction rather than try to work within limits I thought were impossible. But as he claimed that he was coming to Arizona anyway, and had friends here to stay with if things didn't work out (I don't know what happened to those friends, I never heard of them again after he got here), I thought it was worth a try.

As it is, it was a learning experience, and I feel fortunate that it cost me no more than the \$70 phone bill he ran up while staying here.

Beast/Tucson, AZ

This is THE LAST WORD on this exchange.
—AFD

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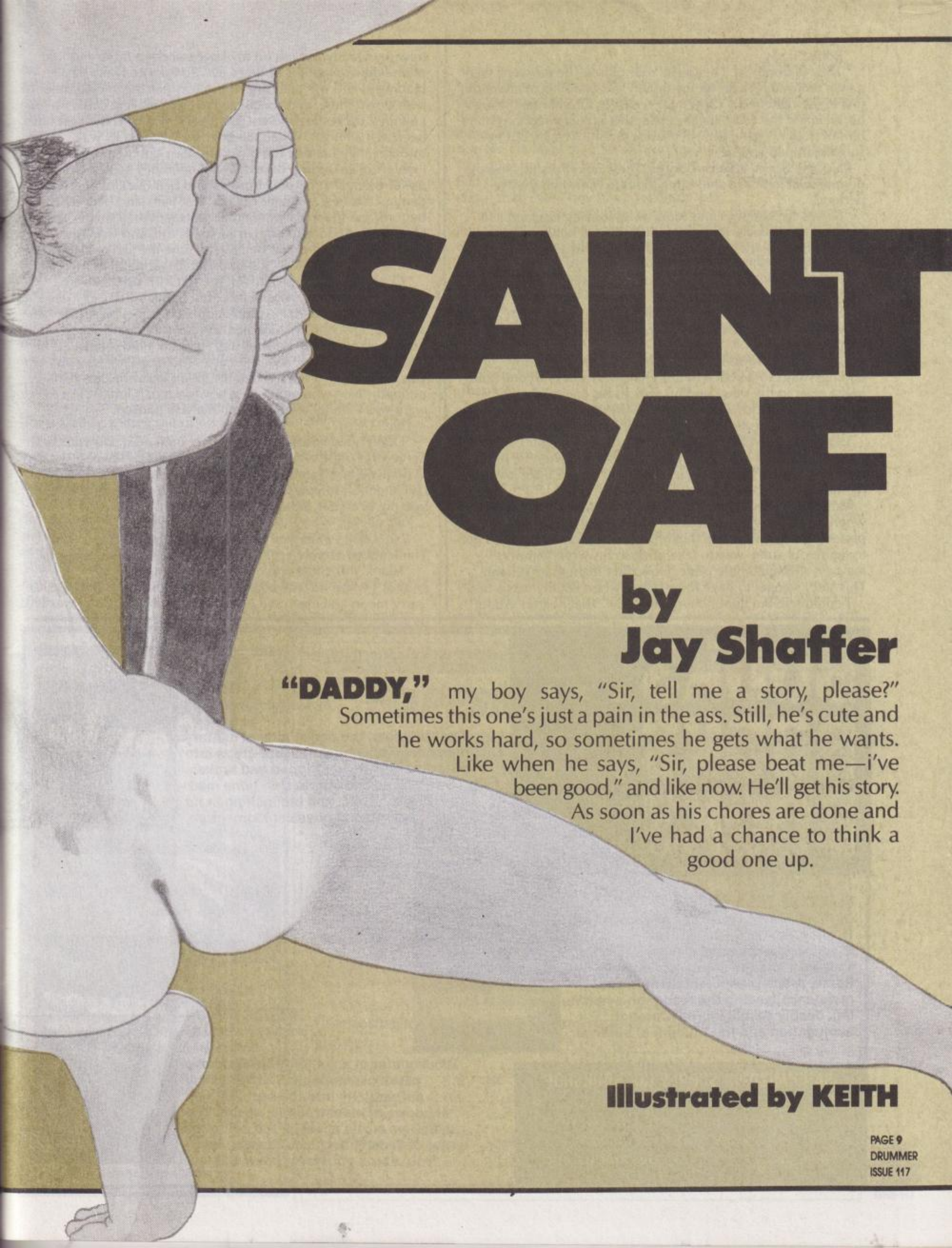
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**After a while I lost track of time Daddy fed; boy ate.
Daddy pulled out all the way; boy felt lonely and started
to whimper and Daddy slapped his face with that dick.**





SAINT OAF

by
Jay Shaffer

"DADDY," my boy says, "Sir, tell me a story, please?"
Sometimes this one's just a pain in the ass. Still, he's cute and he works hard, so sometimes he gets what he wants. Like when he says, "Sir, please beat me—I've been good," and like now. He'll get his story. As soon as his chores are done and I've had a chance to think a good one up.

Illustrated by KEITH

"Boots," I say.

"They're done, Sir. They're in Your closet," he answers, with a little too much pride for my taste. He is standing at attention, just to the right of my chair, naked except for the ring through his dick and the wide leather collar that is supposed to remind him to hold his head up. He's pretty and he's eager, but he's so goddamned young.

"Not my boots, little boy. Yours. They look like shit. No boy of mine will look like shit. Bring them to me when they're perfect."

"Sir yes Sir," he says and turns away, looking crushed. He gives up too quickly, this one, pulling his tail between his legs and slinking off. It's a pretty tail. They're pretty legs. He has so much to learn.

"Hold your fucking head up, boy," I yell at his back as he leaves the room.

"Sir yes Sir," he says—and he does. So much to learn.

So. Baby wants a bedtime story. Daddy wants to give it to him.

Daddy wants to spin a tale with a moral and a happy ending; wants to lie back in this chair with a beer in one hand and a cigar in the other and his dick in his cocksucker's mouth while Daddy's little boy crouches and listens and watches, and nurses himself to sleep.

Question is: What do I want to teach him tonight? I won't waste my time or his. When I talk, he listens. When he listens, he learns. When he learns, he makes me proud. I like it when he makes me proud.

What he needs to learn tonight is how to hold his head up when he serves. I've got to teach him where to find that perfect spot between too much pride and too little. He has got to figure out some way to take pride in his work without letting it show. Humble pride. How did I learn that? When?

This story's going to have to be about when Daddy was a boy. I could tell him about the poker game. That helped. About

how my Daddy put me on my knees under a table and told me he didn't want his buddies ever to have to leave the bidding just to use the john. There was just me and a cooler of beer down there, and six big, thirsty men playing cards up top. I handed up bottles and got them back empty. They must have been at it all night. When the beer had worked its way through, they handed me dicks and they got them back empty. I never spilled a drop of piss. What beer they spilled I cleaned up for them, first off of shirtfronts and belt buckles and hot denim crotches, and later out of chest hairs and beer-belly buttons and the folds where their nuts met their thighs. Before I was done I had taken down six loads too, and won my Daddy a hundred-dollar bet. By the time the last of Daddy's buddies had gone I was full of them all—and full of myself.

"Good job," he said, and left me to clean up the room.

"Yes, Sir, I know," I answered, "but thank You."

He turned around. He didn't come back to smack me, although I used to wish he had. He just stood and stared until I dropped my eyes. "Look at me," he said. I did it because he told me to, although it wasn't easy. "You're on my way out. Do you know that?" I hadn't, but just then I knew he was right. I nodded. "No—you won't be a boy too much longer. But I want you to think about something." He paused.

"Sir?"

"Don't build yourself up. Let other men do it. Do your best. Serve with pride when you serve, but don't let anyone see it. When you take service, expect the best—and get it. Just don't call attention to yourself. If you deserve it, you'll get it. When you do, accept it. Believe it. Then let it go. Got that?"

"Sir yes Sir."

"No, I don't think you do. But you'll remember this talk. Think about it. Now. Let's try this again: you did a good job."

"Thank You, Sir. It was an honor to serve."

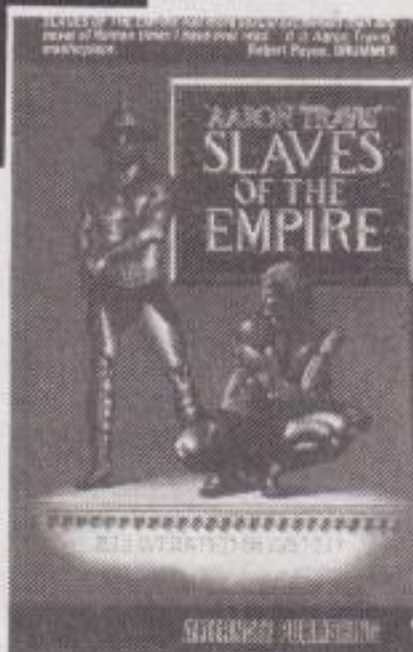
That's when he walked back to hug me and pick me up, to carry me in and clean me out and fuck what little shit was left

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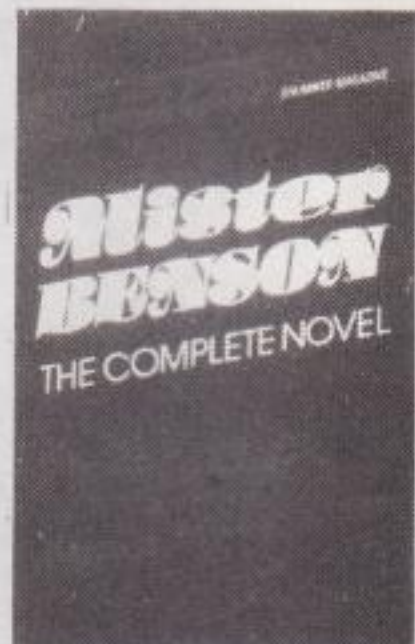
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out of me. That's what I want to teach this one. Trouble is, I'm still learning it myself. Sometimes I wonder how that man must have felt at times like this. I wonder how he saw himself. This kid seems to think I'm perfect. That's how I looked at my Daddy. I wanted to serve him the first time I laid eyes on him.

I was fresh from the Corps, newly discharged from Camp Pendleton and working the first civilian job of my life just up the coast at San Onofre. There's a nuclear power plant there that's supposed to provide electricity for all of Southern California. It doesn't work well. Never did. But times and dreams were different then; the place was still being built and they needed all the help they could hire. I made a lot of good money doing nothing but watching other men work.

The place was deceptive. Grey concrete and white paint and saltwater rust made it look like any other construction site. This one just happened to be radioactive in spots. The people who worked in those spots had to wear moon suits, and they couldn't get close to the piles for too long. All I did was stand around in a suit of my own and tell them all when to come out. That—and wonder what they looked like out of their astronaut gear.

I never had to wonder about Saint Oaf. He looked exactly like a Daddy, getting out of his truck in the parking lot on my first morning on the job. Work boots. Worn jeans. A heavy old wide leather belt. Beer gut, wide shoulders, a huge barrel chest: He wasn't too tall, but he was very big. Red-and-black lumberjack shirt. Heavy gold beard and dark blond hair. All of that was enough to make me take notice, but there was more. He was smoking a pipe—a big, no-nonsense job that fit him perfectly—and wearing a black leather vest and a pair of photogrey glasses that had turned almost black in the sun. That pipe and his vest made me sure I wanted to see a lot more of him. Those glasses made sure I never did quite see his eyes.

I never learned his name, either. That day I didn't even

speak to him. Even when I did, even when I was living with him and taking care of him and his buddies and working beside him to pay my way, I never heard him called anything but Mick. It wasn't my place to ask for any more information. He didn't offer any. I just called him Daddy. In public I called him Sir. He liked that. So did I. In my head I called him Saint Oaf, after the plant where I'd met him and the strange way he had of being both kind and cruel at once. I never told him about that. Every boy has a secret or two.

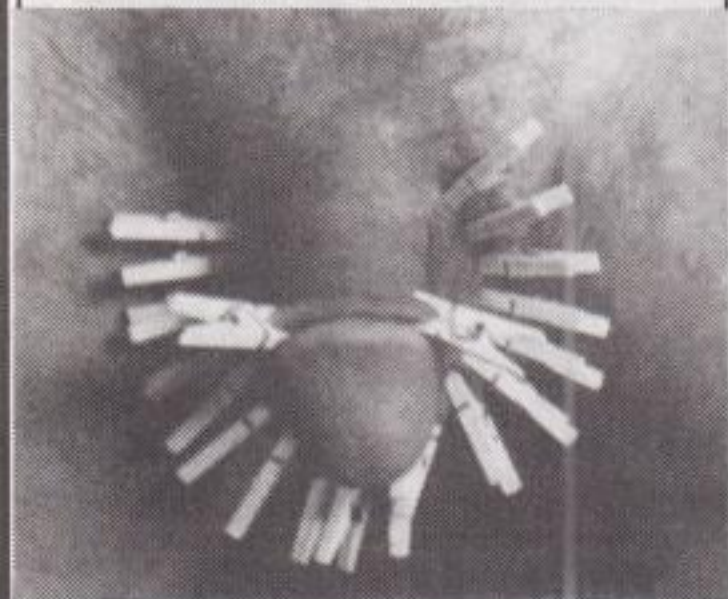
I followed him out of the parking lot, in through the gates and the security checkpoints and onto the bus for the ride to the locker room. After that, I lost him. I went in to change and he disappeared. That's the way it went for weeks. I'd get on the bus and stare; he'd ignore me; I'd change into my monkey suit and he'd be gone when I came back out. Sometimes I'd see him around the plant, smoking his pipe and carrying a clipboard, never suited up: Just keeping an eye on things and watching men watching other men working. I threw him my heaviest cruises. Ex-Marines are pushy bottoms. He never returned them. I finally gave up and just watched from a distance.

Once he'd left me hanging long enough to learn to let him be, he stopped me cold on the bus. We were alone that morning for the first time. Just Daddy and me and the driver. He got on and sat down. I got on and sat well behind him, keeping my eyes to myself. I figured he knew I was ready to serve. It wasn't my place to do more. Besides which—he could have been straight. Not every man who wears leather to work is a manfucker, even in southern California. I'd turned him into a fantasy. He'd made it clear I might have to settle for that.

Until he called me "boy."

"Boy," said my Daddy, once the bus was rolling and the driver couldn't hear, "come here." I was stunned. My heart went nuts. My nuts pulled up tight. I would have squeaked if I'd tried to say anything. He hadn't watched me walk past him.

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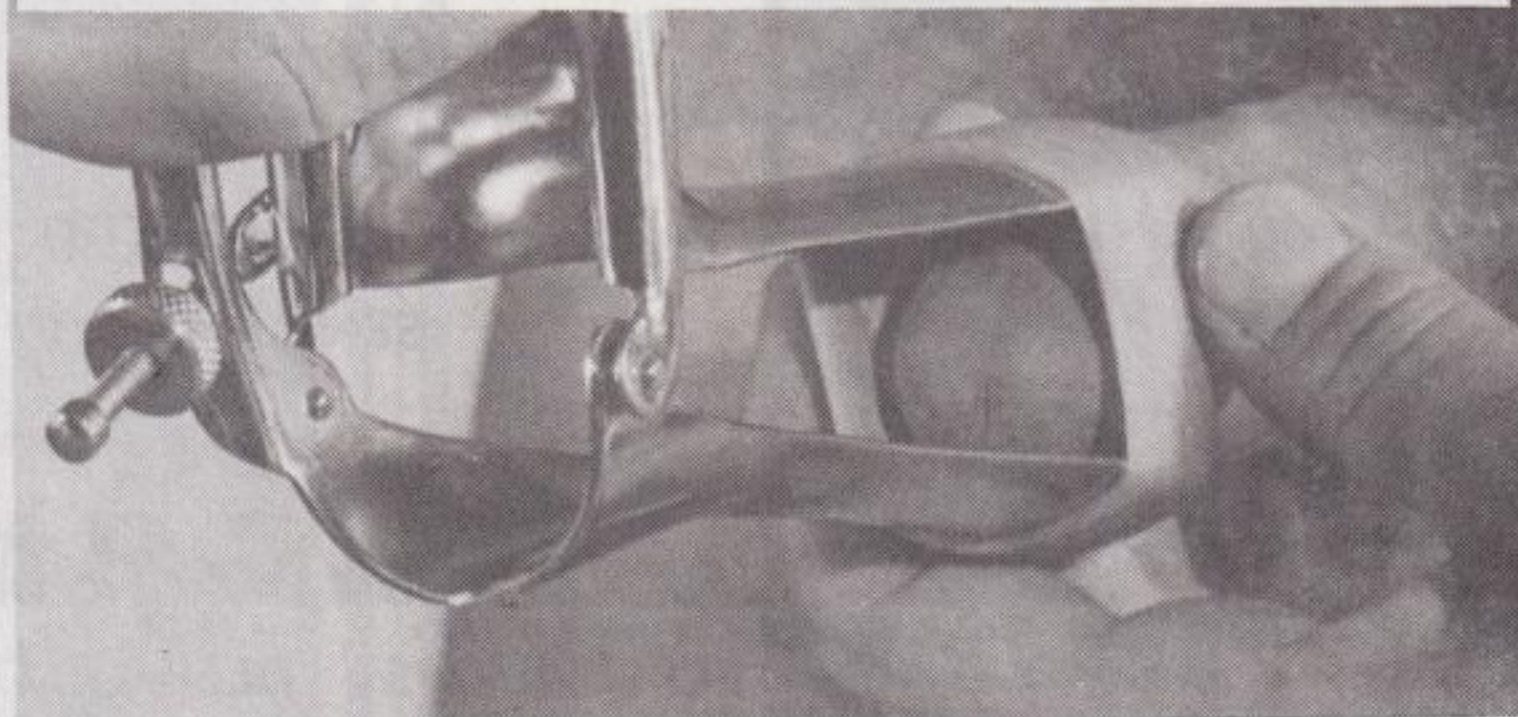
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He hadn't turned around. He was staring out the window, three or four rows ahead of me, and telling me, now, to "come here." I went. I almost came.

I walked up to stand in the aisle by his seat, holding my best grunt attention stance in spite of the way the bus moved under me. "Sir," I said at last, staring straight ahead of my nose at the ceiling rack over his window.

"Sit down," he said, nodding to the empty seat between his body and mine. I sat. He never looked in from the window. I stared straight ahead. "You want to suck my dick." It wasn't a question. Even if it had been, he knew he had his answer. I gave it to him anyway.

"Sir yes Sir," I told him.

"Then do it."

"But, Sir," I stumbled, "what about the driver." That wasn't a question either. It was a plea. He ignored it. Oh, Daddy.

"Do it."

I swallowed, hard. Then I dove and unbuckled and unbuttoned and maneuvered and pulled and took a look and swallowed hard. Once. He pulled me back up by my ears.

"Now put it away. That's enough."

Stunned again, my heart beating harder than ever, I did as I was told. "Sit up. We're here." I hadn't noticed. The bus had stopped. The driver sat up front, discreetly looking out his windshield and waiting. He had to know what was going on. Maybe he'd seen it before. Suddenly I didn't care. Suddenly this man was my Daddy for real and I knew he'd take care of everything. "Get off," he said. Alone? It looked that way. I did. Outside the bus, I looked back up through his window. Now it was open, but he didn't lean out. "Wait," he said, looking back at me for the first time I'd noticed, "at the end of your shift. In the locker room."

"Sir?" I asked.

"Just wait, boy. I'll be there."

"Sir," I said. The door of the bus closed and it took off with

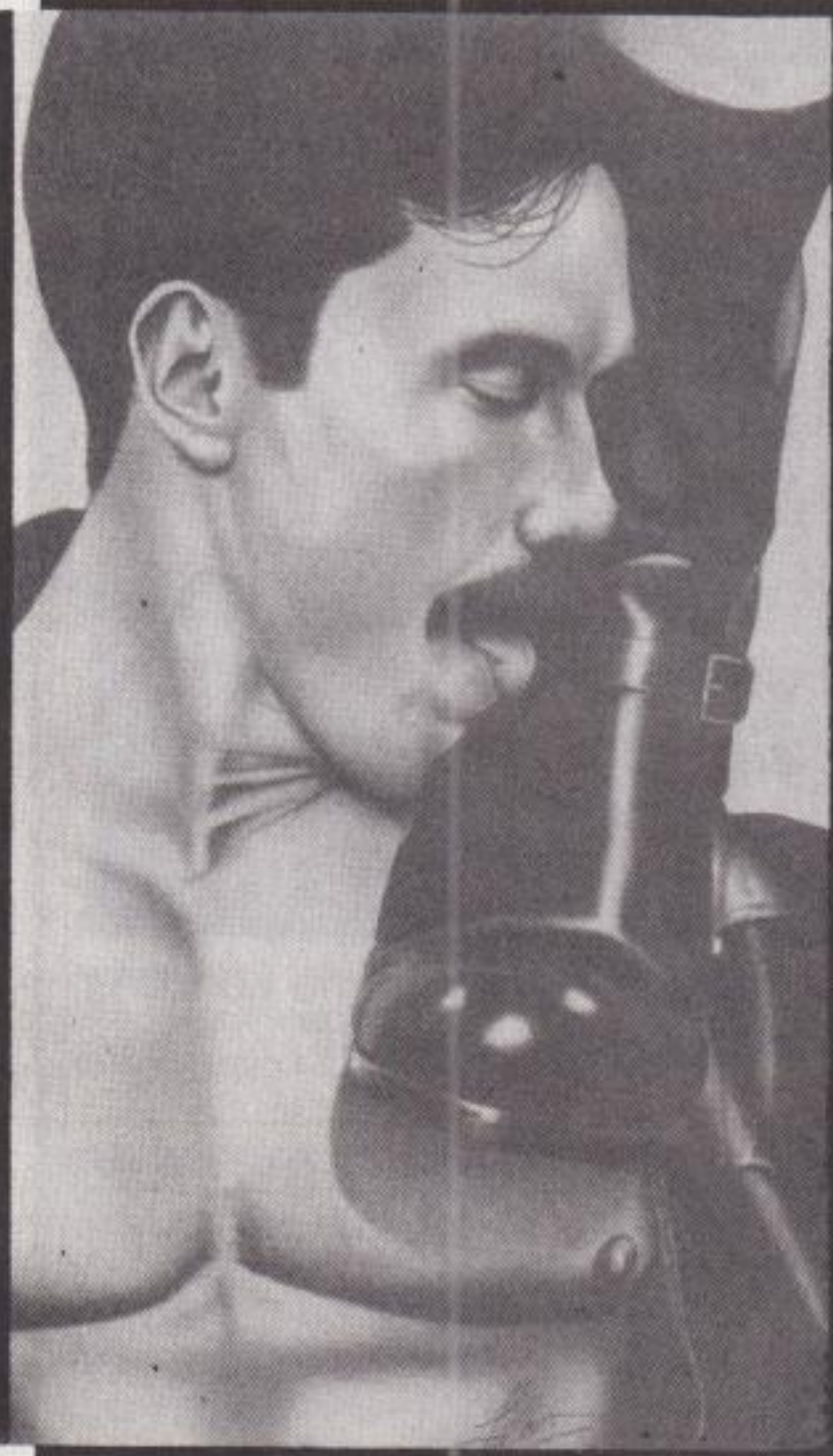
my new Daddy still on board, leaving me standing in confusion and anticipation and a cloud of diesel smog. I raced in through the radiation counters and the long banks of lockers to the latrine at the back, locked myself in a crapper stall, pulled my dick out of my pants and shot a huge hot load, long overdue, all over the walls and my boots.

The whole day was hell. Radiation gear is never comfortable. It's bulky and it's hot and it chafes in all the shittiest places. You always sweat. When you sweat and you're hard and your dick's got no place to go, it can make you want to scream, rubbing you raw and then rubbing in salt. By the time I was able to get back to change again, I didn't care who saw me hard. I just needed out of that suit.

I took some ribbing. I let it slide. The rest of the crew got bored, finally, watching me parade my hard-on to the shower room and back. I cleaned myself up but I didn't get dressed. I just sat on the bench, buckass naked, taking guff and waiting to be alone. When the last of them took off, I settled in to wait and tried to relax. I don't remember what I wound up thinking about, but it must have been intense. I never heard him come in. I should have. The place was dead silent. Nobody ever stayed there any longer than he had to. I was sitting, waiting in my dream world, when his voice grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and shook.

"Stand up," he said, quietly. He never did raise his voice to me; he never had to. There was plenty of power in his normal tone. I stood, hard-on and all, and snapped to attention but quick. I didn't dare look at him. He put one heavy hand on the back of my neck and turned me back toward the latrine. "Now move," he said. I moved.

We walked down the long row of lockers, both of us tall enough to see over it and all of the other, parallel rows and be sure there was no one else there. I tried to turn my head once to take a better look. He snapped me back. "Eyes front," was all he said. "Yes, Sir."



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At first I thought he was working me back toward the showers. Instead, he turned me off to the side, into the room with the stalls and the pissers. One long line of grey metal doors. One long wall of white porcelain fixtures hanging suspended at crotch height. No place much to hide. Anyone who stuck his head in would see boots under stall sides or the whole fucking scene, depending on where we wound up. "Oh, shit," I thought, or I started to think, before a swift clamp of that hand on my neck reminded me not to think. We stopped halfway down the urinal row. Neither of us said a word. The echoes of our breathing were the only sound.

Daddy clamped his hand again, turned it and turned me around to face him. I tried to drop my gaze. "Look at me," he said. "Hold your head up." One hand on either ear, he grabbed me and fastened my eyes on his—or what I could see of them through those glasses. Even inside they were dark. He was wearing the shirt he'd had on the day I first saw him. His pipe made a lump in one pocket under his vest, but he still smelled of its smoke. Of that and sweat and control. I noticed that all in the second he gave me before he pushed his hands together and down and crumpled me onto my knees.

"You're greedy, boy. Greedy and pushy. Open my fly." My fingers flew. "Take it out." I took. His hands never let up their pressure. Somehow he pushed all my thoughts down or out or someplace: Suddenly it didn't matter that I was on my knees in a construction-site head where any man could see, naked and hard on a cool tile floor with my hands in another man's crotch. Daddy would handle it. Daddy was going to handle everything. Especially me. "You want to suck it," Daddy said. It still wasn't a question, but the answer was the same.

"Sir yes Sir." Before I could close my mouth again he had the tip shoved in. Uncut and sweaty and salty and just big enough to make me have to stretch, this man's cock was the one I had been waiting most of my life to suck. I opened my mouth and covered my teeth and gulped a breath. He tight-

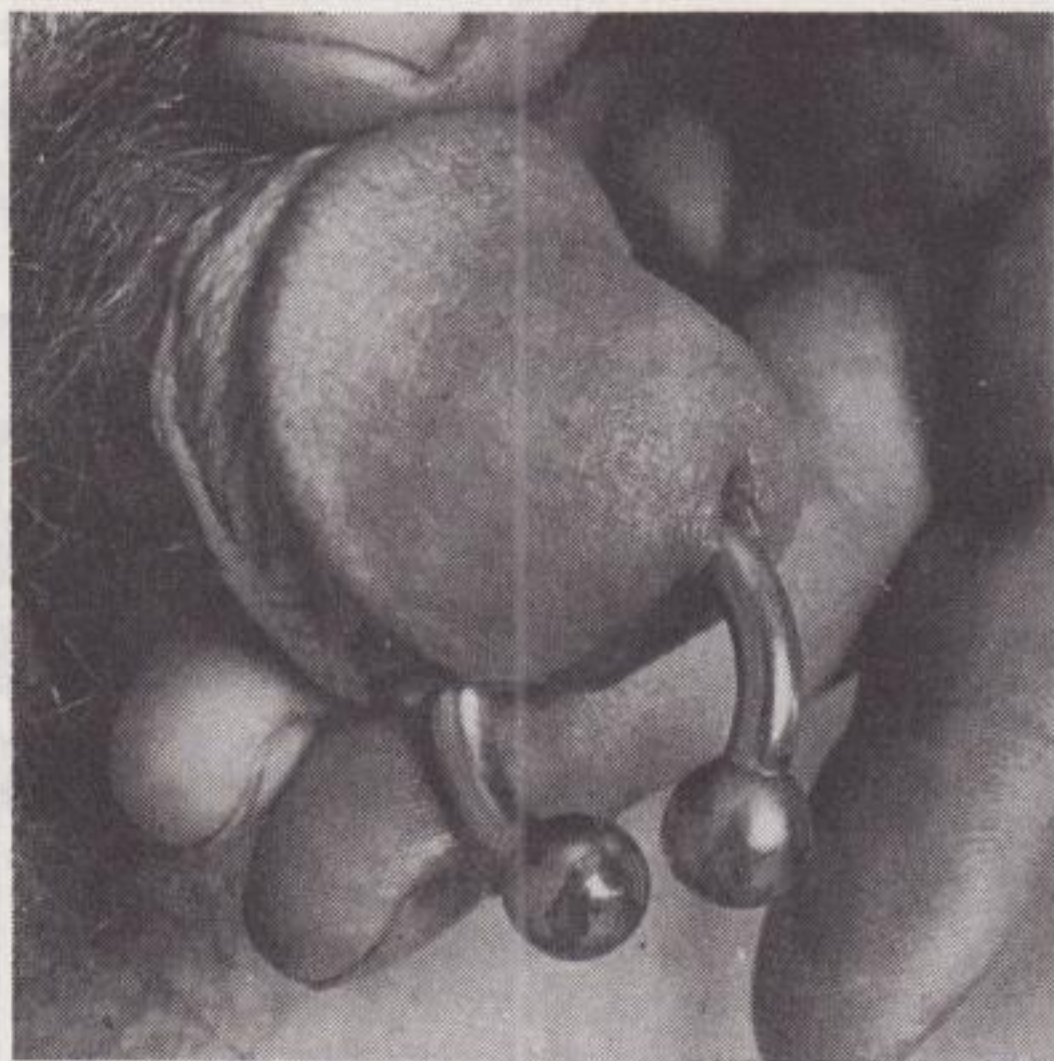
ened his grip and pulled and pushed and his meat filled my throat, split me open, widened my neck, took off toward my belly, gagged me, made me want to scream and beg for mercy and for more. His balls slammed into my chin. The buttons down the side of his fly dug into my face and the denim scratched my cheeks. The solid mass of his belly pushed my forehead back and opened my mouth up for more. The hair in my eyes was golden brown, swirling and heavy and damp with a long day's working sweat. Then the big man fucked my face.

Out and back and in and down. I couldn't think. Not about anything. Those hands wouldn't let me. All I could do was suck dick. All I wanted to do. My Daddy fed me dick and I ate.

A locker door slammed. I froze. Voices. Footsteps. I panicked. I forgot all about Daddy's safety. I tried to get up. He held me down, down on the floor and down on him. I could feel the veins in my neck swell up with my blood pressure. So could he. He ran his fingers over them once. "Nice," he muttered. "Keep sucking me, boy."

The footsteps came closer. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't get up. I had surrendered control. Now I was going to have to live with what was left. I fought once more for a moment before he worked those hands again and helped me give up and stop thinking. The footsteps went by. That was fine. If they hadn't, that would have been fine too. If he'd come inside, whoever he was, all he could have seen was a boy, a greedy, pushy boy, swinging on his Daddy's rod. Nothing wrong with that at all. And if he thought so, too fucking bad. Daddy would handle it. Jesus, it felt good to suck on that man.

The shower came on and went off. The footsteps retreated. The fuck in my face never stopped. After a while I lost track of time. Daddy fed; boy ate. Daddy pulled out all the way; boy felt lonely and started to whimper and Daddy slapped his face with that dick before taking aim at a urinal and letting fly a



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stream so hard it splashed back on boy's face. Daddy shut himself down in midstream and shoved himself back down boy's throat. Daddy and His boy. Those hands on my head and the long, slow fuck in my mouth had made sure I stopped thinking again, about anything. Especially myself. After that day it would be a long time before I thought of myself again as anything other than this Daddy's boy.

Hands on my Daddy's hips, never directing but hanging on, I came twice without touching myself; hot white shots on that cool white floor. I looked up around his gut toward his eyes every time he pulled back to push again. Those glasses were still dark, but I knew he was watching me and getting off on the sight of his Topman's cock sliding, hot and wet, in and down and up and back, and the way he'd wrapped my face around it. The fluorescent light made everything look unreal, like the strange blue glow the reactor pile made while it idled underwater with its rods all the way in to keep it cool. Pull out the rods and you speed the reaction. Things get hot. Shove back in; cool down. Control rods. The rod in my mouth had a head like a mushroom. I might not have been thinking, but the images were there, somewhere in my basic bottom brain, and a part of me wondered if I'd survive this man's explosion.

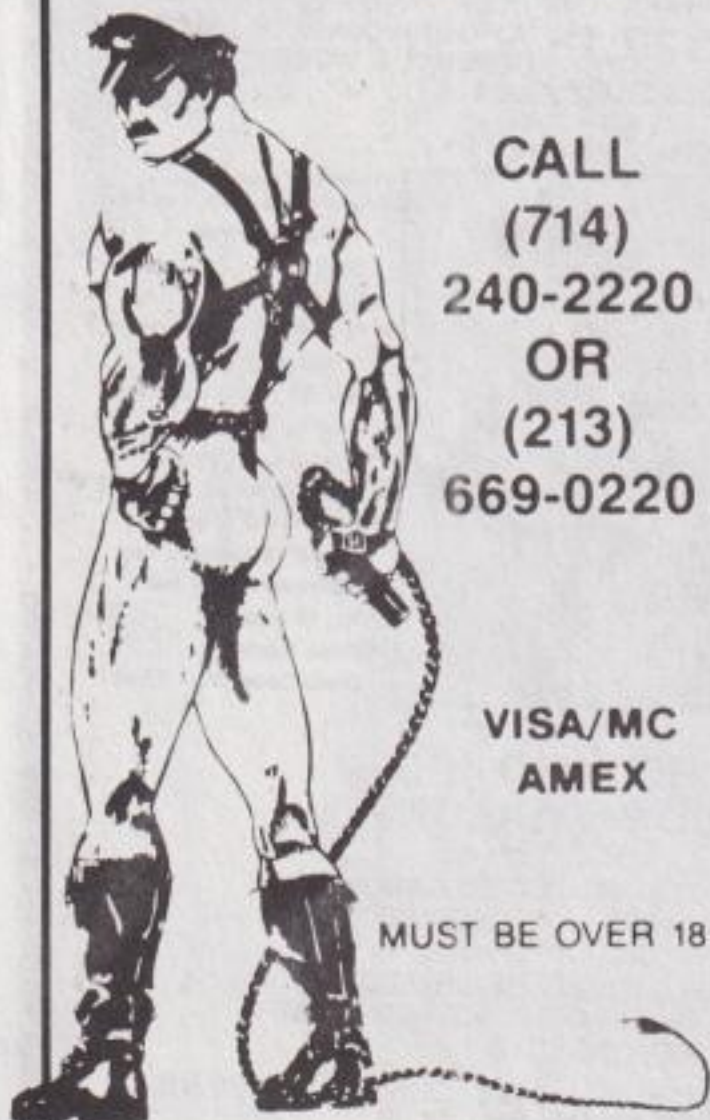
He never let up. He pulled that control rod back and shoved it home and kept the reaction going at just the rate he wanted. From time to time he'd stop himself, pushing me away and staring down at the hunger he had to have seen in my eyes, and he'd beat my face with his dick once before he aimed it away from me to piss again, just out of reach of my tongue as I begged and panted. He'd shake and clench and leave me a drop and pull me back down home on that cock, right where I belonged. Then he'd fuck my face again with deep animal strokes that kept us both aware of his total control.

Between my hands his hips felt huge—solid and strong. Between his boots the floor warmed up to my ass, my balls,

my knees. Only my puddles of cum felt cold now, when he backed away once and slid me over to wallow in them. He didn't talk. He grunted and breathed and when he pissed the sound echoed like a firehose off of every shining surface, but he never said a word. The stink of that piss added itself to the smells of his sweat and his smoke, and I sucked it all deep into my lungs every time he let me breathe. Its taste filled my belly whenever he buried his cock in my throat and my nose in the forest of hair in his crotch. When that taste started changing, when that cock started oozing something much sweeter and thick, and his grunts and his breathing came faster, I started to brace myself. The bomb was about to go off.

No man I'd ever sucked had ever come the way he did. Three killer thrusts down so far it felt like he'd shoot out my asshole, a deep, strangled howl that cracked off the walls, a shove with his hands until he'd pushed me over backward and a double-fisted grab for his cock set him off. Hot liquid pellets flew up and out and away in a lightning-fast arc that ended in gunshot splatters all over two or three of the pissers and the wall in between them. The big man shook, folded in on himself, opened back out, exploding, grunting, surrendering control, going off in a chain reaction that seemed like it might last as long as the fuck. The shots slowed down, but they kept coming. He kept one hand moving so fast I couldn't see and grabbed down with the other to haul me back up by the scruff of my neck and plant my mouth, gaping, down over that mushroom head, over the shaft, over the hot bitter slop still slicing out in spurts until his flying knuckles hit my nose and he pulled the yanking hand away and went back to fucking my face. He jerked my head like he'd jerked his hand, fast and hard, for nobody's pleasure but his own. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't think, I couldn't stop myself: I came again, this time with my hands wrapped around my own pulsing dick as I beat its head down on his boot. When he finally stopped coming he slumped and mumbled something I

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couldn't hear and backed away far enough to slap me with his cock, now drained, one last time. When he looked down and focused on the cum I'd left on his foot he planted the boot in my crotch.

"Boot," he said. I didn't have to ask. I folded myself in half and kissed it, tongued it, rubbed my face across it until I had gotten it clean. He pushed me backward then, bent over and pressed my nose to the floor. "That shit, too," he said. "Clean up after yourself." I licked. I rooted. I cleaned. He stroked his dick while he watched.

When he was satisfied he lifted me up, stood me against the wall and watched me watch him put himself away. He didn't say a word. Neither did I. It wasn't my place, but I couldn't have anyway. I didn't get my throat to work right for three days.

"You could have had this weeks ago," he said when he was ready to talk to me. I raised my eyebrows and mouthed the word 'Sir?' and he nodded. "You'll be my boy until I say differently. You already were. Long time ago. I was just waiting for you to straighten up a little—walk on your hind legs. I won't take a dog. I want a boy. Don't follow me like a puppy, kid. Hold your head up. Not too high, or I'll knock it down. Just serve me and take pride in that and you'll do fine. You looked like shit until this morning, staring at me all dreamy-eyed. This morning you held your head up. No boy of mine will look like shit. Got that?"

"Sir yes Sir," I whispered. A locker slammed. Daddy—Saint Oaf—turned away.

"Go home now. You'll see me tomorrow." He walked out and left me then, naked and shaking and voiceless and adopted. And now I'm adopting my own.

The boy brings his boots to me now, along with a fresh beer and a cigar. He presents them all and stands away, waiting respectfully, holding his head up the way he was told. He tries hard. He learns. He makes me proud, sometimes.

His boots are perfect. Somehow I'm not surprised. So were mine, when I did them myself, because no boy of my Daddy's was going to look like shit. Now my boy does his Daddy's and he does his own and, goddammit, he does a good job. I tell him so. "I'm proud of you."

"Sir, thank You, Sir," he answers. The set of his shoulders relaxes a little: he wasn't quite sure I'd approve. Good. Not too proud. Not yet.

"So—you still want that story, kid?" I ask him, already knowing the answer. His dick twitches. He smiles just enough to be seen. I like the glint in his eye.

"Yes Sir, if You don't mind, Sir," he says. There is pleasure in his voice. I love it. I love the way he gives it to me. I love him, probably just the way Saint Oaf loved me. And he loves me back.

More importantly, though, he loves himself.

"Fairytale, kid? 'Goldilocks,' maybe?" Daddies get to tease. The kid wrinkles his nose and smiles. It's okay and he knows it. He's done a good job. He can relax for a while. Daddy's going to take care of him.

"Sir, may the boy speak freely, please?" Sometimes boys tease back.

"Yeah. What is it?"

"Well, Sir, the three bears might be okay, but the boy's not too sure about Goldilocks. Sorry, Sir."

"The boy will take what he gets."

"Sir yes Sir." And he'll get what he wants. The little shit.

"All right, then. Storytime. Get over here and down. NOW, boy." He moves quickly, smoothly, his now-full hard-on leading his way into his usual place between my boots. I've been hard all the time I've been sitting here, so his mouth feels perfect once he's got my crotch laid bare and his favorite all-night sucker seated. Jesus. What a life I lead. "All right," I say. "Now listen up."

"Once upon a time there was a man named Saint Oaf . . ." □

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TIES THAT BIND

Guy Baldwin, M.S.

MEN WHO LIKE TO SWITCH: TREASURES AND TRIBULATIONS

Friends and clients alike have often commented to me about the difficulty of finding a good "fit" with another

person. Even when they connect with someone special and work out the other relationship issues, finding the SM fit is often elusive.

Those men who like to switch back and forth between Top and bottom make this complaint more often than the men who express their sexuality in only one style. In the old days, Switches were sort of second-class citizens in the SM world—they were often seen as indecisive. The more accurate view is that they have the freedom to express all sides of their

personalities in a sexual way. In a sense, the Switch may have several sexual "personalities" to "choose from" when he gets horny.

I have found that one useful way of thinking about the range of "SM personalities" is to think in terms of relevant themes that characterize particular sexual styles. So far, three major themes have come to my attention. They are: dominant and submissive, sadistic and masochistic, and aggressive and passive. Expressed graphically they look like this:

DOMINANT

VANILLA

SUBMISSIVE

SADISTIC

ZONE

MASOCHISTIC

AGGRESSIVE

O

PASSIVE

So, for example, I have a friend who is an aggressive submissive, but not at all masochistic. I know others who I would usually describe as submissive sadists who are passive (suggestible in this case). A friend in New York (and another in Los Angeles, come to think of it) is an aggressive, dominant masochist. Another is a dominant sadist, but neither aggressive nor passive.

Adversarial SM is the stuff that happens between aggressive sadists and aggressive masochists who are both dominant.

The stereotyped Top is all those things on the left, while the stereotyped bottom is all those things on the right. Most folks are various configurations of these themes, and, importantly, they usually change from day to day or even moment to moment. This changing is very healthy from a psychological point of view, because it allows for flexible responses to changing situations.

For example, one day I might start to feel aggressive, sadistic and dominant as hell. I might function in this Top way for quite a while before I start feeling some change—perhaps I might still feel sadistic later, but more passive. Still later, I might feel the need to submit to a Top myself.

The tough part for relationships comes when the Switch feels that he must find the one person who is the perfect counterpart for all of his sexual personalities. For some, the problem may be like trying to find the restaurant that has all your favorite dishes on the menu, each prepared by world-class

chefs.

So I hear remarks in my office like, "Everything is perfect with us except that he does not want to top me," or "Sometimes, I don't want to play with the masochist I have, but I do want to play with the slave I don't have." "I am crazy for uniforms, and he hates them." "He won't play outdoors no matter what."

Here are some issues to consider about relationships for those who switch. Just how much overlap in sexualities do you require in a partner? Remember that few of us come to relationships with full sexual development—we learn from our partners about new things. Assessing someone's capacity to grow sexually is not easy; it takes time and patience. Are you a good teacher? Is it easy for you to learn about new sexual things?

If you discover that there are some sexual things that you don't have in common, how will you feel about going outside the relationship to get those needs met? And what if he wants to go outside for the same reason? Studies of gay male relationships show that usually by the end of the fifth year, the men have made some provisions for outside erotic experiences. Researchers have discovered that most gay men do not define fidelity in terms of sexual exclusivity as heterosexuals try to do. It is almost as though gay men understand the futility of trying to own another person's sexual attention. When provisions for outside sexual

experiences are made, they must be carefully negotiated with agreed-upon rules. Here are some of the types of rules that I have heard about:

- I never/always want to hear about it;
- Never in our house (bed);
- I never/always want to meet him;
- I always/never want to hear intimate details of the scene;
- Only when I am (or you are) out of town;
- I don't want you to do (such and such) with anyone but me;
- I don't want you to play with them more than once (twice?);
- I would prefer that you find a regular person to play with.

These and other rules may exist singly or with each other. In general, it is unwise to kiss off something that you like just because your partner isn't into it. (I am not talking about unsafe sexual practices. Those should already have been kissed off!!) Doing so causes resentment to build, and sooner or later, you will want your pound of flesh to make up for your "sacrifice." Look for a way to get your needs met within the relationship first if possible, and outside if not. TALK UNTIL IT'S ALL TALKED OUT! Involve your partner in your thoughts and feelings as you reach your decisions. Until a solution is agreed upon, both (all) partners will still have a problem. Unresolved issues in relationships become like buried land mines that we can trip on later.

The other important trouble spot has to do with timing. Usually, in order to play,

the polarities have to be complementary. For example, when two Switches are in a relationship, if they are both feeling Toppy at the same time, that can be a problem. Same problem exists when each wants to submit to the other.

In working with couples who have this issue, I have found that one useful solution is to encourage the one who gets horny first to send the appropriate cues to the other partner in a effort to influence which "buttons" get pushed.

Lets say that I'm a Switch and want my partner to top me tonight. I might start behaving like the sort of bottom I know he likes—I could sit at his feet after dinner and maybe clean his boots to see if I could turn his Top stuff on. If I wanted to top him, I might serve him dinner on the floor, or tell him what I wanted him to wear or whatever I thought might turn his bottom side on. If these strategies don't work, we could consider striking a deal for the evening—couples do this and some know how to make it work.


Some guys choose to get both their Top and bottom needs met in the SM scene by switching back and forth. In some ways, this is an advantage—it's like having several Tops and several bottoms all rolled into one partner. There are also special challenges—Switches do better when they develop keen sensitivity to the shifts in their own feelings, and act accordingly.

Each of these changes is like a change in sexual and emotional weather. Some men can change their own "weather" at will. I know bottoms who can switch their own Top stuff on instantly if the right bottom walks into the room. A friend once said, "Show me the man, and I'll tell you what's possible."

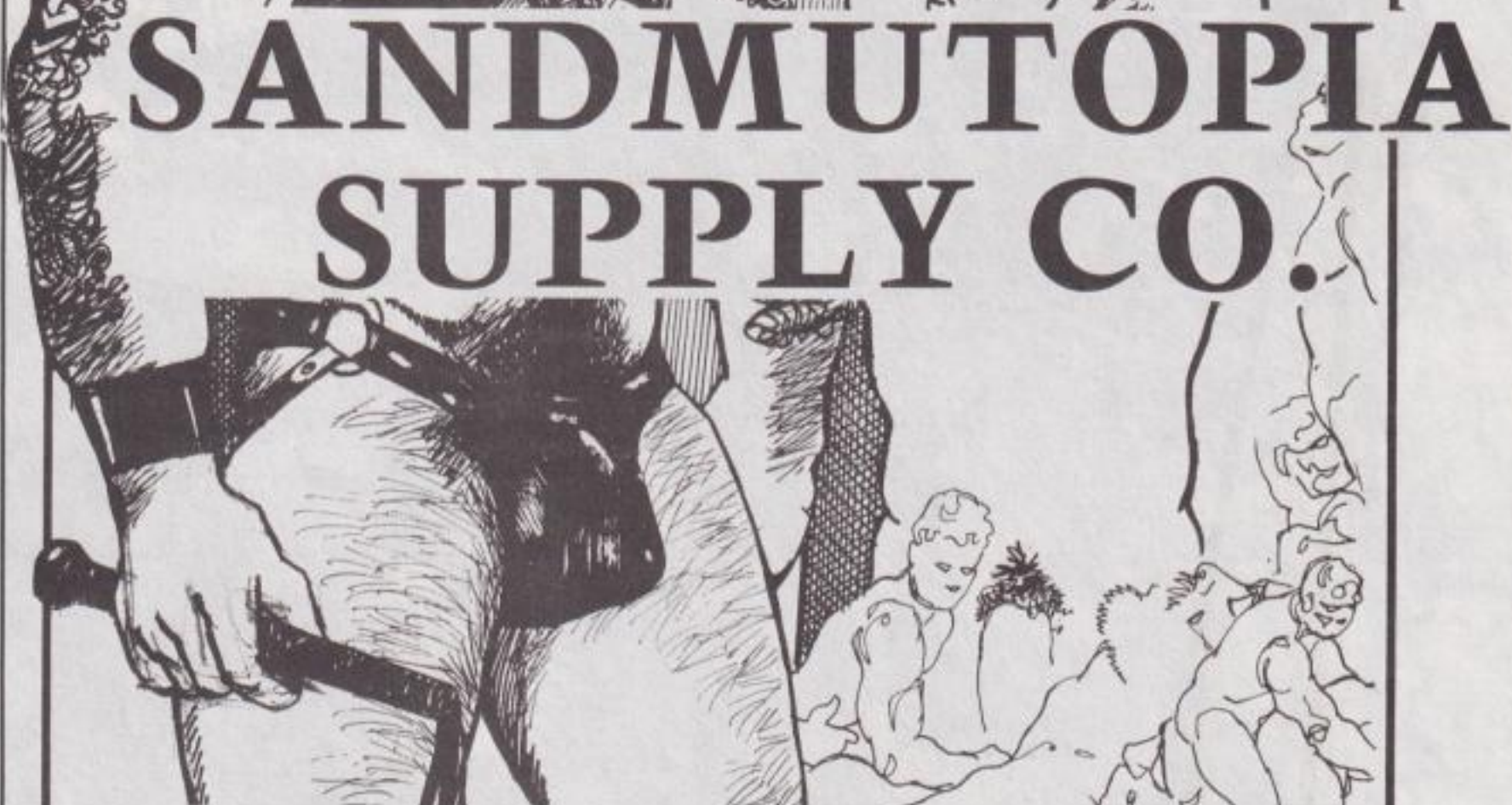
Lives have a way of balancing themselves out, and (my opinion now) we probably use SM as a tool with which to achieve those balances on a day-in day-out basis. My guess is that we all have both dominant and submissive sides. Any Top who has had to knuckle under to a powerful boss knows what I mean. Any slave who has been told to make dinner with no questions also has to learn about his dominant side in order to take charge of the kitchen and make the decisions on his own that will produce a meal. I'll wager that when aggressive drivers see a cop, they get passive real fast. It is all situational.

Few people today will argue with the notion that sexual expression is recreational—that is, RE-Creation. My view is that the thing we "re-create" in our lives when we play is balance. I don't think it matters what kind of "play" we are talking about either—golf or whips. Go Play! □

Guy Baldwin, M.S. is a psychotherapist in private practice in the Los Angeles where he works primarily with those on the sexual frontiers.



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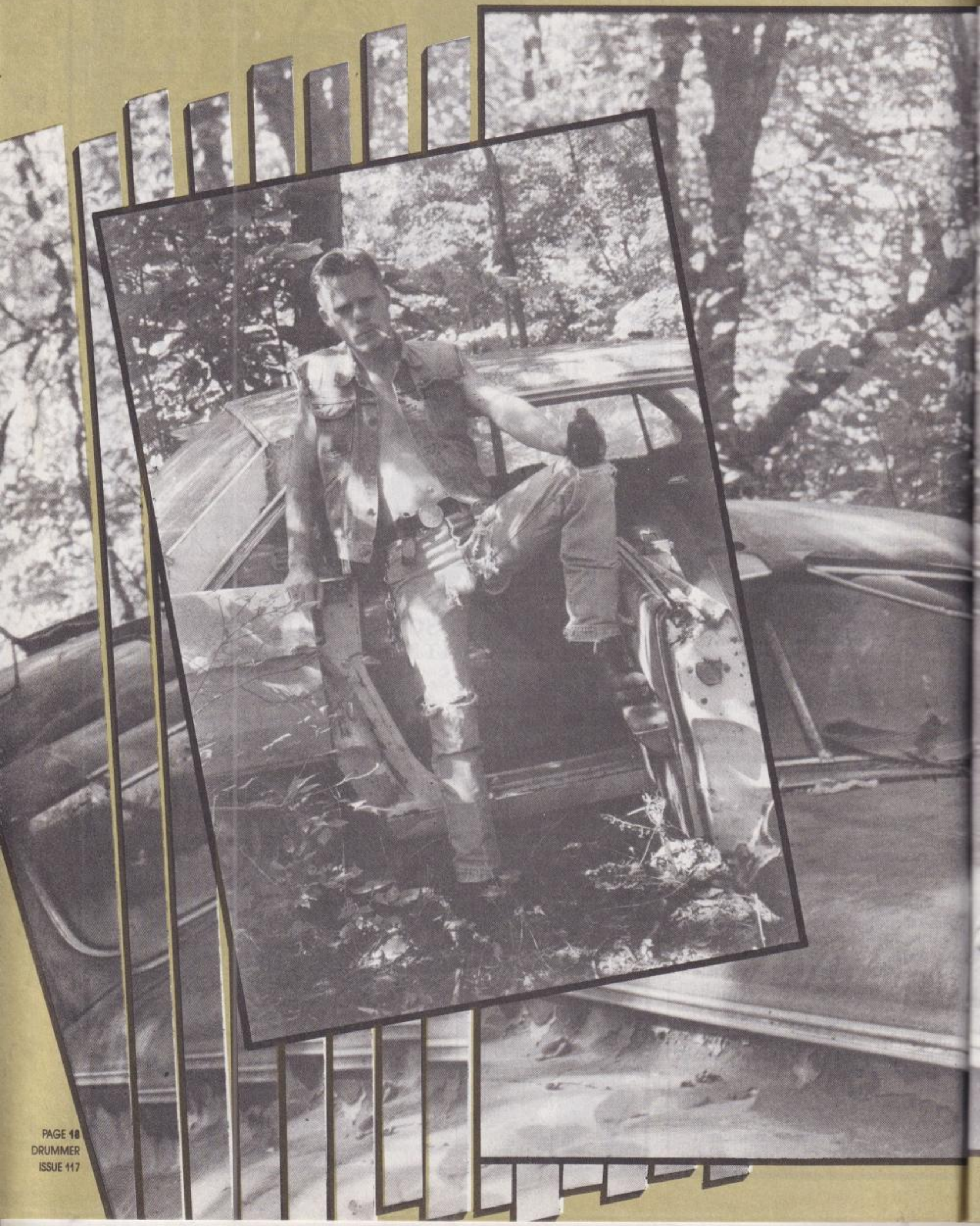


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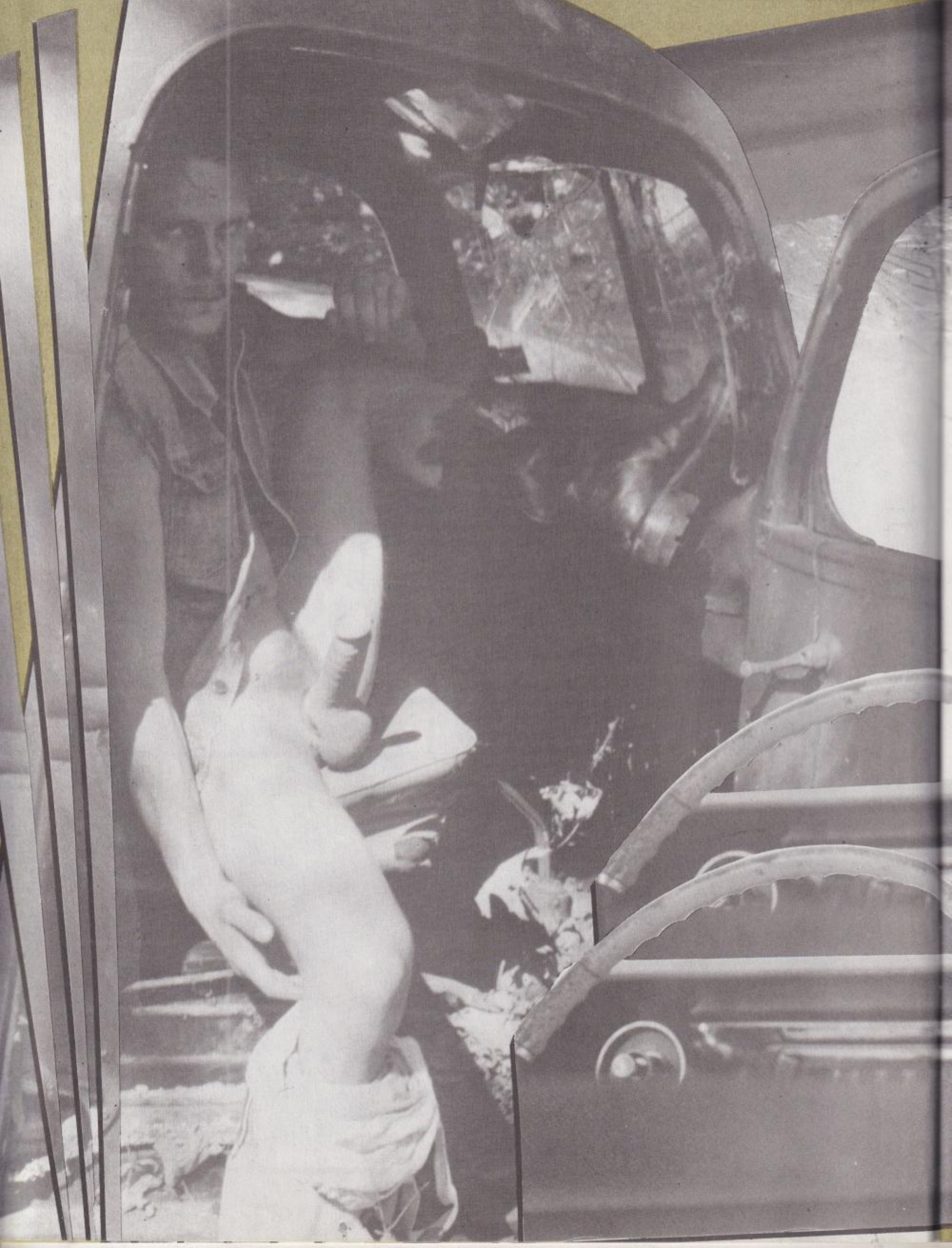


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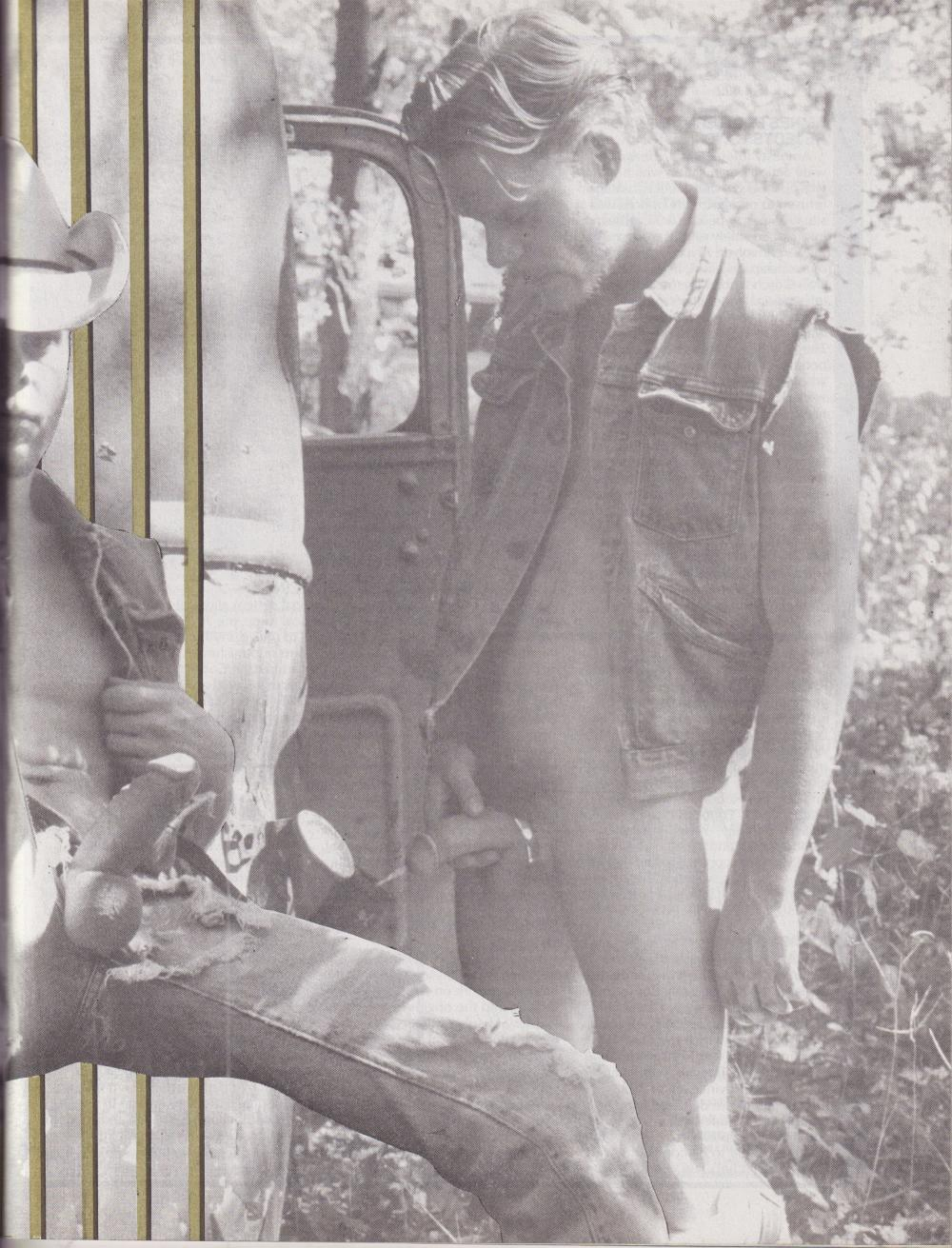
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AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL REJECTS GAYS

Amnesty International, the world-wide action organization which monitors prisoners of conscience, has again refused to recognize the oppressive situation of gay people who've been imprisoned solely on the grounds that they are involved in a consenting gay relationship. As usual, it was the (liberal) Dutch who at the most recent international meeting introduced a proposal that would include gays within the scope of the organization. The Dutch proposal recognized gay people—detained and imprisoned—whose sexual contacts were in private, were carried out with mutual agreement, and were between people who are capable of giving their consent.

Although Amnesty International condemns persecution as a violation of fundamental human rights, it gives no reason as to why it consistently over the years has refused to recognize the persecution of imprisoned gays.

LOOK FOR OUT/LOOK

Spring was set as the target for the first issue of *Out/Look*, a new national journal of lesbian and gay opinion, politics and culture. The quarterly publication features a diversity of writing styles and perspectives. Founders claim *Out/Look* "... offers a serious, but not invariably solemn, view of a wide range of issues that touch lesbian and gay lives."

The mag's founders and directors come from such diverse backgrounds as fundraising and computer programming, as well as publishing. The prestigious Advisory Board includes politico and attorney Roberta Achtenberg, St. Martin's Press Editor Michael Denny, and a wide range of well-known authors, poets, and literati. Subscriptions are \$19; single copies \$5. The first issue is out—check newsstands. For more information, contact *Out/Look*, PO Box 146430, SF, CA 94114. (415) 282-3344.

ANCIENT ART

Chinese archeologists have discovered what may be some of man's earliest art—pornography. Somewhere in northwest China there's a very old rock which depicts graphic sex acts. The engravings (which measure 45 feet long and are 30 feet high) were found in the northern Tianshan Mountains in the Xinjiang Province. Over 300 human figures are depicted lying around in the nude or dancing; some are in standing positions. A few of the humans appear to be copulating with tigers. Researchers feel that the engrav-



Photo by JOE ALTMAN

TEXAS GUARD RECEIVES DISCIPLINE

While it's true that the Texas educational system allows its teachers to paddle students and to employ the use of physical force, the Texas judicial system does not allow its Department of Corrections to utilize anything beyond depriving an inmate of his television privileges as a form of punishment. In order to exemplify its policy and procedures the Texas Department of Corrections recently disciplined a prison guard who'd thrown a cup of water at an inmate after the inmate had thrown urine in the guard's face. "Okay, Sweetheart, tonight there'll be no Golden Girls for you!" Sounds like they ought to turn the prisons over to the Texas teachers, who'd have the authority to spank all 38,700 of those nasty hardened criminals.

ings were left by nomadic tribes. Many of the artistic genitals etched into the rock are greatly exaggerated and all of the people seem to be smiling. Copulating with a tiger makes you do that. The nomadic tribes of ancient China may have been primitive but they knew a good thing when they saw it.

SM RESEARCH PROJECT SEEKS ORIGINS

San Francisco writer, Stuart Norman, has announced in *Au Courant* that he has begun work on a research project looking into the origins of the gay male leather/SM subculture. Norman makes the point in a recent press release to *Drummer* that the history and reasons for existence of the leather subculture should be documented now. If you were involved in gay SM leathersex or associated with bike clubs before 1970, Norman would like to interview you. All interviews are confidential. POB 11536, San Francisco, CA 94101.

DOWN THE DRAIN?

It was three years ago that San Francisco reached the end of the era, as the gay baths were closed during a turbulent and controversial series of political moves. These days, the action has shifted south, to San Diego, where five bathhouses have been targeted for termination by public health officials and county Supervisors, according to an article in the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

As before, the issue revolves around what happens behind those anonymous doors. Many claim the action merely diverts attention from an absence of leadership in other AIDS-related programs. Others feel that the baths provide an atmosphere where anything goes, sexually speaking. Although bath owners claim they encourage patrons to engage in safe sex by distributing information and condoms, critics say it's just so much lip service.

San Diego, which is home to a huge contingent of Navy personnel, has made

the baths officially off-limits to the sailors, but apparently that hasn't stopped the gobs from coming. Sometimes three or even four times.

GAY COP WINS JUDGEMENT

Michael Foley will never forget the day someone spray-painted the side of a Hazel Park, Michigan bar with a 30-foot long, 4-foot high message: *Officer Foley, badge number 220 is a fag*. Soon a similar message was scrawled across billboards and buildings throughout town, moving Michael Foley into his community's spotlight. Foley's sexuality came into focus when he was arrested by Detroit police for protesting the arrest outside of a Detroit bar of another gay man who, Foley claims, had not committed a crime. Foley was suspended for 30 days after being charged with interfering with a police officer.

Foley sued in Federal Court and was awarded \$65,000 for having had his civil rights violated. In an interview with the *Detroit Free Press* Foley said, "I was never in the closet. I never tried to hide it." After the jury award, some people in the south-Oakland-county city waved as his patrol car made its rounds. Some people flashed thumbs up. "I didn't think too much of it after work. I started thinking what the hell are all these people waving at me for? I felt kind of proud." Foley believes that

harassment of gays has to end. "If it doesn't," he says, "we can all kiss democracy goodbye."

WHAT'S AN OUTHOUSE?

Recently the United States Supreme Court decided a case in favor of *Hustler Magazine* over censorship and Jerry Falwell. Although Falwell frequently wraps himself in the media, in God, and in the American flag, it got him nowhere with the conservative justices. While the current court has little love for either the first amendment or Larry Flynt, the publisher of *Hustler*, it came down (reluctantly) on the side of free speech. Seems that Falwell was upset that the magazine had maligned his poor mother's good name by printing a cartoon that depicted the Rev as having had sex (in an outhouse) with his mother. Blasphemy! Jerry was unamused and he sued, claiming mental anguish.

The court held that there is broad constitutional latitude to lampoon public figures. And Falwell is about as public a cartoon figure as you can get. Perhaps gays can claim slander over the Rev's continued fundraising hysteria where he gets to scream his heart out for big bucks because gays with their penchant for kinky lifestyles are the enemy and commit something called "sexual terrorism." If anyone would like to regurgitate their

opinion of Jerry Falwell, the Rev's latest toll free number is (800) 345-8095. Falwell might find it ironic that most gays have never even had sex in an outhouse. Maybe the outhouse could claim mental anguish at having its name dragged through the mud?

PUBLISHING INDUSTRY STRIKES BACK IN THE FIGHT AGAINST AIDS

You Can Do Something About AIDS, a publishing industry cooperative effort to put out a free AIDS book (outlining specific ways that individuals can help in the fight against the disease) has been announced as being available to consumers as early as June 1988. Such publishers as Alyson, Harper & Row, the Bantam/Doubleday/Dell Group, and Random House have joined forces to publish chapters by AIDS activists such as Harvey Fierstein, Elizabeth Taylor, John Preston, Whoopi Goldberg, Jody Powell, and Greg Louganis. Paper, printing, distribution, and publicity are all being donated. Book-of-the-Month Club will offer *You Can Do Something About AIDS* free to members this summer and it will be given away in most bookstores. □

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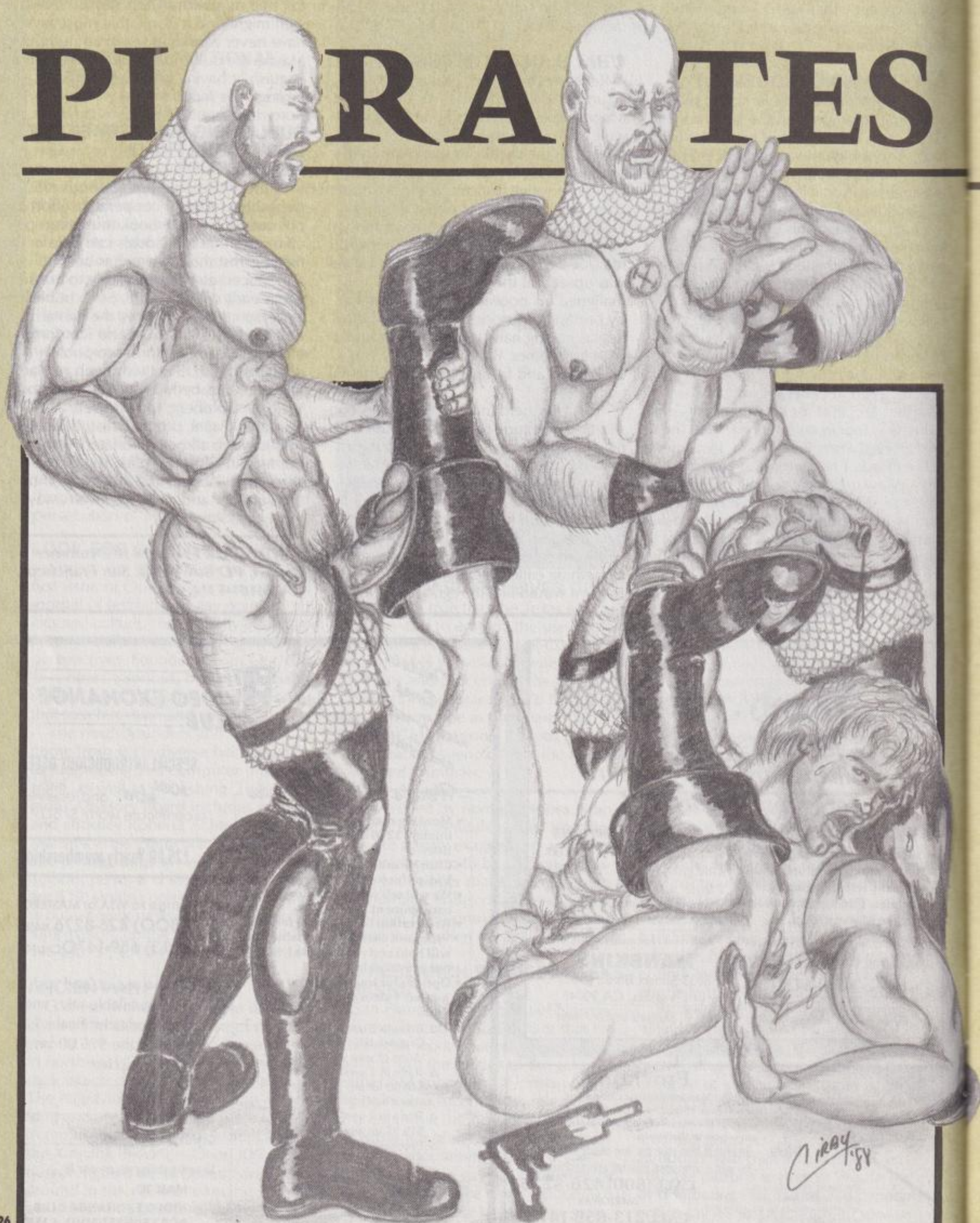
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PIRATES



A Greg Logan Story OF THE **PLEIADES**

Bridge Log Entry, Guildship Omayyad

04 Setembre 2215—Have fallen into normal space-time at passage through artificial gravity wave just outside the Pleiadean Star System. Captain on the bridge.

Attempting emergency restart procedures on undamaged T-chon drive.

An unregistered vessel approaches at point four "c" from the midst of the Seven Sisters.

A shudder ran like naked, loosed power the length of the small ship. Was that another hit or had the hull finally been breached? Dazed with exhaustion and fear, Kin only half wondered the question as he fought his way through the smoke now filling the passageway.

A scraping of metal to metal, and then a thud—now that was a breach. Kin bumped into the door of the bridge. The autos weren't working. He backed away and thumbed entrance. The door flew back. Control panels blinked multi-colored, and the red glow of emergency battle lamps flooded the pilothouse. The blood color suggested a portent of things to come. He blocked the thought from his mind. He had messages from engineering to deliver to the captain.

Captain Hannigan was frowning with the first officer over a display when Kin approached him with the smudged pieces of paper. Kin pushed his brown, dirty, medium-length hair away from his eyes as he stood nervously, waiting while the captain finished his discussion. Kin's dark eyes, wide in the red twilight of the bridge, darted about nervously, catching only glimpses of displays he didn't understand. He stole a peek at the console the captain was examining, and wished he hadn't. Damage symbols covered the graphic. Their ship was definitely in trouble. Well-defined muscles twitched nervously as Kin fingered the charged stinger at his hip. He sorely wished it was a 'rupter.

The first officer turned suddenly and left, leaving Kin alone with the captain. Almost at attention, he thrust the messages before him and said, "Engineering, Sir!"

The captain looked at the smudged papers being presented to him, the scraped and bruised hands that held them. His eyes followed up a bare arm to the remnants of a vest that was more holes and rips than it was material. The face was young, stern, but in great need of reassurance. Hannigan felt tremendous pangs of regret that he would be able to offer none.

He pulled the papers from the young man's grip and placed them on the flickering status table. Lifting his own 'rupter pistol from its holster, he placed it in the still outstretched hand. Kin looked down at it stupidly, and then saw that the messages he had brought were sliding off the canted surface to the deck. He bent to pick them up, but the captain's strong hand stopped him at the shoulder.

"Don't matter any more, son." He pushed the new weapon closer. "Go kill some pirates, and may Soulspace take you last."

The hand on his shoulder squeezed heartily the powerful neck muscles beneath Kin's tattered vest, and then began

pushing him away. Kin moved slowly backward, the nerve-bending sights and sounds of the bridge fading as his brain focused in on the captain only, standing there, weaponless, red light bathing the stark hopelessness on his face.

Kin turned and ran from the bridge. He would kill all the pirates that he could. But first he would have to find them through all this smoke. Surely by now they had cut through the hull and entered the ship, but where?

Suddenly, his stomach was in his throat, and he floated free of the deck in zero-g. Engineering must have fallen. Jack, Stev, Robyn and all the others—Kin choked back the tears he felt for the loss of these, his friends. Several shipmates zipped by him, pistols drawn, screaming killing obscenities. They vectored skillfully around a corner and were gone. The rage in their voices swept over him, filling him as it overwhelmed the feelings of loss and remorse that held him immobile, ineffectual. A silent scream erupted from his soul, became vocal as angry, animal hate pierced the smoke-filled passage and echoed down corridors unseen. Kin pushed off in the direction his shipmates had taken.

The grip on his pistol remained sure as he pulled himself along guide rails and piping. He coughed and spat as the smoke filled his eyes and lungs. Fortunately, the emergency lighting remained steady. Flashes like the summer heat-lightning he remembered as a boy on Earth pulsed staccato, as the blasts of 'rupters triggered somewhere ahead of him. Screams of the dying pierced the smoke.

Through the red and black he saw a form emerging from the confusion—a silver-suited figure under thrust. It was not one of his own. Kin brought the 'rupter up and fired. Somehow he had caught the pirate by surprise, and scored a hit at chest-center. The mangled form drifted by him and crashed into the bulkhead, splattering a red that, under the emergency lights, had no color. Kin watched intently as it bounced gently to drift in the air nearby, blood oozing and bubbling around the crater that had been its chest.

He pulled his gaze from the floating corpse, and started again down another passageway, making his way aft to Engineering. That had been a lucky shot, and he would have to be more careful if he expected another. He stopped momentarily to pull at his ears. They popped. He continued on. The pressure increased, and his ears popped once again. He stopped once more when he noticed his vision beginning to tunnel. He suppressed the urge to giggle. He thought of the space-suited figure he had blasted. Spacesuit! They were voiding the ship!

A tingling sensation nibbled at his hands and moved up

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his arms. The pistol drifted from his grip. His head pounded from the lack of pressure, and his lungs strained to pull in air that was thinning by the second. His view of the dying ship, the corridor, was a narrowing tunnel growing smaller, darker. He wanted to sleep. He chuckled softly as he closed his eyes, only vaguely aware of the silver bulk that hovered over him for what seemed like minutes, and of the hand that pulled at him and stuffed him into some kind of bag. He was fully unconscious by the time the bag inflated around him.

It was darker skinned than his own, and growing fatter as the big hand stroked its length, exposing a purple head shiny with remnants of male excreta.

He awoke ever so slowly. Something in his brain told him he really didn't want to wake up. Kin should have listened to it. He was bent over double in a dark and humid sphere. Blood from a nosebleed crusted his face. He had pissed himself, and that only increased his discomfort and worry. He explored the sides of the enclosure with his hands, discovering a sphere of smooth material with no seams or protuberances. Something told him this should be familiar. He listened, and could hear the low muttering of voices beyond the strange container he was in. Container. He was in an EEB—Emergency Escape Ball! Of course, after all the drills . . .

He felt the heavy presence of someone nearby. The muffled voices became more distinct. Cries of "Open it!" thrummed around him.

Kin's heart raced, and his mind cried, "Don't open it!" Even this small territory was better than the always larger unknown.

Suddenly a crack of light split above his head as the seam parted. It widened and two large hands reached in and pulled him roughly out. Kin stood above the open shell like a newborn chick, shading his eyes in the glare of the bright light. Hoarse laughter thundered around him.

His vision adjusted quickly. Scanning the space, which he guessed to be some sort of rec-room, Kin could see a dozen or so men, some topless, others vested or painted, standing or sitting on the padded deck. About half sported beards. To one side of the compartment was a large, oval port; the edge of a small moon or asteroid was just visible through it, but in the glare of the ship's lighting he could see no stars to identify what part of space he was in. He could be lightyears from home. Kin wondered if any of his old friends or shipmates had been taken prisoner, but the thought faded quickly when he remembered that pirate ships never took prisoners. So why was he alive?

The one standing next to him, who had freed him from the ball, wrapped two powerful arms about Kin's shoulders and pulled him to his chest. With all his muscle, Kin pushed free of the hug. The man smelled of sweat and brew, probably in celebration of the battle won.

"Well, now. Is that any way to treat the man who saved your life, and after you so carelessly discharged your

weapon into the chest of one of my shipmates?" The half-lie came easily, practiced.

Kin looked up into the big man's eyes with a new fear folded into his heart.

"Ha, ha. I think not!" He grabbed Kin once more, and with both hands pulled the boyish, smooth skin against the hairy roughness of his chest and slightly-too-large belly. The audience howled even louder when the pirate thrust his hand into Kin's stained breeches, digging his fingers into tender, young ass.

Immediately, others were upon him. Kin was pulled to the deck by two men who levered his ankles back toward his head until his ass was helpless, exposed.

"Hey, Skad!" someone called out. "Let's see some of that ass you're pawing."

The big man suddenly released him, but only to reach out and pull Kin's breeches down around his knees, causing him to lose his balance and fall to the deck. Skad continued to pull, and soon the pants were torn away. Kin sprawled naked on the soft deck, and tried to crab-walk away when the pirate reached once more for him. Grabbing one wrist and then the other into one large hand, he pulled the young spacer up and over his shoulder, so that Kin's head was away from the crowd, and his ass toward it. This brought tremendous cheers and screeching whistles.

Skad locked an arm about the boy's knees, and with Kin dangling over his shoulder the pirate brought his free hand around and planted it firmly on a white mound, leaving a red hand print. Kin muffled back a startled scream. The hand fell to his flesh once again, and soon a rhythm developed that brought a counting chant from the other pirates. When the spanking finally stopped at thirty, Kin's upside-down view was blurry with tears.

The group of wild men had gathered closer now, and as Kin was lowered to the deck he felt the press of bodies and hands upon him. He fought the tears under control, and wiped at his face with his palms. He wanted to push away the multitude of hands that groped his body, pulling on the shaft of his cock, stroking his balls, and working their way up the crack of his ass. But if he were to break free, where in space would he go on a pirate ship?

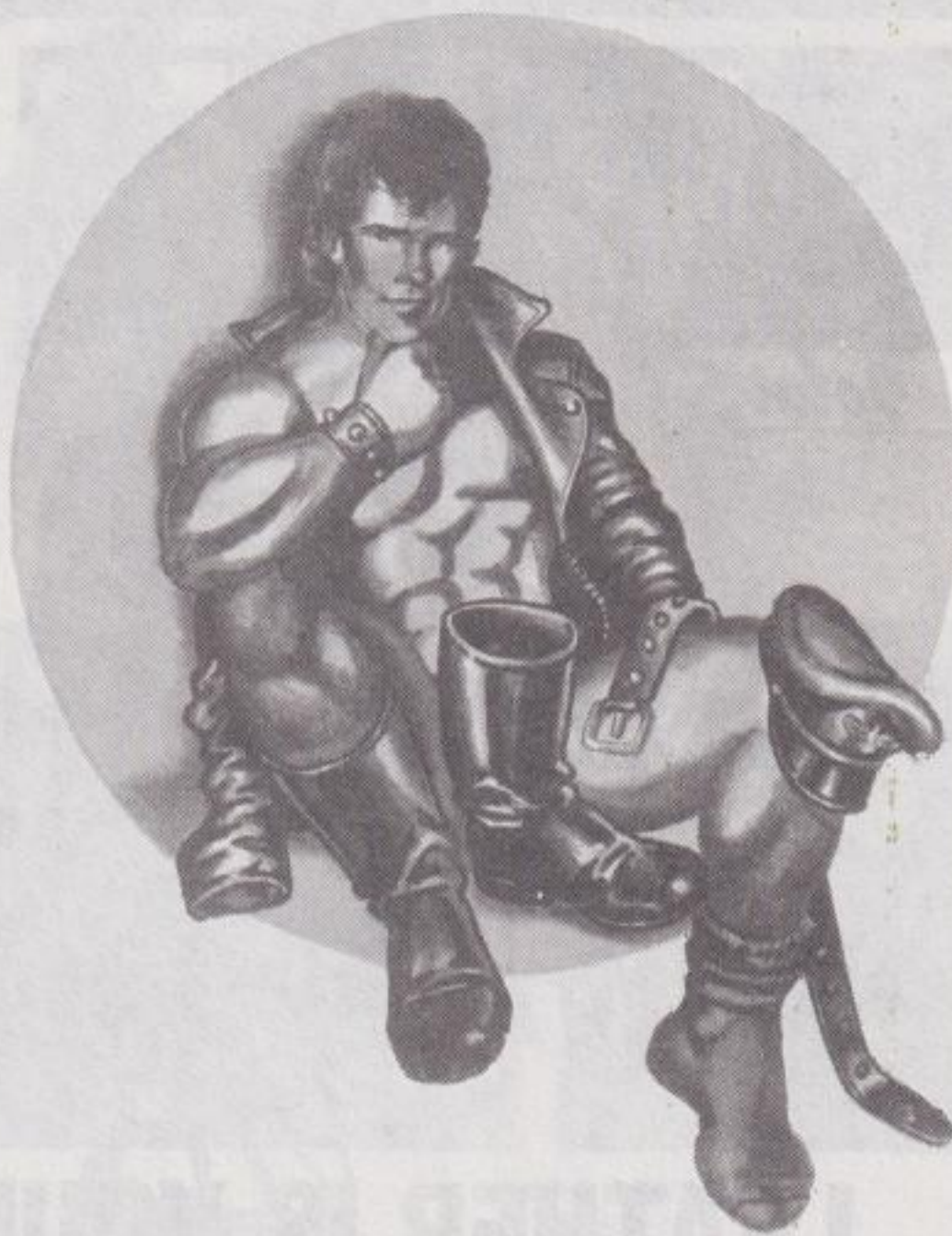
Kin's eyes focused now, though distantly. His gaze locked on the breech front before him, as the one called Skad released the tube of flesh that had been straining at the cloth. It was darker skinned than his own, and growing fatter as the big hand stroked its length, exposing a purple head shiny with remnants of male excreta.

He continued to stroke the shaft until it was a jutting, hard column throbbing above the two thickly haired globes. He let go of his cock, and Kin watched as it jerked to the heart flow. With Kin's rapt attention, Skad placed both hands behind the lad's head, and began pressing it down, closer to his cock.

Kin tried to resist, but the others pressed against him, holding him in place. Now, on his knees, he was pulled closer . . . male animal smell enveloped him . . . the head

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pressed against his lips... still the pressure. He felt a sudden, excruciating pinch on his neck, and relinquishing to the attack his mouth opened, the head sliding past his lips, and half the length of it entered his mouth.

"Suck my shaft, little spacer. Suck it good and I might let you live."

Kin wondered if he would really want to live after this. He began to suck the space pirate's massive cock. One hand braced Kin's neck, and the other played the cock across his lips and into his mouth, pulling the skin back or pushing it forward. Skad squeezed and pulled, milking a large drop of pre-cum from the slit, which he let fall into Kin's open mouth. The shaft followed it directly as he began an earnest fucking of the young spacer's face.

In a few minutes the hand behind Kin's head grabbed a handful of his hair, pulling his head back. Skad grabbed his cock as it pulled free. He wanted to give his friends a good show. He pointed the swollen head at Kin's open mouth, skinned back a few more times, and shot white stuff into the hole. As he was shooting, Mitch, a shipmate who had been stroking his own tool, stepped closer and began dumping his sperm into the open mouth. Skad backed away when he had finished and let his buddy drain the last of the stuff from his shaft. When he had milked it dry, Mitch pushed the still hard cock into Kin's mouth, driving the two loads down his throat. He pulled out only when he started to go soft.

Immediately, others were upon him. Kin was pulled to the deck by two men who levered his ankles back toward his head until his ass was helplessly exposed. In only seconds a hard cock was pressing against his asshole. A hoarse cry escaped him as he felt the head force entrance. Kin looked up at the men who stood above him, stroking their cocks, waiting their turn at him. Skad stood directly over his head. His long cock arched down, now, and the last of the cum began a long, stringy fall. It landed on Kin's face. Skad just grinned.

The cock at his ass had gained final entrance and now began a slow pistoning, searing the insides of his gut and making him gasp for breath past the pain. He watched as another pirate was about to straddle his face, his cock in his hand as he pointed it to Kin's mouth. But Skad reached over and hauled the man up by his arms, and took his place instead. But it was not another suck-off he was interested in. Kin watched in horror as the big man lowered his hairy ass over his face, and then deftly placed the puckered hole directly on his mouth.

"Use your tongue, boy! Lick and suck that asshole."

Kin didn't move.

"Do it or you die... now!"

Tentatively he explored the region with his tongue and, finding nothing more than an earthy, musky taste, he began to probe and lick the orifice.

"That's right. Lick that asshole clean!"

Kin obeyed, his tongue playing across the hairy crack and puckered hole.

Skad called out again. "Hey, Snatch! How long has it been?"

"Only a day."

"Go for it, then." This would break the kid for sure.

A stocky, burly man broke from the group; an open vest covered his torso, and though his breeches were gone his belted 'rupter still hung from his hip. He had a well-developed, hair-covered beer-gut, and his cock, though stubby, was as fat as a man's wrist. A bulbous head topped a red shaft, and fat nuts hung loosely beneath. Snatch knelt before Kin's waiting mouth after Skad had stood from his squatting position, and moved to the opposite end of the lad, where he roughly pushed away the pirate who was fucking him. Skad knelt and shoved his own cock into the

hole almost as fast as the one before his had been jerked free.

Kin knew what was coming, or he thought he did. His eyes closed as the knob was pressed to his lips. Kin had to stretch wide to take it, and Snatch had to press hard, but once inside the lips locked securely around the crown. Kin's eyes widened with surprise as hot water began flowing into his mouth. He sputtered as he tried to block the flow, and the liquid bubbled out at the edges of his mouth.

Snatch pulled the rupter from his side and pressed it to Kin's forehead.

"Drink it down or I put a hole clean through your head."

Kin swallowed immediately, and the man's piss began flowing into him.

Skad watched, and felt the sperm began its crawl up his nuts. Snatch had a special talent. They had a contest once to see who could keep from pissing the longest, and the loser had to drink the other guy's piss. It started after the morning leak; then both men had to drink a bucket full of water. Snatch finished off half the bucket in one sitting, his stomach distending as if pregnant. As the day wore on, the distention moved lower, to his bladder. Both got the entire bucket of water down, but the other guy lost his load in only four hours. Snatch lasted twelve hours and drank another half-bucket of water before he relieved himself into the hapless loser. It took two, ten-minute sessions to drain his bladder. Such was the entertainment on long space voyages.

Now Snatch was emptying a day's worth into the captured spacer's mouth. Skad slowed his thrusts, drunk with sexual heat as Kin's eyes grew wide with alarm. The swallowing was coming slower, and you could see his stomach expanding with the flood. Soon the fluid was leaking from around his mouth once again.

Kin felt the pistol being pushed harder against his head. He renewed a more vigorous swallowing. It was incredible how much water was flowing out of that cock.

Skad finally let the sperm out of his balls, and blasted the inside of the ass, shoving the terrible length hard to his balls. When the jets had stopped, he jerked his pole free and crossed to where Snatch was still pissing. Skad squatted down as Snatch stood, pulling the still pissing cock from Kin's mouth, spraying those closest until Skad pressed his lips to the head and began to suck the water from the hole. Fucking always made him thirsty, and there was more than enough remaining to satisfy him. Snatch pissed for another minute before the flow began to ebb. Then he backed away and watched the piss dribble onto the boy. He shot the last of it against Kin's face, and shook it as if he had just taken a morning leak.

The rest of the men were about to take their turns when the door to the space whisked open. Someone called, "Attention on deck!" Breech fronts closed hurriedly as the men jumped to their feet. Kin, though dazed and in shock, distantly noted the angry, dark-haired man that entered the room. He was tall and wore a fitted, brown leather vest with the ball and "X" pirate symbol burned into it over his heart. The vest, opened at the front, exposed a hard chest, thickly matted with black and gray. His breeches were leather also; the codpiece, a gold, metallic cloth with strange symbols stitched into it. The bulge of it was alarming.

The angry face looked down at Kin, nodded the smallest hint of approval, and then the hard look was returned to the crowd. He scanned the group silently and then said in a voice that trembled with near-uncontrolled anger, "Who's responsible for this?"

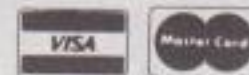
Hands pressed against Skad's back, and he reluctantly stepped forward. The captain looked shocked. "Skad, you're one of my best men. You know my standing order is to take no prisoners. Why?"

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"Sir, I, uh . . ." He stuttered, remembering his real orders. "He was the one who blasted Vic, Sir." Skad motioned with his head to the abused and dirty Kin.

The captain's eyes widened and a pained expression flashed across his face. It hardened the moment he looked back into Skad's face.

"Clean the lad up, give him food and a day's rest; then bring him to my cabin." He looked across sternly to his men. "And if any of you stick your bloody dicks in him again, I'll cut them off!" He turned and left. The automatic door closed all too quietly behind him.

They brought him, washed and fed, just as had been ordered, half dragging, half escorting him by the arms through the door of the captain's cabin. Without instructions, they turned and left.

Before the handsome pirate captain, Kin stood in his new vest and breeches. His hair had been combed, and the soot and sexual abuse had been scrubbed from his body—but no one walks from a battle unscathed. His eyes, blankly open, failed to appreciate the beauty of the bright Pleiades that shone through the captain's private viewport.

The captain walked closer, and put his arm around Kin's shoulders; shoulders that were tense and cold. Sighing, he said, "Ya know, laddy, you're going to have to put the past behind you." The voice was deep, fatherly. "Hell, you haven't really been hurt. You're alive, you're young, and you've a lot more growin' to do. You can't let what happened destroy the rest of your life. There's too much of the galaxy left for you to discover—or conquer, if you want to."

He planted the seeds shallowly at first. The muscles the pirate chief gripped relaxed the barest bit.

"There's nothing that happened to you here that makes a rat's ass bit o' difference to me or anyone else on this ship. So you needn't worry yourself about it. It's done and forgotten. And concern you not about further trouble from my men. They won't touch you again; I've already seen to that, laddy." He gave the shoulders a fatherly squeeze, and felt the last of the tension drain away.

Kin broke his catalepsy to look up at the man and search the weight of his words in his eyes. Down Kin's cheek a tear began to roll, and soon he was crying freely.

"There, there, laddy. You go ahead and weep. We'll let it be our secret."

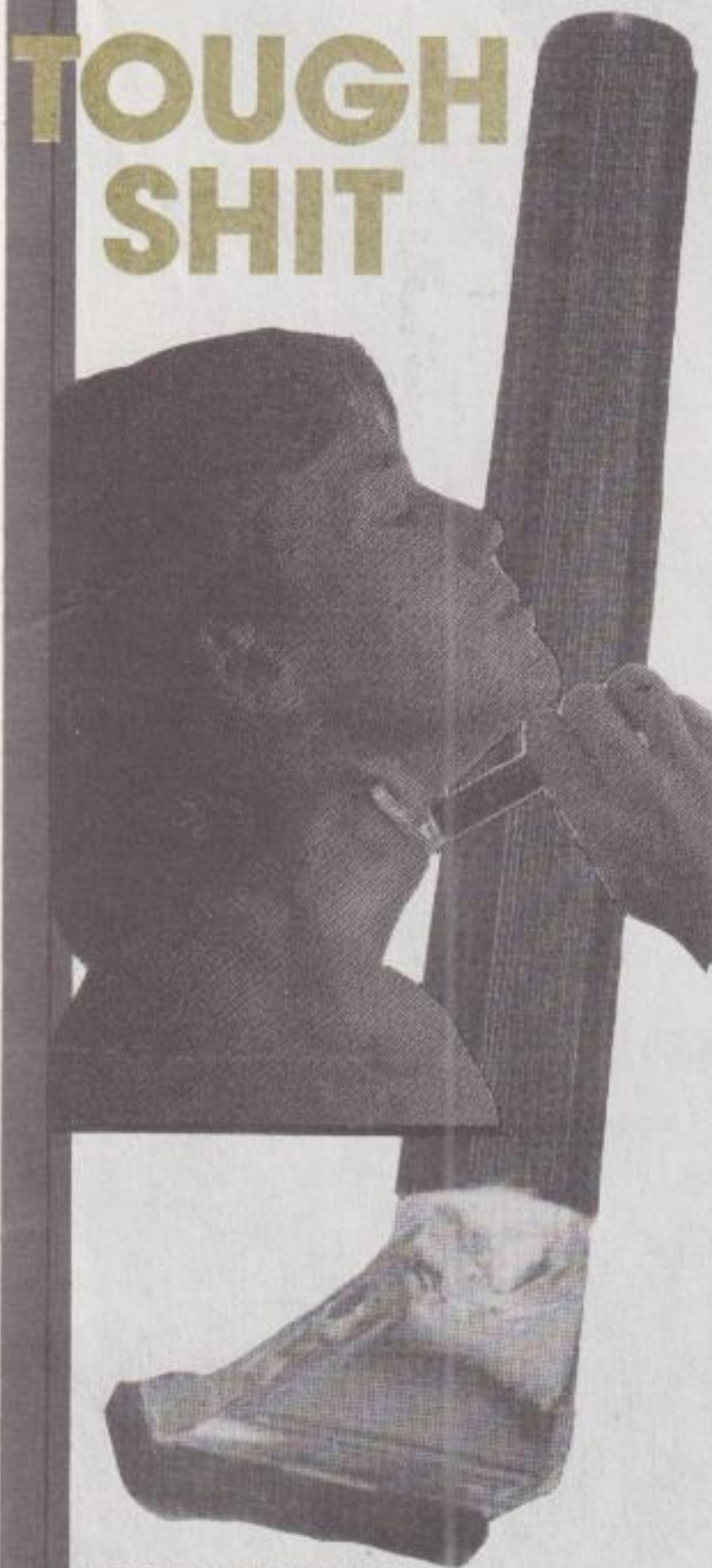
The captain pulled him gently to his chest, and the young spacer welcomed the feel of protection and love that gentle human contact could give. He cried the memory of the last hours out of him, his tears staining the fine leather vest.

The pirate felt tremendous power over the life he held in his arms, and maybe even a little tenderness mixed in with the lust. His codpiece swelled at the thought of what would come to pass in the next few weeks. Broken gradually, Kin would love no other.

The captain held him, quiet now, while remembering the body he had found destroyed, floating next to this young, then suffocating, crewman. His own barely tamed group of men had followed his instructions and played their parts well—hell, they always enjoyed breaking in a new partner for their captain. And young, virgin partners were easy to find in the ships that plied the well-traveled commercial space lanes. As for the old, used partners—well, it was for his own safety that he made certain the separation was complete, and final. But always, always he insured they received a space pirate's death.

The powerful man looked down and into the quiet, wet eyes of this, his latest acquisition. Kin would make a fine replacement for his last partner, and a fine pirate, too. He pushed the long, brown hair gently away from the young man's eyes, those trusting brown eyes, and smiled. □

TOUGH SHIT



SEE IN THE DARK

The *Men America* catalogue is advertising something unique for those of you who like to shave (or be shaved) in the dark. Just twist the head on this waterproof razor and you'll light up areas where the sun decidedly does not shine. Two AA batteries and twin-cartridge blades are included. \$15.00. MEN AMERICA, Building 60, Hanover, PA 17333-0060.

LOW VOLTAGE BIG SHABOOM

The Ann Arbor News reports that the University of Michigan is leading the way with successful experiments involving electroejaculation. Sperm obtained during the procedure is used for artificial insemination. Apparently men with spinal cord injuries have rectal probes inserted and low voltage impulses induce orgasm. Okay, so the experiment is an overwhelming success but what about substantial rises in one's electric bill? Potential volunteers

may contact the University of Michigan's School of Human Medicine.

POLITICIANS PLAN PODDIES

The city council in Santa Ana, California decided that it simply had to build "council poddies" because every time any of the politicians tried taking a pee in any of the public loos it seemed that some poor member of John Q. Public would always be there to badger and harass the distressed public servants. It's *hard* to piss when someone's ragging your butt about insignificant things like tax increases. As soon as the new poddies are constructed, the Santa Ana city council may pee in private.

ESPRIT DE CORPS

Air Force Chief of Staff General Larry Welch liked the movie *Top Gun* where Tom Cruise plays a Navy fighter pilot. General Welch wants to address the problem of lagging Air Force enlistment. Welch has proposed that Air Force pilots wear real leather jackets (pleeeze) versus the synthetic jackets currently issued as regulation. Congress grumbled but eventually shelled out 7.4 million for the leather. (7.4 million buys a lot of leather!) Welch hopes that enlistment will increase as the Air Force becomes more fashionable and adopts a more macho image. Seems like there's more leather in the sky than on the ground.

THOSE THIRSTY BRITS

Recent rumblings in the British press concern a group of inmates at Folkestone Prison who recently fell violently ill after consuming delicious home-made alcoholic concoctions which had been brewed in prison chamber pots. To drink or not to drink, that is the question. After all, even inmates get thirsty and happy hour can be a long way off. Everyone knows that . . .

REVOLUTIONARY DISCIPLINE

The BBC reports that Iran's Revolutionary Guards have been entrusted with responsibility for public discipline. The RGs take their job seriously and recently publicly flogged 34 people, all of whom received 70 revolutionary lashes of the Moslem whip. Alleged crimes of the 34 included charges of listening to taped music, watching videos, and playing marbles at a party. In Iran you should always remember to leave your marbles at home unless you're into rather resolute restitution.

YEAH, BUT HOW BIG IS HIS SNAKE

Superstar Rock Idol, Michael Jackson, has an obsession with various types of exotic pets. His snake is named "Michael," and the master of fast feet,

flash-and-glitz carries his reptile friend around in a fetching rhinestone shoulder bag. "Michael" is the only snake in Southern California (it is thought) to be outfitted with custom-made designer sunglasses. It seems that the bright sun can make one somewhat dizzy in Southern California.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

The citizens of Ketchum, Idaho are a law-abiding lot. In order to honor our current (as we go to press) Attorney General, the Honorable Ed Meese, a Ketchum video rental store has established a separate X-rated naughty section called The Ed Meese Room. It seemed like the only honorable thing to do.

WANTON WAITERS

In a London restaurant diners were recently beaten by testy waiters who employed baseball bats, clubs, and sticks when their unruly customers complained about the food. It seems that the waiters had had *enough*, thank you. What do you *mean*, scum, you *don't like* my pot roast? Where's the whip?

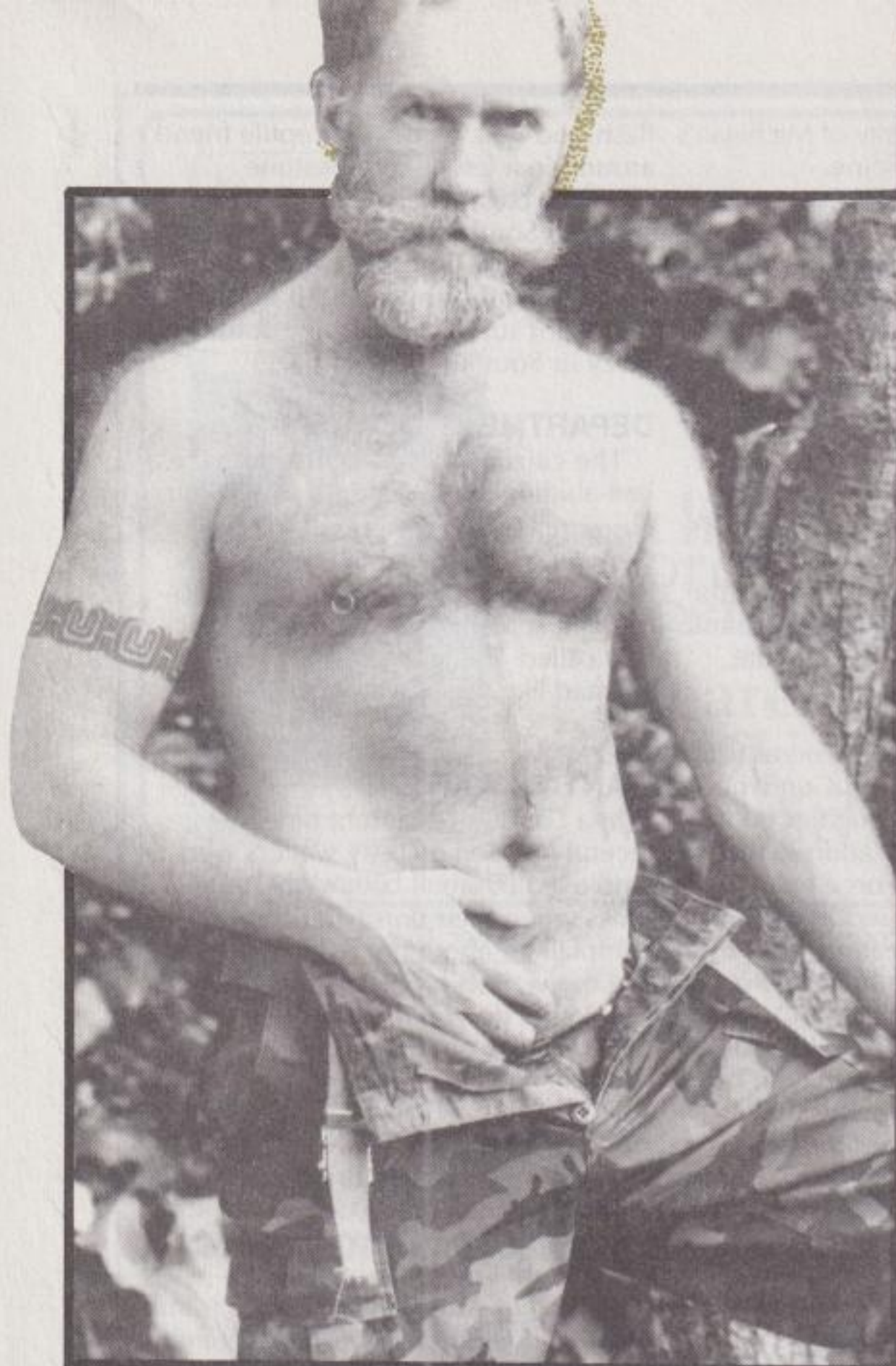
AND SCREAMING SKATERS

Gold medal skater, Brian Boitano, back in his hometown, San Francisco, fresh from his breathtaking victory at the Straight Olympics in Canada, explained to ABC that when he's home he likes to go to Ghirardelli Square and look out at Alcatraz so he can wonder and imagine what went on there. Say what? Let's all play Drop the Soap. And whatever happened to naked exercise sessions three times around the yard. Do they even have skating rinks on Alcatraz?

PROPHYLACTIC JEWELRY

Wear and Share, an Austin, Texas company, has created a new line of earrings made out of packaged condoms. You know, the little buggers everyone's nagging you about putting on your dick. Well, why be embarrassed? You don't have to keep them hidden in your wallet. Now you can put them on your ears. Wear and Share has sold over two thousand rubber earrings which run about five bucks each. The creators of the jewelry hope to ease inhibitions many people have around wearing condoms. Originally the earrings came only in assorted colors but since their popularity has increased a new line with beads and glitter has been added. And you thought folks never had sex with their ears.

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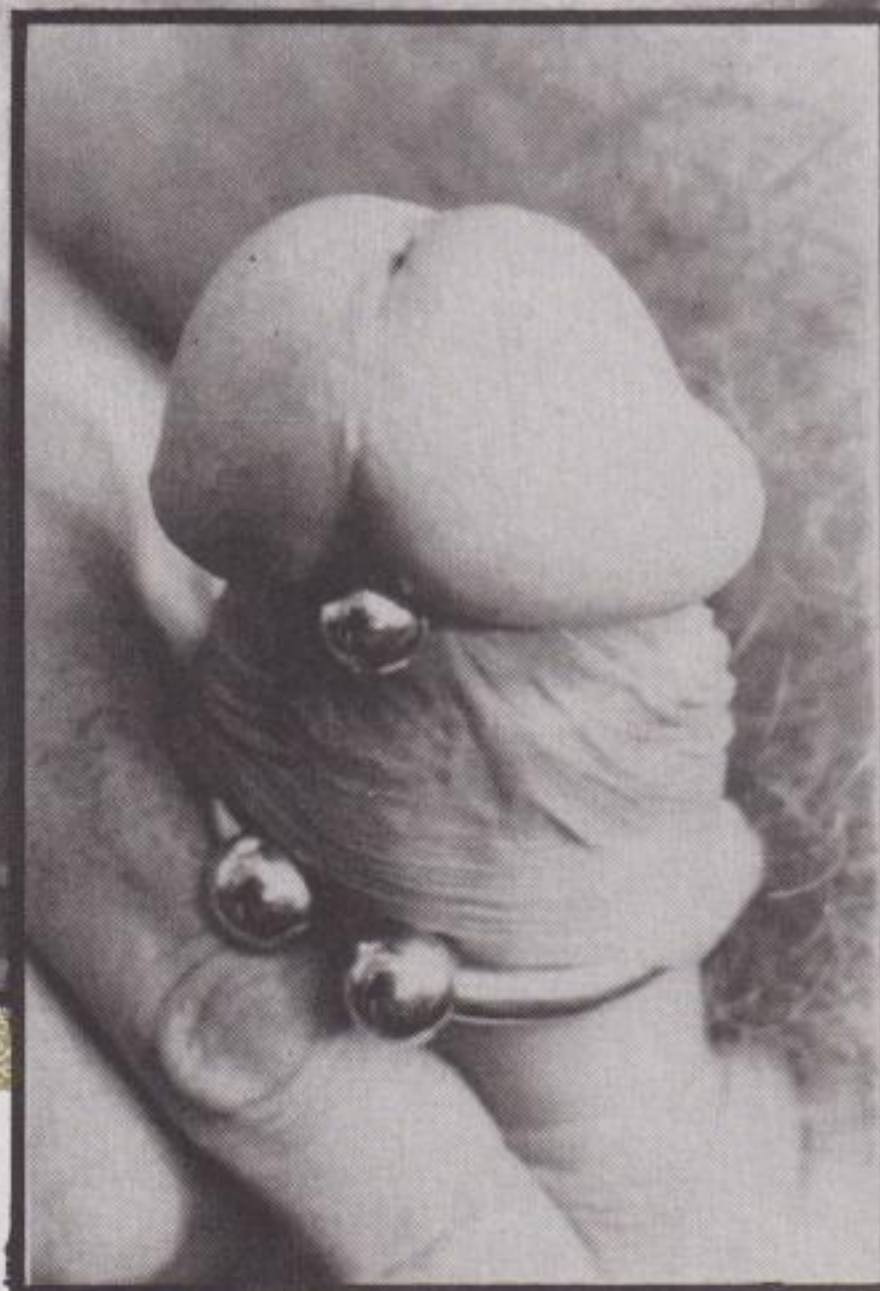
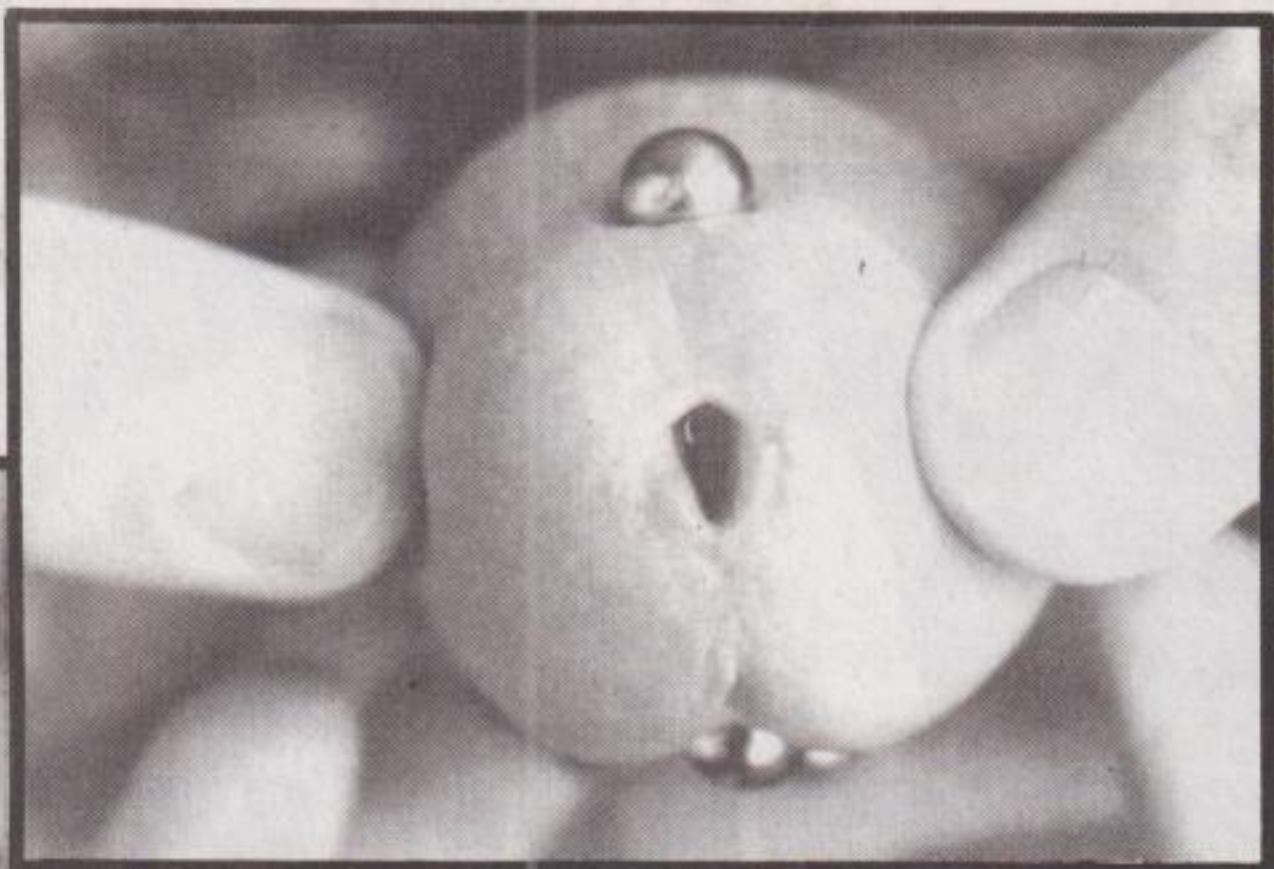


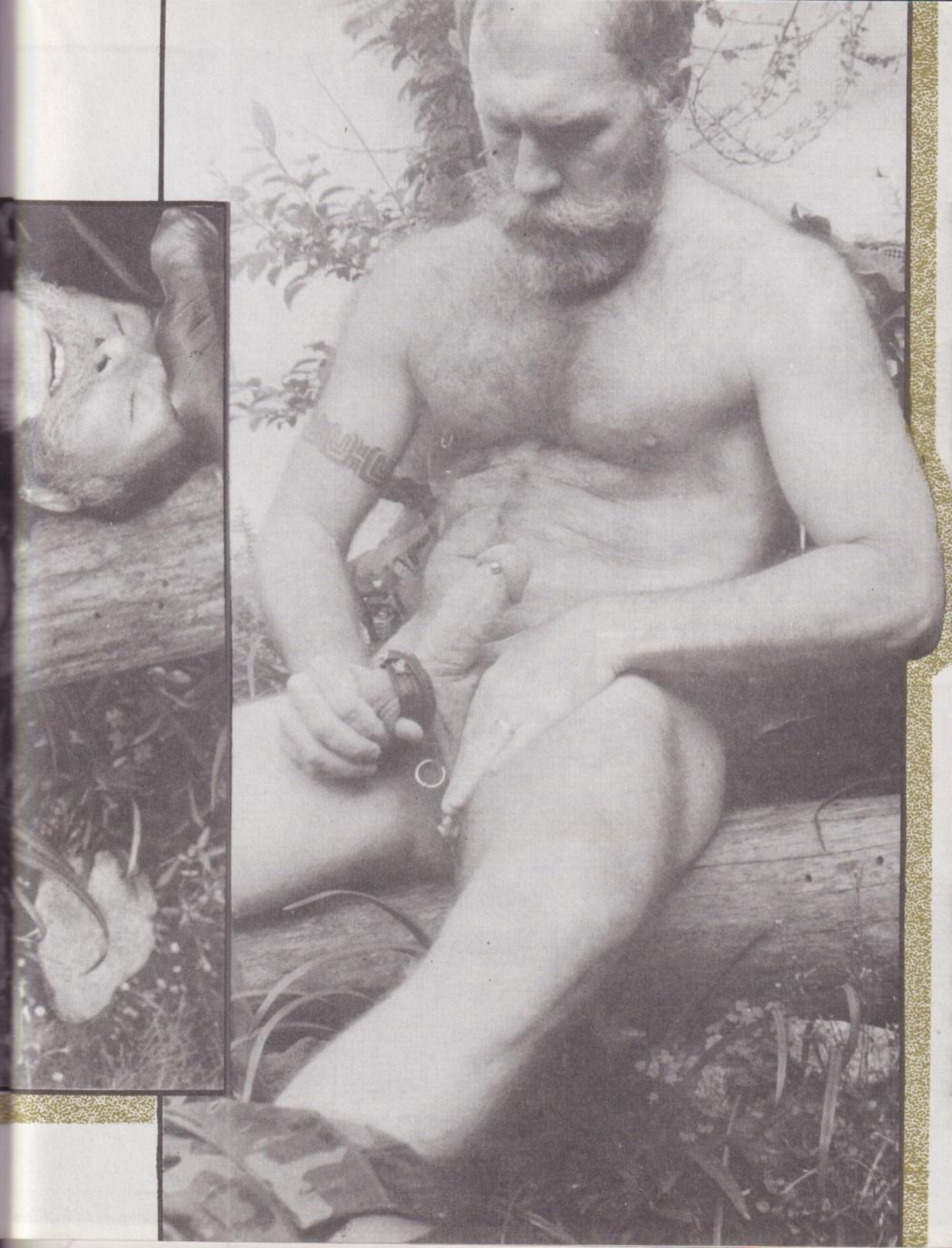
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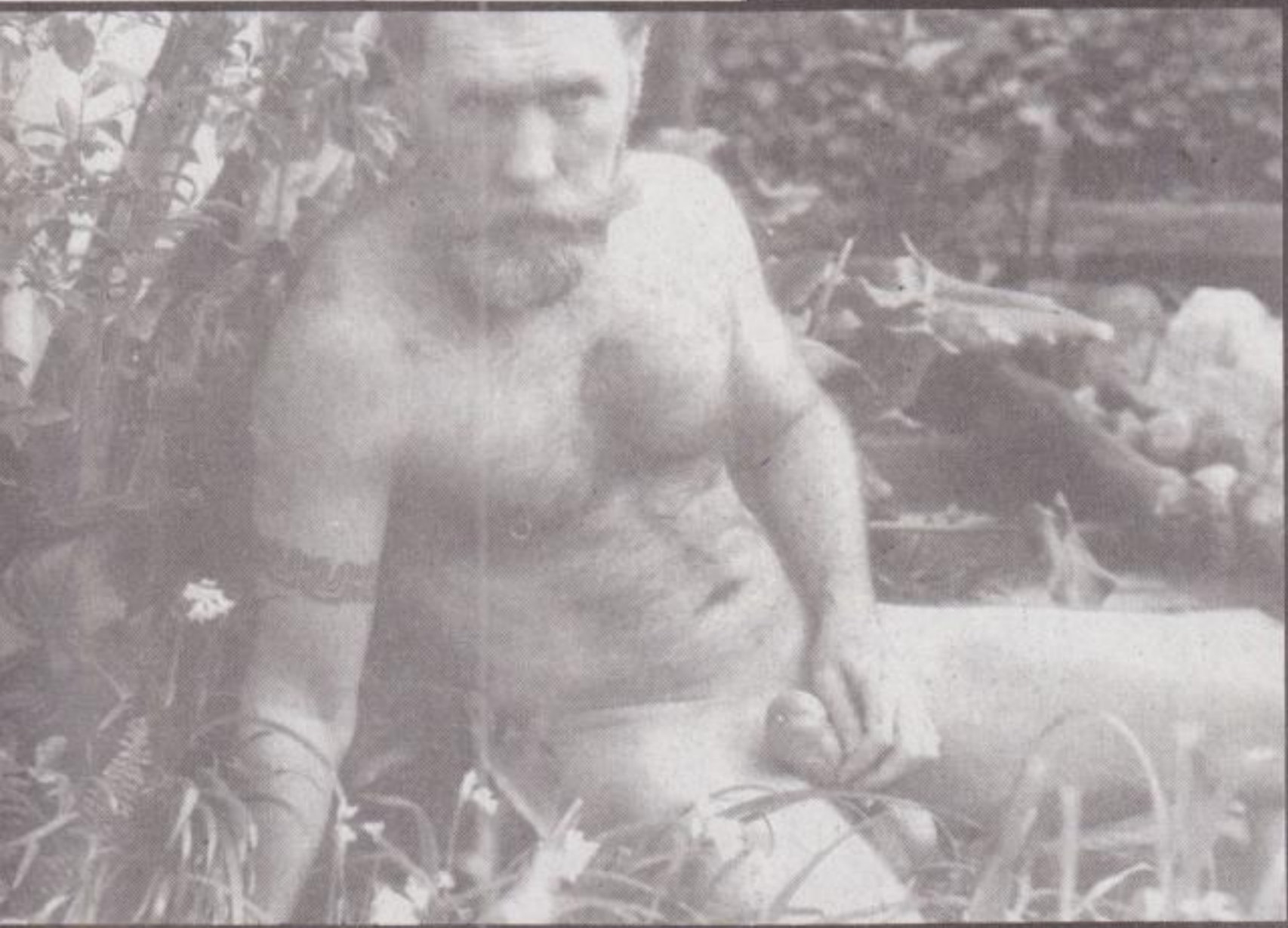
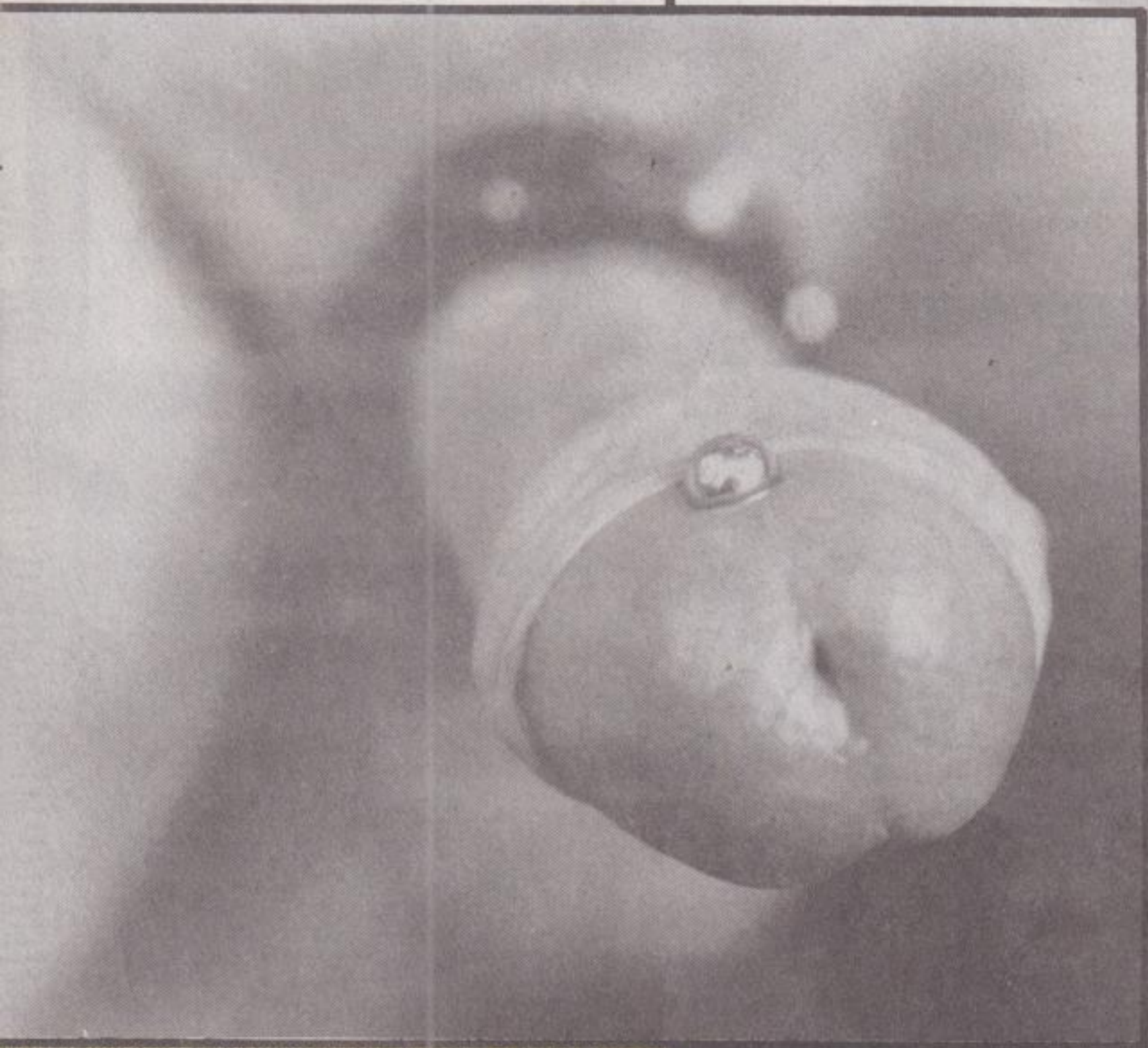
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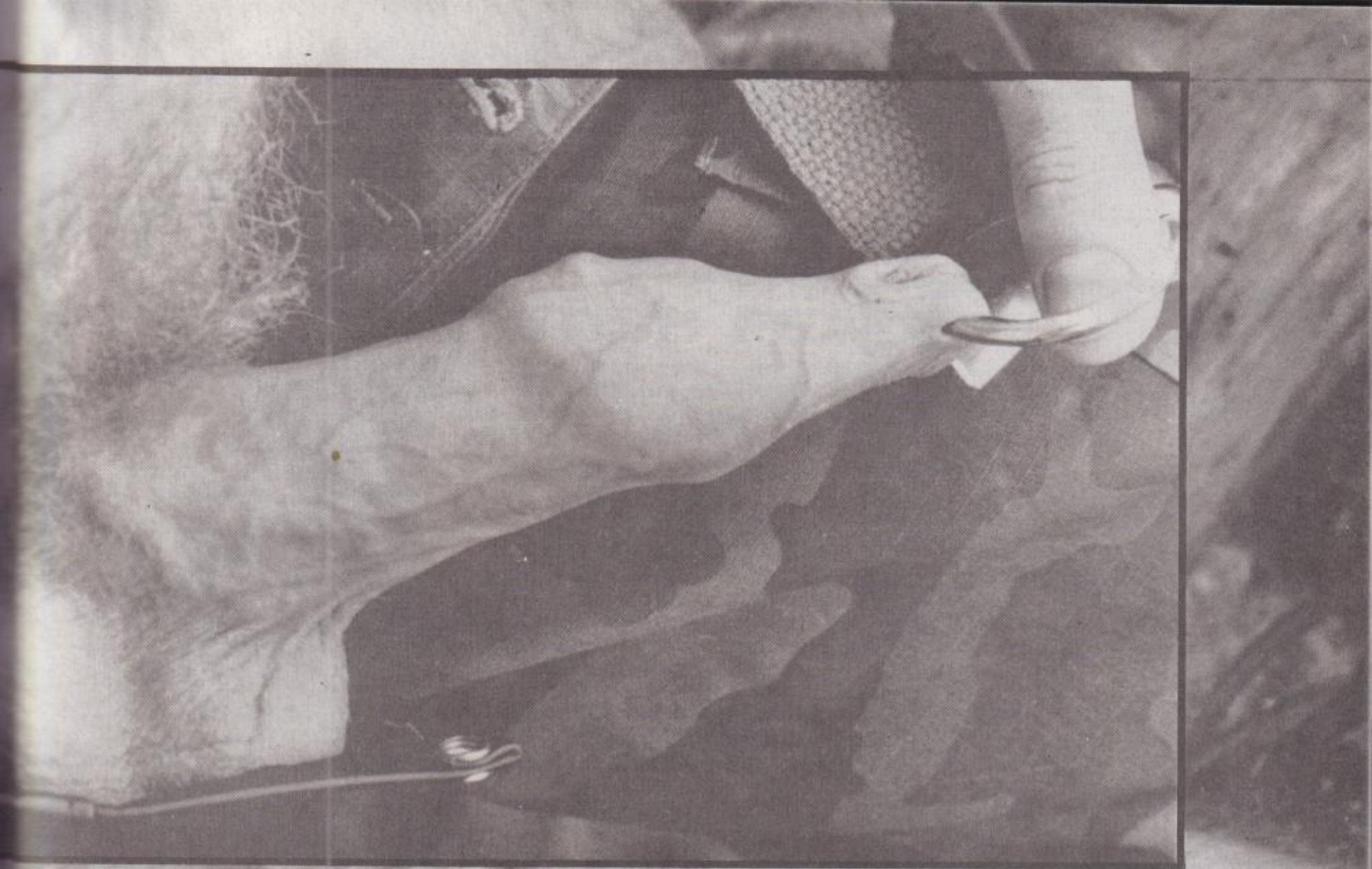
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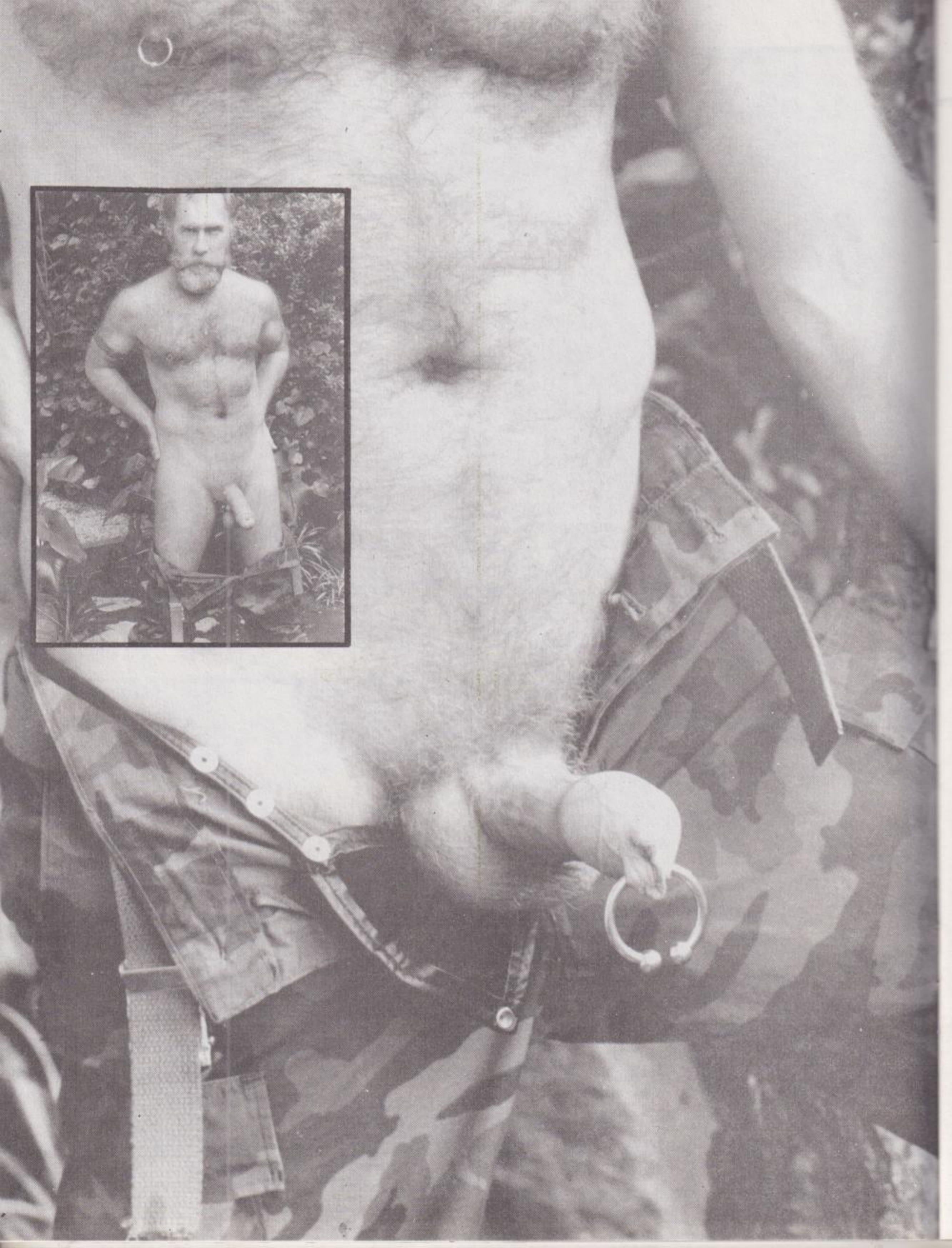












Daddies

FETISH FEATURE

Fetish Feature is a special section that will be found in most issues of *Drummer*. Each issue will focus on a special turn-on, including news and information, fiction, photos, art, etc. for each fetish. A special feature will be the Fetish Tough Customers section. Send in your special photos for the Fetish TCs and send in your letters, stories, likes, dislikes, etc. for these upcoming fetishes:

Drummer	Fetish Feature	Deadline
#118	Rubber	Too Late
#119	Bears & Mountain Men	Too Late
#120	Mud, Oil, Grease & Grunge	July 1
#121	Tits	August 1
#122	Cigars	September 1

Have you missed getting into the Fetish Feature that is your particular turn-on? You don't have to wait until the subject rolls around again. Send us your photos, letters, club news, etc. There are regular columns in *Drummer* that carry these every month and we'll be happy to include yours for tattoos, boots, shaving, wrestling, or whatever you have missed!

**They shall love me. . . I will be their father, and I will show them what pain is.
They will hate me. At the sight of their torment
I shall remain unmoved. . . Increasingly, I shall be filled with a sense of absolute power.**
—Jean Genet, *Querelle*

IRREVOCABLY CONNECTED—DADDY!

I am irrevocably connected to a man I call Daddy who is not my father. Personally, the whole issue of dominating or being dominated is where it all begins. My own "Daddy" is much more of a "father" than my other—father—has ever been. Or ever could be. "Daddy" is at this point over sixty, hard as ever, handsome to a fault, and possessed with an inner peace that I can only admire. I am no longer his boy. Although I will always be his boy. People grow. People change. People come together and they part. While I no longer live with Daddy, indeed, I have now reached a stage where I feel more like a man than a boy, the profound influence this older man has had on my life will remain with me because—Daddy—is an intertwined part of the person I ultimately became.

It was the spring of 1970 and I had just been discharged (honorably and thankfully) from the Army; from Vietnam. From the green Laotian hills which surround Khe Sahn. I was 19 years old and arrogant. I had just seen many of my friends and buddies get blown away or blown up—dead—and I was in Key West, a free man, now, to recover, to forget. And to drink. I was lost although I did not know I was lost.

The old Sloppy Joe's Bar in Key West is now known as Captain Tony's and Captain Tony is a fisherman. The men who frequented his bar at the time were rough no-fucking-nonsense men and they lived on boats. Mostly they were men who minded their own business. I found Daddy's name written on a piece of paper tacked to the wall of the bar—Daddy was looking for a Firstmate. Well, he found one.

"Not a bad job," Captain Tony said, pouring me another beer. "For a boy. A boy could do worse."

Daddy lived onboard a boat called the *Ann Marie* in the Navy complex, now mostly abandoned by the Navy. The *Ann Marie* had at one time been a shrimper. She was not clean. Nor was she elegant. What she was was seaworthy. The *Ann Marie* smelled like fish. I learned everything there is to know about boats and fishing and the sea and—more—than I wanted to know. More than I wanted to learn. Daddy kept pushing me. And I had to earn the right to sleep with my head on his Daddy chest at night listening to the sound of the waves and the sound of Daddy breathing.

I called him my Sun Dragon. And we were calypso extravaganza dancing on the edge. Healing wounds . . .

If this was a man who was about anything, this man was about expanding limitations, horizons; creating new visions. I got my limits stretched to the breaking point and he broke me and then he broke me again. And again. Two men, one young, one bearded and mature, spending most of their time out in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico, fishing, surviving, the boy learning to trust in the strength and tempered gentleness of the man. I was tired of war. In Daddy I found—life. And storms of fuck. And storms of domination. And my knees were raw because when you go down on your knees in a boat you become naked and raw in your giving.

Vietnam beat the fuck out of me. I respected nothing. I loved nothing. I cared about no one—nada—I was numb. I still have the scars—lots of scars and 47 pieces of lead embedded into me all over me—this was the man who taught me to accept the scars. They're mine and I earned them. Because of this man they are healed and stronger than simple muscle could ever be. This wonderful, silent, caring older man took me in, correcting my arrogance, my indifference, my frozen numbness, teaching me something called respect. Respect for the sea which was our universe. Respect for Daddy, the man I loved. And finally, after three years of living onboard the *Ann Marie*, respect for myself.

Today Daddy has a new wet-behind-the-ears blondboy—an island buck—as his Firstmate. Daddy and his blondboy live onboard the *Ann Marie II*, which is new; does not yet smell of fish nor does she leak. Daddy's new boy and I have a special celebration set up for Daddy when Father's Day comes in June. Gifts from boy-to-man. Of course, Daddy's gift to us is one that can hardly be fathomed, let alone ever repaid. The open sea at midnight, the air, our nakedness, epilogues of burned magnetized male witchery at sunset. Calypso extravaganza. Storms of summer. Storms of fuck. Ravished storms of sexual stamina. This is the man who filled my soul with sustenance.

I am no longer lost.

I have found my center; scarred and toughened, it could not be broken although it could be challenged, it remains my center. This is the man who taught me how to give and then give again. My Sun Dragon.

Daddy . . .

THEN ONE NIGHT IN THE MINESHAFT . . .

Not all men are Daddies, and not all Daddies are really Daddies. It takes a special Man to get into the role of a Daddy. As a Daddy's boy, are you looking for just a scene, or a real day-to-day relationship?

I have been in the scene now for 18 years, and the pursuit of Older Men has been my life! At the early coming-out age of 14, I found men in their 20s to be hot. At that time I did not know about Leather and Daddies, just Men. As I got older, so did my preferences. At 19, I was dating three guys all of whom were 33. Even my friends were in their late 30s and 40s. I felt more comfortable around them than with boys my own age. Don't think I did this for money or gifts; I didn't and wouldn't. I enjoyed a Man's company, and like to think he enjoyed mine. I would make dinner and we would have wild, lustful SEX. If we went out, I would let him pay for the admission to a bar, or for a drink, but only because I already wanted to spend the evening with him.

In the early 1970s I discovered the leather bars, and the New Boy came out. Men I was meeting now were stronger and much more sure of themselves. I was in my early 20s then when I first met a real Daddy. It was here in New York in the OLD Eagle. I was standing near the steps that led to the john, and a Man about 45 walked over to me, looked at me and said, "You look like a real good Daddy's boy. How are you tonight?" I now knew what I was! From then on Daddies were my goal. Unfortunately, life takes twists and turns. I met someone who was not into S/M, and spent 10 years in that relationship by day and hunting Daddies by night in the Baths. The men I met were sometimes put off by being referred to as Daddies, but I was attracted to them because they took no bullshit. In this disco era, my friends would sometimes meet very hot Daddy types who would say, "I'm interested in doing such-and-such to you. Would you like to come home?" They would reply, "Well, I don't know. It's early yet, and I never really did that before, and I might muss my hair, and all my friends are here, . . ." These men knew what they wanted, and whiny little boys were not it. They were sure of themselves and were not worried if they ended up going home alone and reading the Sunday papers. They did not have to get their rocks off to prove that they were Men. This was the type I went after and found. While I was having a ball, my friends were crying that they never met anyone. I soon found out how to detect a potential Daddy. "Excuse me Sir, but what does a boy have to do to lick your boots?" or "Have you thought about having a boy of your own someday?" These almost always worked. They were either turned on by the approach and said, "Why don't you start licking now and we'll see" or they just laughed, and that started the conversation going.

I finally ended the 10-year relationship,

but finding a Real Daddy didn't happen right away. Then one night in the Mineshaft, there he was—Bearded, Balding and Hairy. All the qualities I was looking for! In addition, he was 50, another benefit, and had an aura around him that said "I am a safe, loving Daddy; come to me." We kept bumping into each other during the evening, and he would touch and fondle me, and we would kiss. He gave me his card, which I am sure some other people got that night also, and said to call him. When I did, I told him that I was a houseboy, and if he needed one to let me know. A few weeks later he called to say that he was getting rid of his former houseboy, and asked if I was taking on any new clients. I said I was, and went over for an interview. We discussed what work was to be done, payment, etc.—all business. I knew I was attracted to him. He even asked me out to dinner that night, but I refused. I started working for him and knew that I was going to sleep with him somehow! I arranged that when he came home from work, I would be in a jock cleaning, and I hoped that would get things going. It did! But I really was a legitimate houseboy, cleaning, washing, etc. Sex was not supposed to be involved. So when this happened, I felt very bad about taking time out from my work to have sex. I would work extra time to make up for the time that we played. In fact, this happened so often that I started feeling bad about it, and tired from having to work so long after having sex together. After I would finish, he would want to take me out to dinner or a movie, but I wouldn't because I was afraid he would think I was having sex with him in order to get a free meal. It was during these times together that I would get him into the Daddy role. Up till then it was just good S/M and all that went with it. But I saw him as a Dad, nurturing and sweet, and that would come through during play together. One day we talked about how he would feel about being a Daddy in a scene together. We did it, and he was a natural. He made me feel like "Daddy's Little Boy." I loved it and was falling in love with him. Throughout this time, we lived apart. He would buy me little things, but when we went out, I would usually pay for myself.

Then one weekend we went together to his house in the country. There was an amusement park near there, and when we talked about going there, I said, "Why don't we spend the day there as Daddy and Daddy's boy? You can take care of me as if I were your boy, and I will see to it that Daddy is taken care of as a boy would." We did, and since that day, I have moved in and we really live as Daddy and Daddy's boy. My

Daddies

FETISH MAIL

Daddy takes care of all my needs, financial and otherwise, and I take care of everything at home and the care and feeling of a Happy Daddy. He is not a "Sugar Daddy," as some might think. Yes, he spoils me rotten! But I see to it that his needs are always looked after. He tells me that I spoil him, so I guess we spoil each other.

To sum it all up, I like to think of the difference between a Daddy's boy and a slave: A slave will do what his Master tells him to do. A Daddy's boy will do ANYTHING to make his Daddy happy.

Rick
NYC

I HAVE A BOY . . .

I had been involved in a variety of S/M activities before I met Rick, but he had an instant recognition of the Daddy in me. In fact, it took him to bring out in me the extensive commitment to this type of relationship that we now have.

Soon after our casual meeting at the Mineshaft, I hired him to clean my house. When I would arrive home to find him cleaning in just a jockstrap, he assured me that he simply sweated less working that way. But finding a good-looking boy so "dressed," standing on a stepladder cleaning bookshelves, presented certain temptations, and it seemed to take very little persuasion to get him into the bedroom where ropes, belts, and whips were waiting. I began to learn more about the punishment that little boys need and their desire for a Daddy/Master to take charge of them.

When we resolved to live together, a number of major decisions had to be made. I was to be totally in charge of money; Rick's income would come to me and I would take care of all his needs, providing any necessary funds, clothing, food, etc. He, in turn, would clean, cook (he has done this professionally!), do the laundry, and take care of all my needs and the needs of our home. We were both quite active socially, especially in GMSMA, and shared other interests while keeping some for ourselves. Although we did not subscribe to enforced monogamy, we ended up strongly limiting our outside sexual contacts, with Rick having such liaisons only with my permission, of course. Since I prefer my boy not to be totally submissive intellectually, I encouraged him to express his opinions and disagreements, bearing in mind that final decisions were mine.

We have truly lived our Daddy/boy relationship for the past two years. We've participated in GMSMA demos and conducted a Daddies/Daddies' boys seminar. We go to plays and events, and travel a lot

together—DisneyWorld (every boy's dream), CHC's Inferno (every boy's dream), the S/M-Leather Convention in Dallas, gay square-dance conventions in San Francisco and Portland, Christmas in London (where else can you get tickets to *Phantom*??). He wants to be in Amsterdam next December 6th when Father Christmas comes down the canal on a barge, giving presents to good little boys and spanking the naughty ones (need I say more?).

I keep my boy well shaved, with a locked chain around his neck. He has gotten a series of beautiful tattoos, and we were very proud when his photos appeared in *Drummer* (issue 112). Recently I had a linked-chain design, containing our initials, tattooed on his right ankle. He has also gotten a number of permanent piercings—a tit ring and bar, a Prince Albert, three frenum bars, and a frenum loop that is engraved *Mei Domini* (loosely translated, "belonging to my Master").

I have a wonderful, thoughtful, handsome boy, and I love him dearly.

Gil Kessler
(President, GMSMA)
NYC

A NATURAL DOMINANCE

My daddy and I live in Holland some forty miles apart, each in his own city (Amsterdam and Rotterdam) and we don't intend to alter it. We met through a master/slave ad in *Drummer* some time ago; after reading my humble advertisement, he telephoned. It was the authority in his voice, the way he said things, and my reactions which made us hit it off right away in a very positive manner. We talked for half an hour on the phone, made an appointment, I reported exactly on time, and found a note in the hall with "instructions for the new boy."

According to his instructions I waited naked on hands and knees in the hall, holding a large cigar he'd told me to bring between my teeth (like a dog offering a stick). When the door opened all I saw was a pair of breathtaking boots. I bent down and kissed the black leather, then up along his jeans, until I reached his groin. A strong hand pushed at the back of my head. I blew hot breath through his fly—worshipping.

A collar was put around my neck. I was taken inside where I was allowed to drink water from a bowl on the floor while my bare ass was inspected. He talked, commanded, ordered me between his mighty thighs, forcing my nose once again into his heavily loaded basket. Finally, he lifted my face to have a look at me. For the first time our eyes met. I'll never forget the thrill of love that erupted at that moment. This was more than Master-and-slave. This was something significant that I had never experienced before.

His stern bearded face had a pair of clear green eyes that looked at me with genuine warmth and friendship, at the same time bearing a natural dominance which needs no emphasis. We embraced. I licked his neck and face, even kissed his eyes, and I

licked the entire rest of his body which he allowed me to undress bit by bit. I sucked on his mighty cock, made love to his ripe balls, and caressed his thighs. We just sat for a long time, he on the couch, I on the floor between his legs, rubbing the back of my head against his genitals, he watched television. In time I was ordered to bed. It was cold, half dark, I lay down, shivering on the chilly sheet. Feeling thrown out. He came in when he was ready, informed me that I would be tied up, and, of course, he was as good as his word. The straps were all there for my arms and legs to be stretched wide apart. I could just wriggle a little. A hood was put over my head.

"I'll leave you like this for awhile," he said. He touched my exposed cock lovingly. "You're mine, aren't you," he whispered. "I love the idea of having you in store, secured."

My cock throbbed and hurt. I hated the idea of being unable to move. Just having to wait. He left the room in complete darkness, complete silence. I did not like it. My cock slumped down, all excitement gone. I wanted to call out to him, but the thought of the look in his eyes kept me quiet. My thoughts ran rampant: this is not my idea of sex, of arousal, this is ridiculous the way I am tied up here, fancy my straight friends seeing me like this, how could I ever explain the fun of it?

But Master likes it. Daddy likes it. He gets a kick out of the idea of my being helpless; being at his complete mercy. At his disposal. Isn't that a thrilling thought? Yes, but I wanted him to be *here*. I wanted to feel him, not to be alone with my thoughts in the cold darkness. I started to panic. What if he leaves the house? Has he left perhaps? Even when I strained to listen I could hear no sound. Oh, God, what if something happens now? What if a fire breaks out. I'll burn to death. I can't free myself. Frantically, I tried to wriggle my wrists out of the bonds, in vain. Ankles the same. My inability to move made me realize the seriousness of my situation. This was not play. I went into an insane panic until I started to concentrate and focus on his eyes again; the way they had looked at me. It's for him that I must endure this.

My cock jumped again, rigidly pointing at the still invisible ceiling. I lay still again, waiting patiently, counting, seventy-eight, seventy-nine, eighty—Master! Daddy!! My brain called out to him, not my mouth. I thought of his thick cock, his lush balls, the dark crack of his ass which had hung so deliciously close to my face as he tied me to the bed. What was he doing at the moment? Reading in the next room? Or playing snooker in the pub? I tried to sleep, relax completely, forget everything, just doze off, counting sheep, telling myself that I would wait compliantly for his return. And after being released I would never come back. No, this was *not* my idea of slavery, of being a son!

Then he returned. I heard footsteps in the next room, sounds of rummaging, a light

switch, the bedroom door opened, a faint light through my hood. The master's voice, his touch. Yet even before he touched me my cock had already hardened. I was untied and I threw myself into his arms, hot as hell, almost ejaculating. "Good boy!" I was told. "You liked that, didn't you. Now, lick my ass." I ate greedily. Quite unexpectedly he spermed all over me. I was ordered to jack off in front of him so he could observe my load.

I slept in his arms.

The next day we talked. I was honest with him and told him my thoughts. My doubts. He listened quietly. "I'll train you," he said. "You'll learn to like it." I did not believe him but I was willing to try. I have regretted nothing. We have been together for four years. And our bond continues to grow. Daddy phones me often, sometimes in the middle of the night when he gets home from his shift. We talk of things and sometimes I am ordered to certain tasks. Or sometimes I am ordered to tell him why I love him so much, what I would most like him to do to me, and he tells me when I may jack off and when I may not. Most weekends we spend together. Part of the weekend I'll spend in bondage, sometimes for hours on end. Daddy ties up my cock and balls as well, now, sometimes so tight I'm afraid that the circulation will get cut off.

And it hurts. The hurt makes me constantly aware of my cock and balls, makes my cock hard, hurt more, hurt for Daddy, until the feeling topples over into waves of despair, to hatred, to pulling at my restraints (in vain) and my anger once more results in excitement, in growing cock and growing despair for not being able to touch any of it. "No, boy. It's mine," I hear Daddy's voice in my brain. "It's for me to decide whether or not your cock can be touched." It makes me red with anger, humiliation, and hot as hell.

Until he comes. The sound of the front door (I have now been trained to accept his going out while I lie helpless, sometimes for hours), his footsteps in the hall. They are the sweetest sounds I know. And he knows that by this point I'll be worked up to a state where he can be sure of the warmest, wildest, hottest welcome—ever. Whatever his wish. As soon as I'm freed I dive down to fulfill it, greedily, lustfully, utterly obedient and loving.

One of these weekends Daddy says that he might bring a friend when he returns home. I think that he will. I am hoping that the friend will be nice. Daddy once called me around midnight on a weekday, ordering me to come over at once. I drove the forty miles at top speed to find him with another man. Daddy seemed to have boasted to his friend that His Son would obey his order. Of course, I did. I love obeying any order from Daddy. I did not much like serving his friend, I was humiliated, but I endured it for Daddy. Next weekend I am to bring new leather straps. I am his obedient son.



VIDEOS

Daddies

THREE MEN AND A BABY

Even back when I was a mere chip off the old block, I always planned very carefully for Father's Day. I devoted hours to crafting the right ashtray at summer camp, and finding the best greeting card with the butchest drawings of ducks and rifles. In later life, I would channel this same intense energy into selecting the prime Daddy available, and I usually managed to celebrate the holiday with my Father Figure of choice.

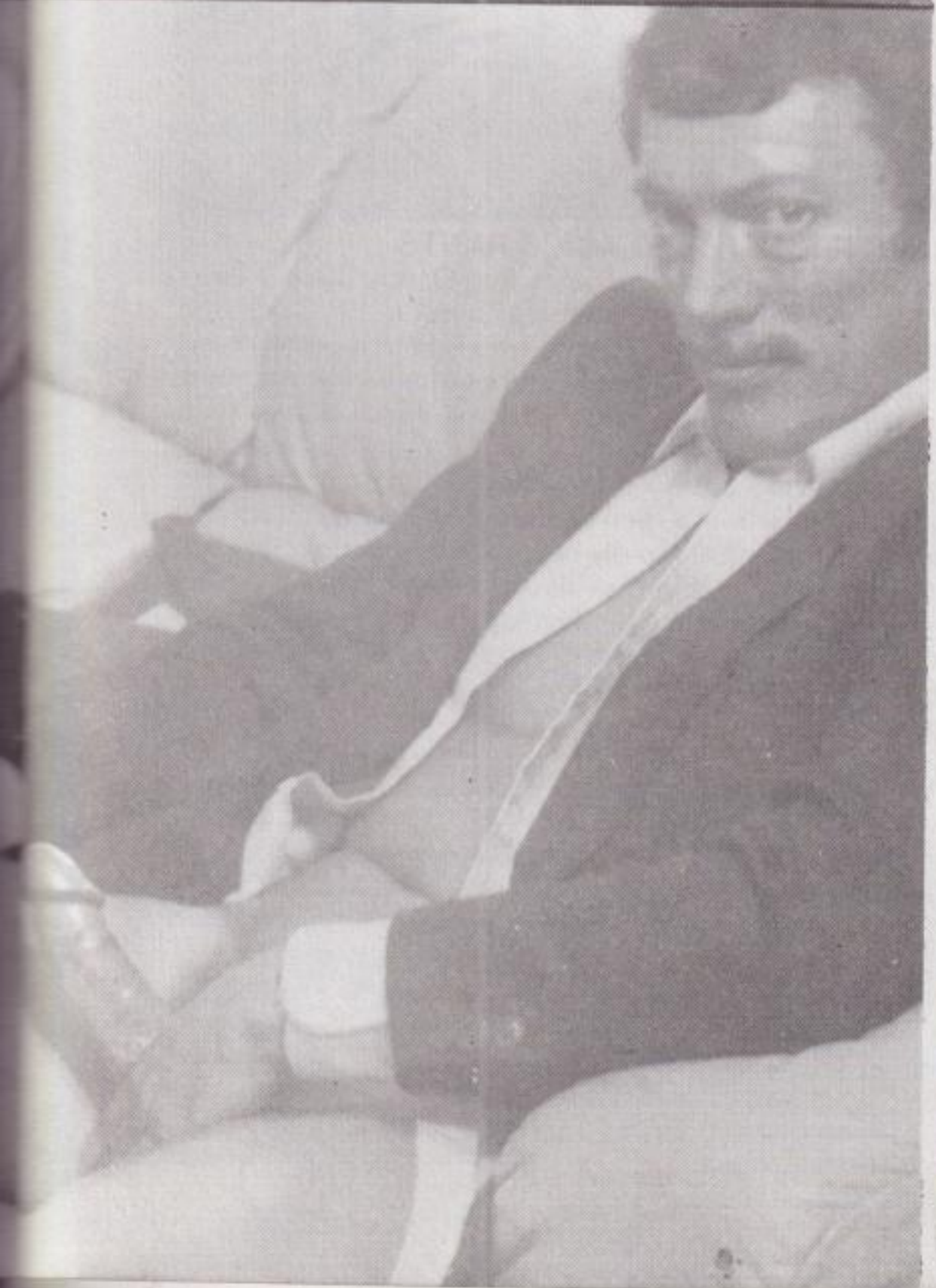
As I contemplate Father's Day this year, I have the pragmatic single-guy's approach toward finding Dad: If you can't be with the one you love, then love the one you can rent. Don't spend Father's Day alone, little boys, bring a Daddy home from the video store and make it a one-handed holiday! I can heartily recommend the following tapes:

PAPA'S GOT A THROBBING BONE

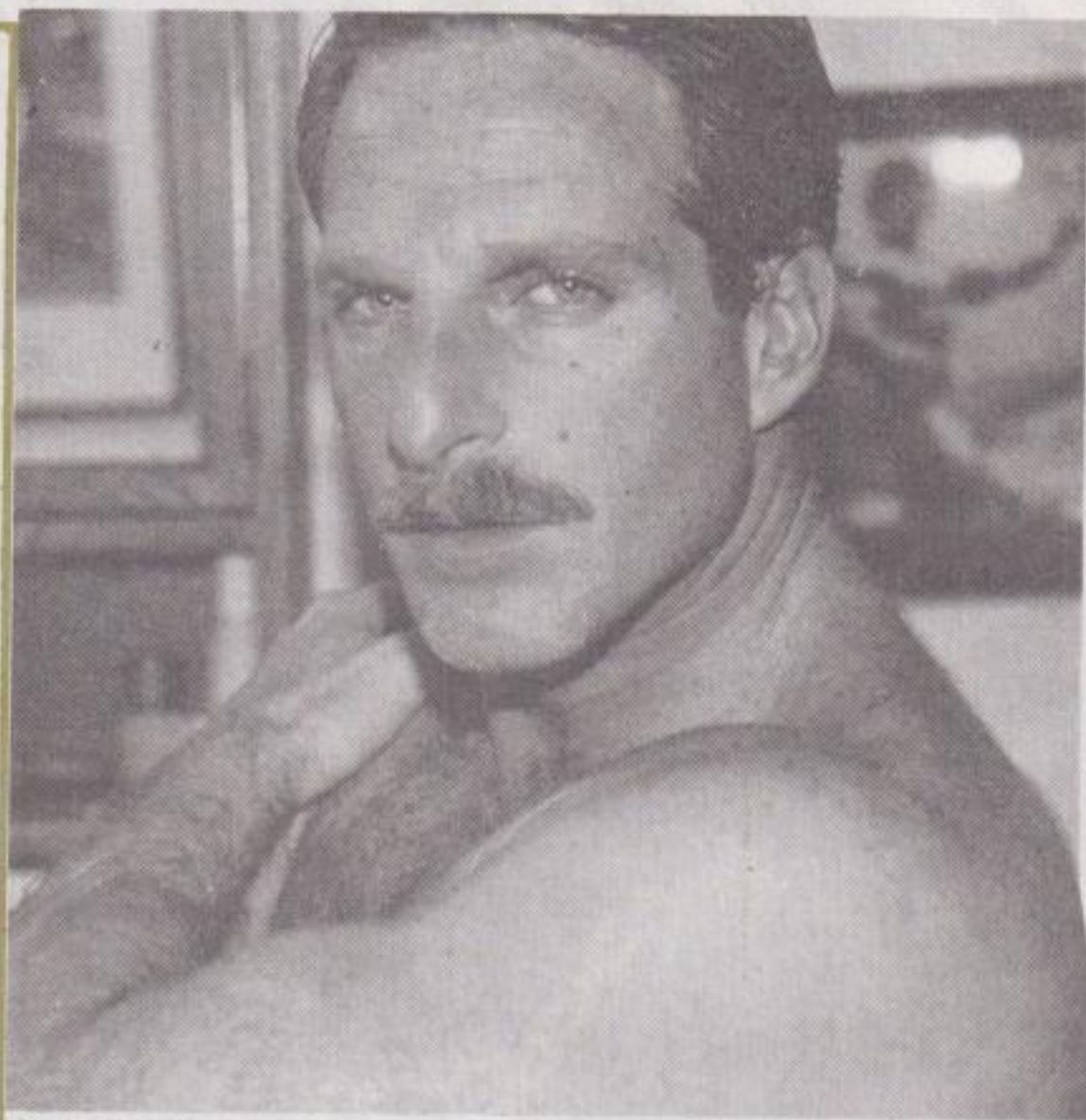
Have you ever been to a party where you saw the same men you've cruised forever in leather, only they were dressed for the occasion in business suits? Did you find it very erotic because it was a completely new way of looking at the same old men? I can relate. If you can't, then perhaps you've seen Michael Douglas in *Wall Street* as he sublimates a whole lot of sexual energy into wheeling and dealing and corporate cut-throatism. It wouldn't surprise me to find out that many Fortune 500 Fathers are locked behind their office doors, beating their meat for all it's worth (millions, alas). I've seen this perverse fantasy realized in *Max Makes It Big*, a wry look behind the scenes of the porno industry. Here we have the Big Boss, a silver fox, taking a meeting with his junior (and senior) executives, and they sure know how to combine big business with pleasure! The action is meaty, beaty, big and bouncy, and the boardroom locale distinguishes this from the standard circle-jerk scene. If your fantasy Daddy wears a suit and tie, then you're bound to get hard over this.

Photos by
ALTOMAR



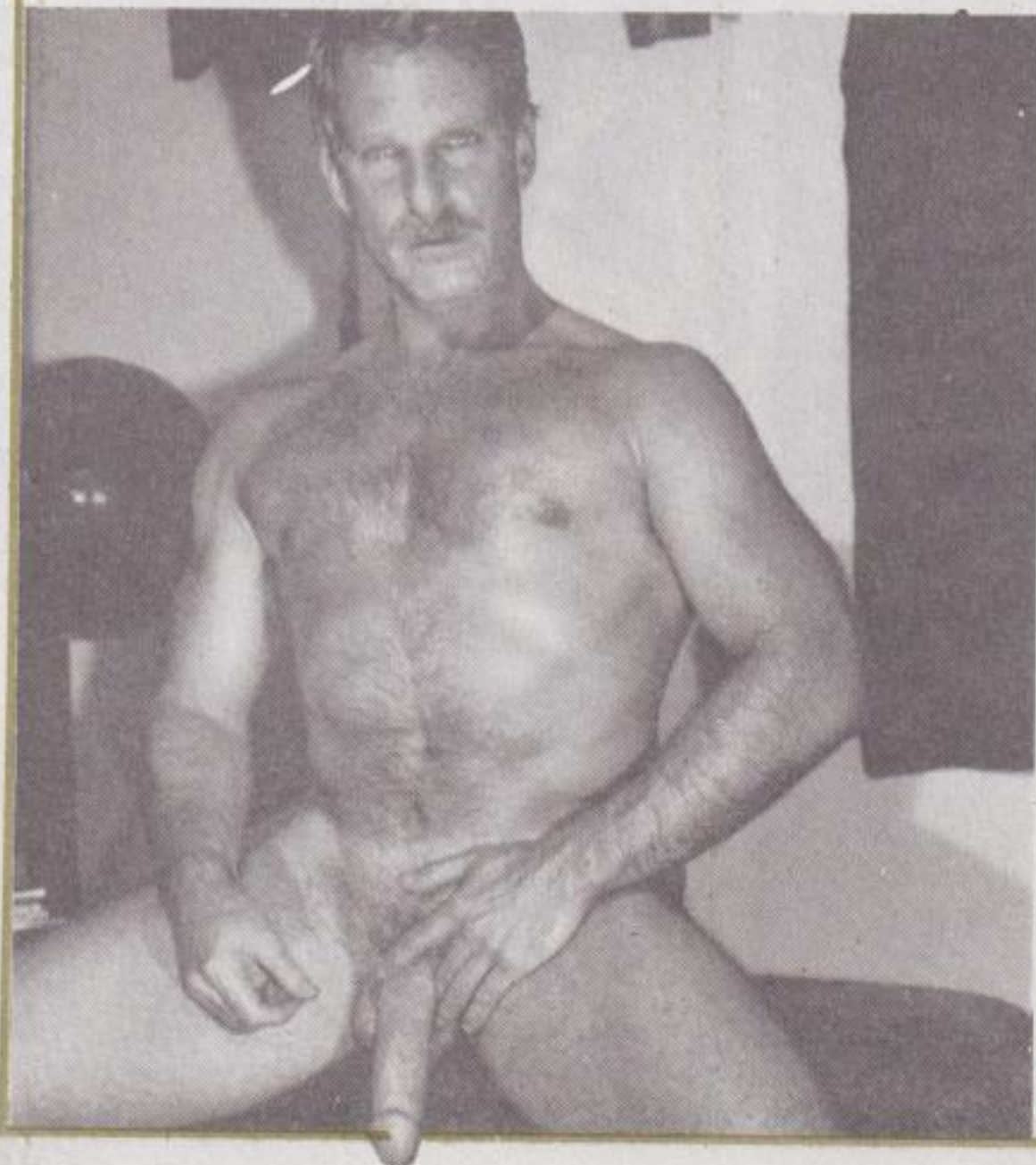


Photos by
PALM DRIVE VIDEO



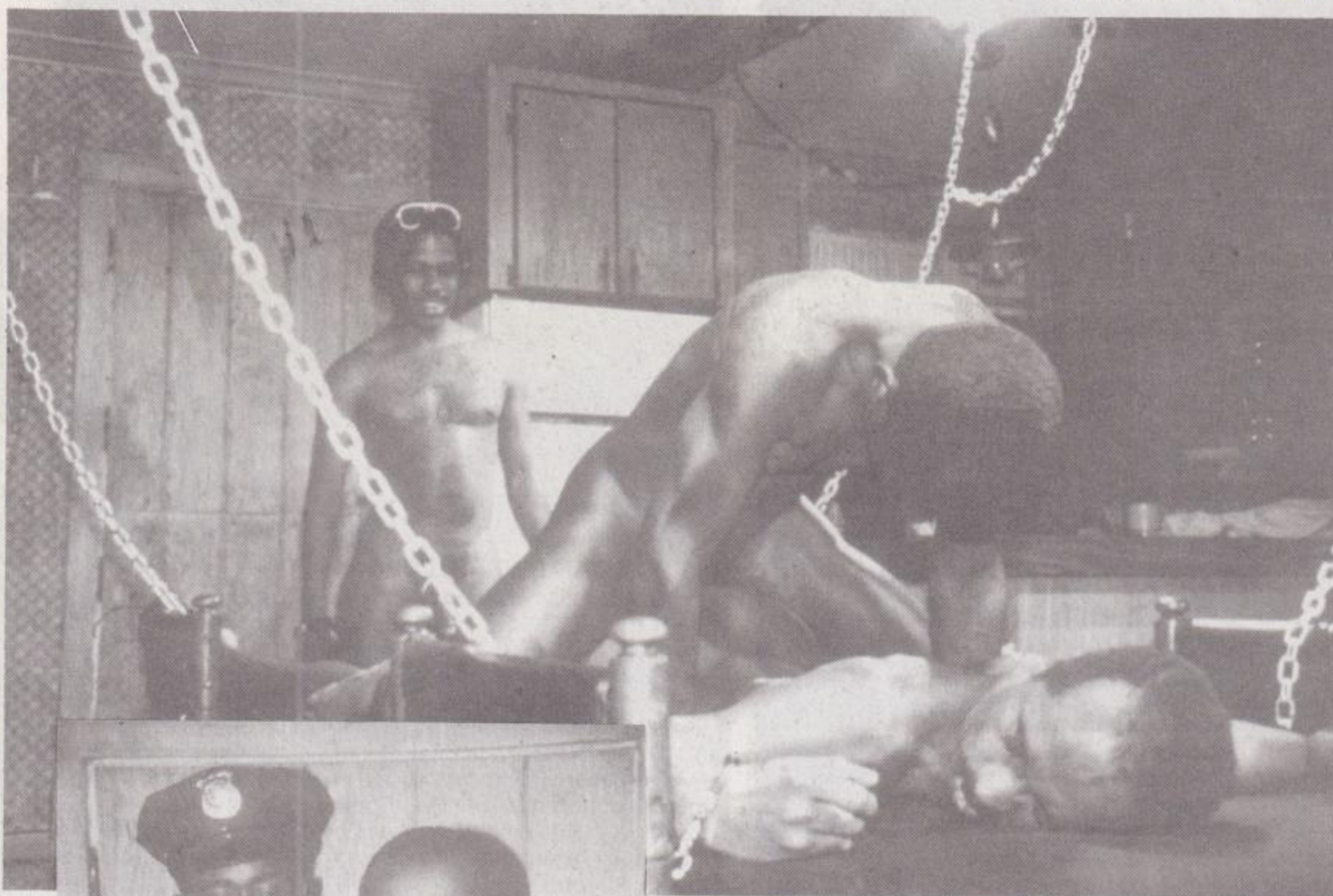
DADDY CAN SWEAR, I DECLARE!

From Palm Drive Video and that genius of kink, Jack Fritscher, comes *Dave Gold's Gym Workout*, which features the sun-bronzed Mr. Gold in a sweaty session of platinum quality. Dave Gold may well be the most archetypical Daddy I've seen in porn, which is not to say that his dirty rap is arch or typical. It's hard to imagine any hungry boy who wouldn't turn on to still photos of Big Dave, and the video has the advantage of showing him in riveting action: He smokes cigars, pumps and poses and talks a mean old blue streak, while stripping off his sweats, his trunks, his jock . . . Suffice it to say that Dave's moves are Solid Gold, and I don't mean those silly dancers that are always contorting themselves on TV.



Daddies

Photos by
BIJOU VIDEO



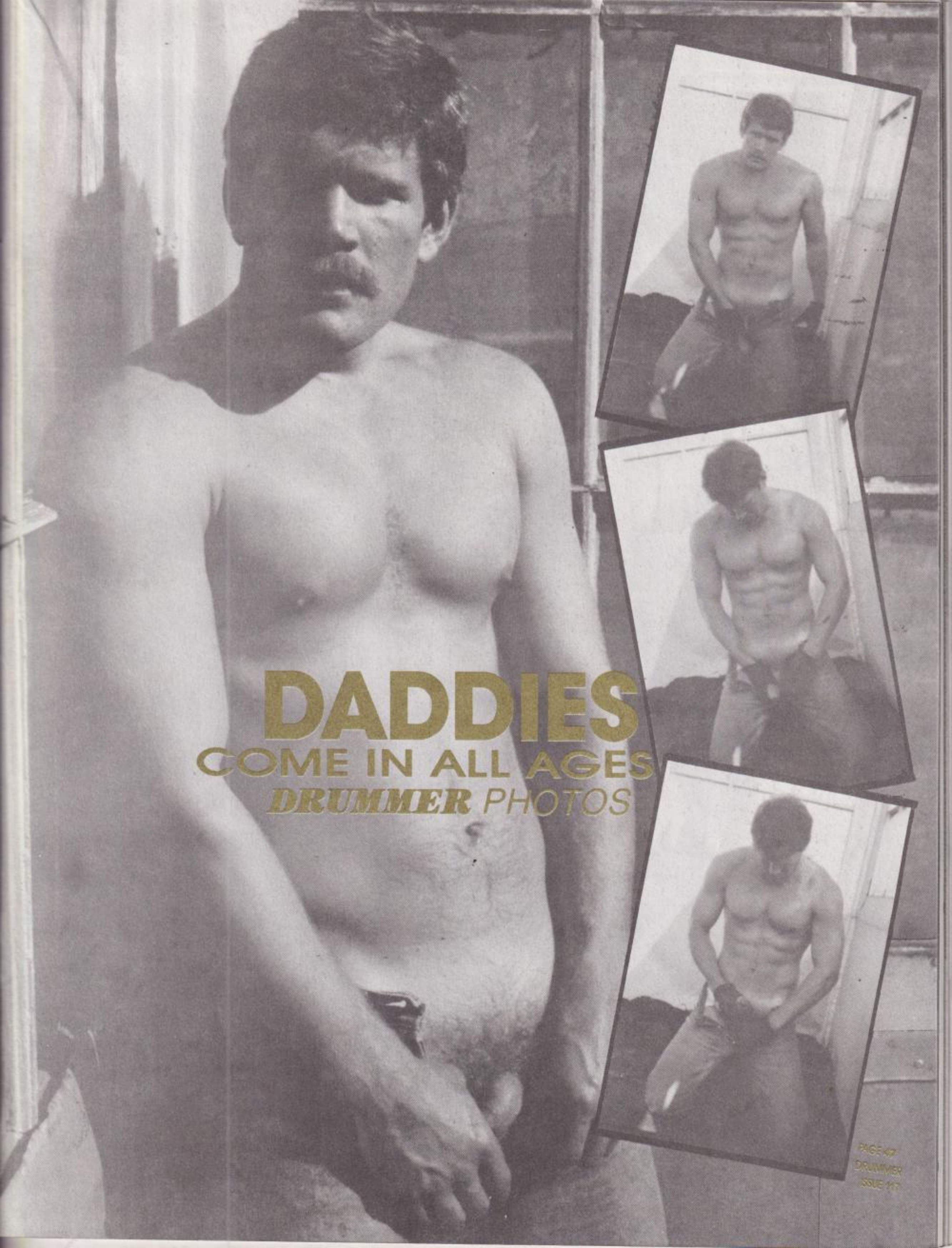
PICTURES FROM THE BLACK'S PANTS

For those who like a chocolate-covered Daddy, Bijou Video's *Steal My Stuff* has just the thing for your sweet tooth. *Stuff* is the story of George, a blue-eyed Buppie who is kidnapped by a big black Cop Daddy (to die for), and becomes a better human being for the experience. Who wouldn't? This cop doesn't have much to say, but he does bring something to the party. For instance, after chaining up the none too unwilling George, he shaves his crotch and ass real smooth, then hauls out the Dick of Death and commences to fucking. It rapidly becomes a matter of "Take My Stuff—Please!" as George throws his legs to Jesus (like I said, who wouldn't?) and gets his character developed in a big way. Can this explain the drastic change in Jesse Jackson since 1984? This is a great tape, with lots of big black dick, for those who like that sort of thing.

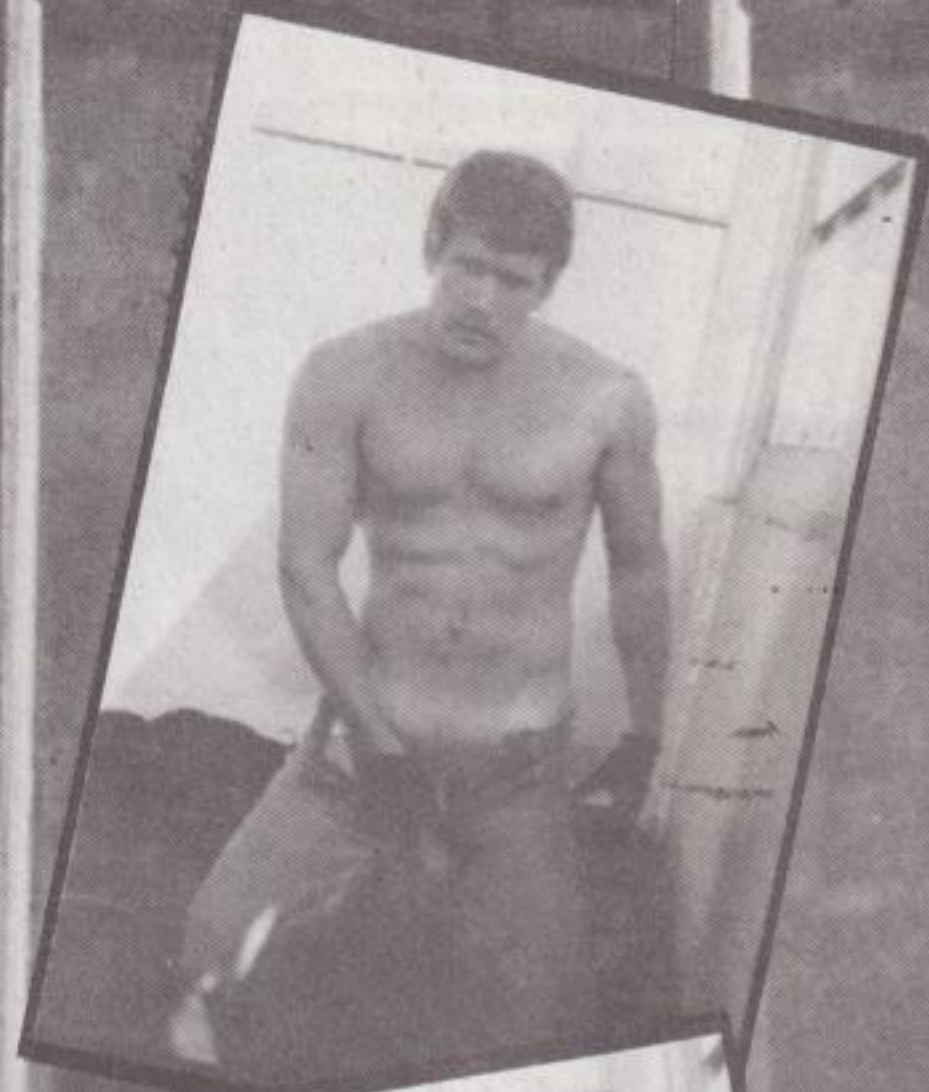
EVERY GOOD BOY DESERVES FAVOR

I would be remiss if I didn't mention the nubile Vladimir Correa, who is the bright young light in a number of Le Salon's recent releases. Vlad's sweet ass also graces the cover of FQ9. He ain't a Daddy, but someday he's gonna be, and I wouldn't mind keeping him warm while he matures. In fact, the staff of *Drummer* has voted him as the boy we'd most like to babysit! He's by far the shining star of both *Dirtbusters* and *New Recruits*, and I anxiously await his next cameo appearance. It's going to be a pleasure watching him grow up, so to speak. Thank heavens for little boys—they grow up in the most delightful ways! □

—Ken Kissoff



DADDIES
COME IN ALL AGES
DRUMMER PHOTOS





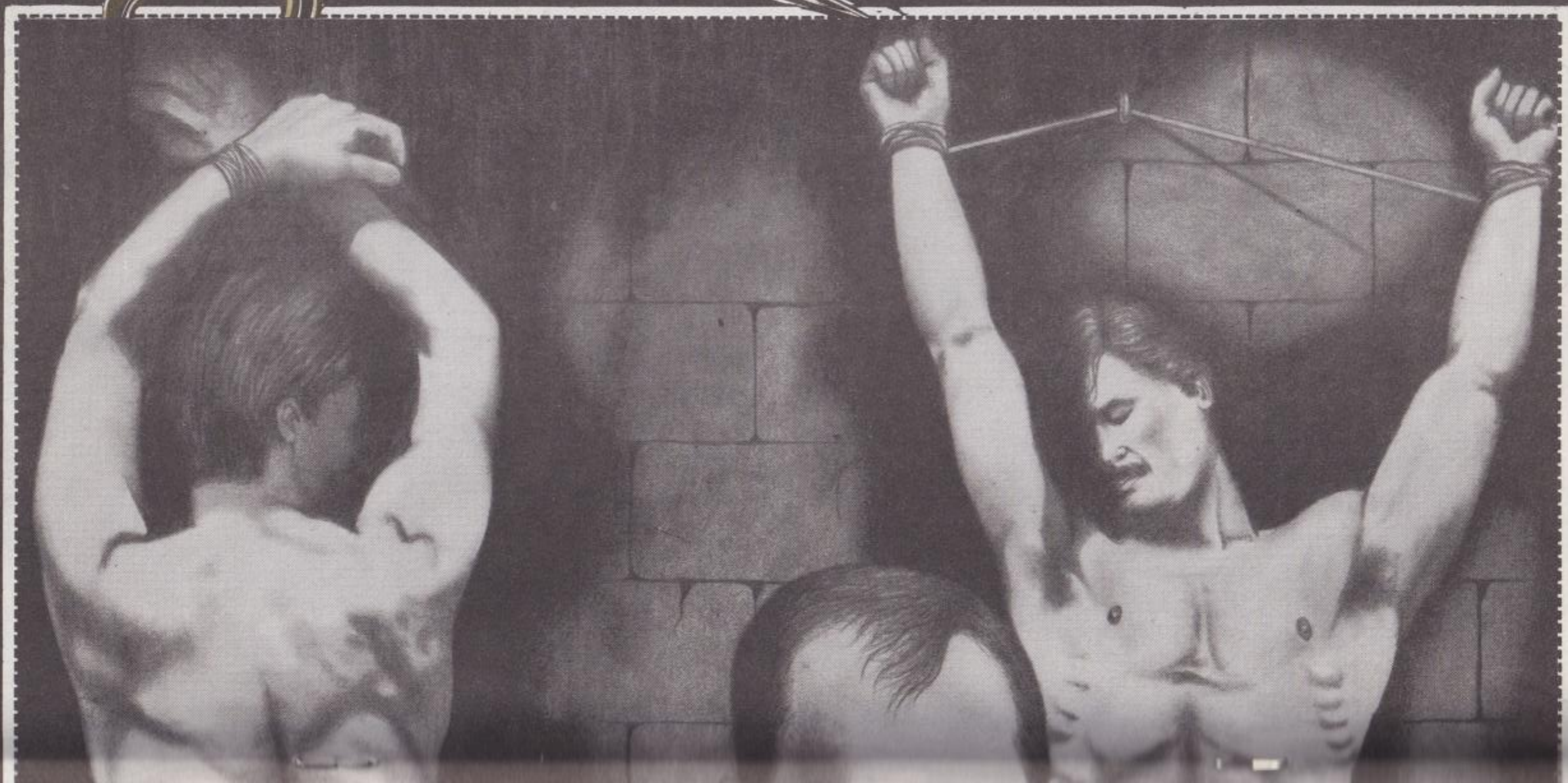


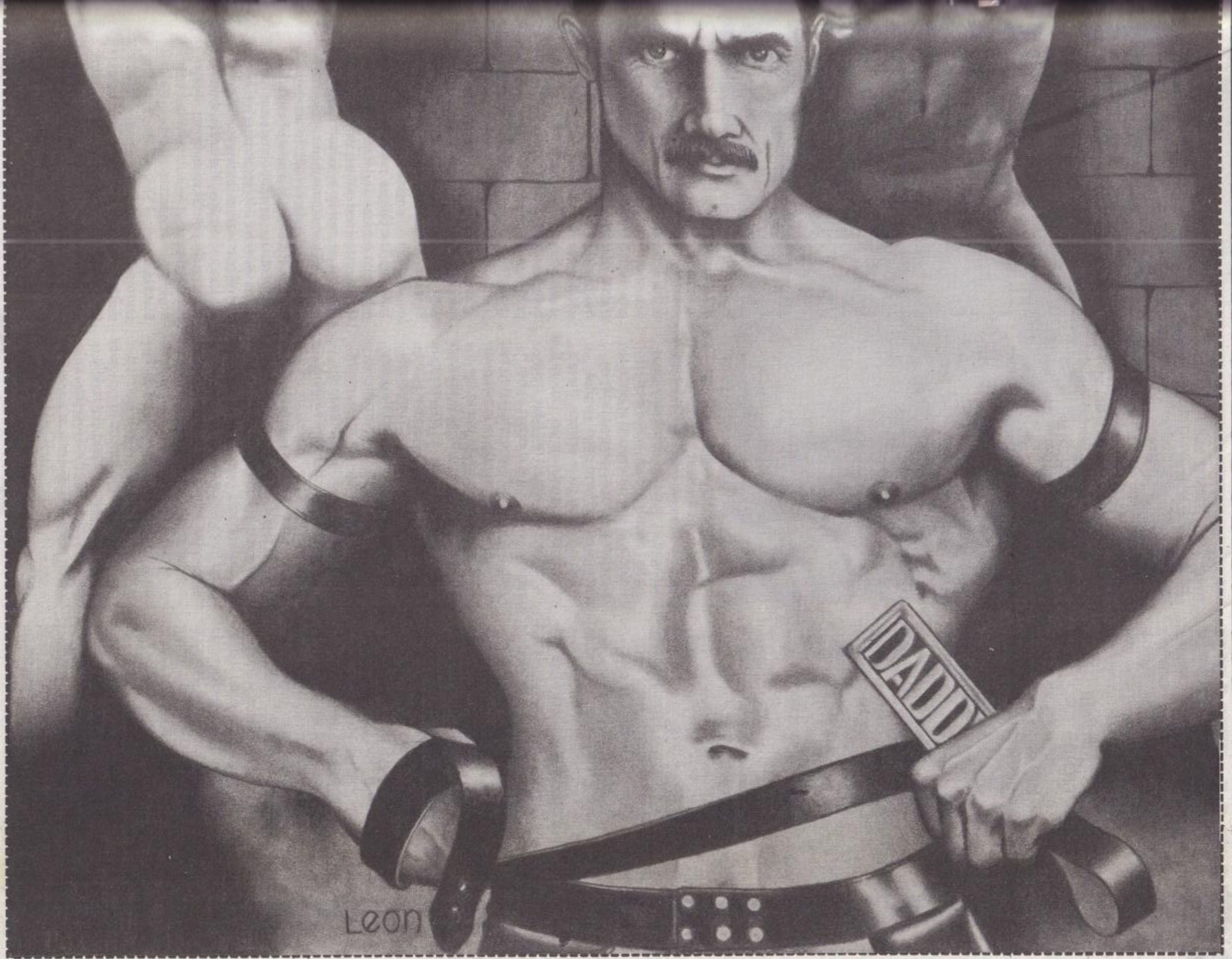
NEW
IN
DRUMMER

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is an exciting artistic
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has designed/constructed a series of
six individual erotic works which, when put
together piece by piece, form one masculine
collage of intense sexual imagery.
Drummer will feature each section of this
work in upcoming issues.

DRUMMER





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Ken Lackey

A SALUTE TO OUR FAIR LEATHER FRIENDS

On March 26, 1988, the second International Mr. Leather contest was held at San Francisco's Giftcenter Pavilion, a great party space which holds some vivid memories for me. In the cab on the way to the event, I realized that it had been years since I'd been to the Giftcenter, and then under entirely different circumstances. It becomes increasingly more difficult to discuss those halcyon days of our lives as gay men in San Francisco in the seventies. There is a fine line between waxing nostalgic and sounding like Blanche DuBois mourning the loss of Belle Rive, where her depraved ancestors exchanged the land for their epic debaucheries . . . so you'll excuse me if I recall a particular New Year's Party at the Giftcenter. At the time, I looked down from the promenade and marveled at the sheer raw energy surging up from the dance floor. *So many men, so little time.* Here **was** a sexual Disneyland: it seemed that there were only Hot Men left in the world and no cause more worthy than *the Pursuit*.

Times have indeed changed, and many of my brothers now find themselves like poor Blanche, erstwhile hot-house flowers adrift in a harsh, uncaring world and increasingly more dependent on the kindness of strangers. Men who once lived their lives like a peep-show—All Male, 24 Hours—are now discovering the nurturing and sustaining influence of the women in our community. Men to whom all women once were strangers ("These dykes. They're so fucking political." "Why does it have to be the Lesbian and Gay Parade?" etc.) are now wiseing up. Sisters are doing it for themselves, but they're doing it for us too. And we need their help more now than ever before.

You get my drift. We get by with a little help from our friends. Friends like Sky Renfro, Board President of International Ms Leather. Sky is a good joe, a cheerful, industrious, greasy-elbowed woman who always seems to be working hard and loving it. The night before the contest, Sky dropped by the *Drummer* offices to pick up unsold tickets. Though exhausted, she took a few minutes to reflect on what she wanted to accomplish with this event. Seeing a critical lack of energy in the men's community, she envisioned a way of channeling the efforts and resources of women in leather for the benefit of

women's services, as well as AIDS charities. (This year, the IMsL Board gave donations to the Names Project, the Lyon-Martin Clinic and Project Open Hand.) She also planned an exciting theatrical event celebrating the strength, vibrancy and diversity among leather women today. Remarkably, the contest proved a success on both of these levels, and our women truly did themselves proud.

I realize that some hardcore *Drummer* readers may scoff (!) at the notion of an exciting evening involving a roomful of dykes. In fact, there are probably one or two of you out there who cling to the antediluvian "Cunts in Leather" attitude, and are upset by the mere mention of women in this magazine. Well, to both of you I say, you're entitled to your opinion, and I think yours is fucked. You just haven't met the right women!

I suspect that many minds have been changed by the emergence of Judy Tallwing McCarthy, the first International Ms Leather, a dynamic lesbian who embraced the entire leather community in an amazing year of travel and appearances. Although the contest was plagued from the start by organization, conflicts and epic infighting, the judges managed to make an absolutely clear-headed decision. Judy was a perfect choice and she proceeded at once to bring her message home to leatherpersons of each and every gender.

Behind every great woman, there's often another great woman. I know that Judy's success would not have been possible without the support of her lover, Sashie Hyatt (who proved to be an inspiring representative in her own right), and it was a joy to me to see the two campaigning side-by-side throughout the past year. Perhaps the most moving moment from this year's contest came when Mack McKinnon of Mack's Leathers announced the creation of a travel fund for International Ms Leather dedicated in the name of Sashie Hyatt, in loving tribute to this feisty and hilariously funny woman. Not a dry eye in the house.

There weren't many men in attendance at this year's contest (in fact, I can't remember an event where women so outnumbered men since the SFPD raided Peg's Place out on Geary, but I digress), but I think those who did come enjoyed themselves. And the women! Even to the eye of an admittedly uninvolved observer, the unending variety of beautiful women in the crowd was dazzling. Some looked like runway models and some looked like forklift operators and all partied together, celebrating unity and diversity at once.

"The International Ms Leather Con-



B.C. Cliver was willing to make sacrifices in order to become IMsL '88.

test is open to all women, regardless of sexual orientation, age, race or background . . . Unity around a common theme of leather is stressed, while upholding the right of each individual to choose her own most appropriate lifestyle. IMsL also seeks to foster unity between the women's and men's leather communities, recognizing that there is strength in mutual support."

IMsL '88 contest program

With these aims and these criteria in mind, five female judges were charged with the daunting task of choosing the best representative to fill the tall shadow, and big ol' engineer boots, of Judy Tallwing. The judges' panel consisted of Advocate Advisor and Radical Slut, Pat Califia; esteemed author, Artemis Oak-Grove; community activist and entrepreneur, Corona; mechanic, Jacquie Collins; and Judy, herself. To aid them in their evaluations, a new phase of competition was added this year: each of the eleven contestants enacted her own erotic leather fantasy to the delight (and, in some cases, the astonishment) of the audience. Sky Renfro candidly admitted taking this cue from last year's Mr. Drummer contest, after being transfixed by Michael Shareck (Mr. Carolina Drummer '87) as he theatrically re-defined the concepts of "power breakfast" and "you are what you eat."

The fantasy competition is a great addition to an evening's entertainment of this sort, as well as providing each contestant with an opportunity to stop

She's a Stand-Up Woman: **SHAN CARR**, IMsL '88.



Jan Brown lashed out first at homophobes, then at the willing "victim" pictured here.

the show. Unfortunately, there is a tendency to equate the contestant's fantasy with the talent competition from the Miss America pageant. This is not about baton twirling or accordion playing or warbling a snappy medley of Barry Manilow tunes. Hopefully, this phase of competition allows the contestant to display some showmanship (showpersonship?), some imagination, and some stage presence. It also affords each woman a chance to look great while moving around in her leather. With varying results, the fantasy competition at IMsL succeeded on these levels but, sadly, there are always going to be those who just don't get it. Almost before the Giftcenter had been swept up after the show, a letter appeared in the San Francisco gay papers decrying the aspects of S&M violence emergent in the contestants' fantasies. The correspondent felt strongly that such physical extremes should have no place in a leather contest. After all, leather is a fabric. Apparently she expected an evening with the Star Search spokesmodels parading in what *TV Guide* would call "hot leather fashions." Honey, wake up and smell the cowhide! Fantasy is not reality, that was not real blood, and S&M among women is here to stay. You were expecting maybe the International Ms Vanilla Contest? If so, I can readily understand your shock and disappointment.

As is usually the case, the judges discharged their duties quite admirably,

choosing from the field of eleven those three women who most seemed to capture the audience with their beauty, vigor and eloquence. Even on paper, the three victorious candidates are each truly distinctive and remarkable. Jan Brown, the second runner-up, sponsored by Mack's Leathers of Vancouver, BC, lists as her occupation "member of the working class" and as a hobby, "getting her own way and helping certain other people get their own way." Ms Brown gave what was, to my mind, the best speech of the night, powerfully evoking the proud spirit of opposition against those who actively threaten the right of gay people to exist in the world. It became very clear that here was a woman of substantial commitment and energy, and I'm very glad we're on the same side.

B.C. Cliver, the representative of the Outcasts of San Francisco, finished second. I've had the pleasure of seeing her around the scene, and can guarantee that this is not merely a good-looking lesbian in a borrowed outfit. B.C. lives in leather, and does so in a fashion that has always seemed dark, mysterious and sexy as hell. Among her interests she mentions Asian philosophy and music, bodybuilding (a Bronze Medalist at Gay Games II) and martial arts. B.C.'s physical presence is so magnetic and androgynous that, like Shadow Morton (Ms SF Leather '87 and a recent winner of the SF Eagle's previously all-male Bare Chest Contest) she moves minds

merely by being herself and attractive to both men and women. One hopes that after coming into contact with women like B.C. and Shadow, whose yin and yang seem in such perfect balance, the misogynists among us will be kinder and more accepting to the next plainer, plumper, more dieselly dyke they meet.

I've long felt that a great sense of humor can be the sexiest quality imaginable, as well as an absolute essential for incorporating S&M fantasy into one's "real world." Therefore, it made perfect sense when the charming Shan Carr, a lesbian comic, was announced as the winner and the new International Ms Leather for 1988. Like her predecessor, Shan hails from Portland, Oregon (sponsored by Portland Power and Trust) which makes one wonder if there's something in the water up there that produces personable dynamic women. Shan is a particularly fun person, filled with what she describes as "obnoxious energy." Her favorite hobby? Shamelessly flirting with women! At 23, she's still a mere baby in some ways, but she appears to be possessed of an older soul. As an entertainer, she has lent her talents to a variety of fund raisers and Court events in the Portland area. Her experience as a comic has prepared her for the grueling experience of a year on the road, and she seems very eager to assume her responsibilities as IMsL. She appears to have been blessed with natural comic instincts, and admits that she sometimes plunges in first and asks questions later. Hence, her first act as IMsL was bestowing a shapely moon on the entire audience. ("What the fuck am I doing?" she remembers thinking.) Her fantasy, the Masochism Tango, indelibly conveyed her comic inspiration and spunky attitude. Follow those instincts, Shan! They've done you very proud so far. *Drummer* wishes you the very best in what will prove to be a very exciting year ahead.

We also congratulate and salute the men and women who have lent their energies to the success of this year's contest. *Drummer* also recognizes that there is strength in mutual support, and we too applaud the beautiful diversity of our community.

For an in-depth interview with both Shan Carr and Judy Tallwing McCarthy, see the next issue (#3) of the *Sandmootopia Guardian*. □

Ken Lackey has happily lived the life of a San Francisco leather faggot since 1977. Relentlessly cruising South of Market during this period has given him a unique perspective on the changing scene. A bottom without a menu, he is still on the prowl for new experiences. Ken has worked for Desmodus, Inc. since 1986.



MARC GELLEN

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE IS A NEUROTIC WASTELAND

The Beautiful Room Is Empty
by Edmund White

Mainstream literati are a liberal lot and mainstream literati (and gay literati for that matter) worship and adore the accumulated literary works of Edmund White. The only person to adore Edmund White more than most literate literati is Edmund White, who seems to worship Edmund White with a sense of religious zeal that would make his psychological tales of discovery and desire worth reading if he could only translate his passion for himself to the printed page. Ironically, although this seems to be a writer who's in love with being a writer this does not, oddly enough, seem to be a gay man in love with being who he is.

After book after book, tale after tale, after traveling around in this gay writer's postmodern head for so many years of fashionable introspection the—exulted—contradiction to Ed White is that we still do not know who he is. Or what he's about. Nor does Edmund White does seem to know who he is, or what he's about. If he's about anything.

This is a Writer—this is The Writer—who has been honored and reviewed and acclaimed (ad nauseam) and hailed as the absolute best Gay Writer to hit the literary scene since the prehistoric invention of oral sex.

Mirror, mirror on the wall who's the fairest of them all? Why, Snow White, of course. The bitch can read. She looks gorgeous; not too flashy. She in all probability has a Master's Degree in English Literature or French History

from some polite university such as Brown. She's well-traveled. She only drinks occasionally. And she owns a BMW with plastic seat covers. Snow most likely has an apartment in Paris but she doesn't get laid in Paris much anymore. The problem with Snow White isn't that she drifted, it's that she hasn't drifted. She's so extraordinarily beloved yet about all she ever did was drink milk and sleep for long periods of time—waiting for someone to come along to kiss her whiteboy lips tenderly because she's such a poor frail young thing.

Snow is a pussy—yes, someone has to say it, a wimp—even if her writing does try to look like Ernest Hemingway. Snow has never really made the jump—she's never been arrested and she's not really jail or political prison material—the Nobel Prize for Literature will inevitably go to someone else. Someone with some butch in his balls. Snow's cute but she's not Armando Valladares nor is she Mishima. The problem with Edmund White playing the part of Snow (besides his lack of courage in trying to write about anything outside of his limited experience) is that his mirrored version of “literary” masturbation is so very cultural it fails to transcend, its focus which is in and of itself cultural for the sake of being cultural. White is tasteful, so very elegant, so utterly esoteric—so monotonously boring—that one can only wonder why such impenetrable mainstream publications as the *New York Times* (as well as every gay paper with a book editor) continue to prostrate and humiliate themselves at Snow White's tasteful feet.

“The Beautiful Boy” (TBB, no relation) is back. And his beautiful room is empty. Unfortunately, so is his literary vision which at least in this book remains snug, smug, and about as somnolent as seconal smothered beneath exhausted layers of serious sedation. We do not need a poison apple from the Wicked Witch when we have Edmund White to lull us into indulged soporific weariness. None of the characters in this piece-of-art actually get to sweat; what happens, here, in *Elegantville*, is a flood of rather pointless angst disguised as polite literary perspiration. This is exactly the book you'd expect from Snow White, who made Gore Vidal throw up all over the pages of *Harpers*; had the intellectual gonads to even put his name alongside an analysis of Jean Genet. This Snow White does not socialize with elves or mutants and that's her problem as a writer. If Edmund White is a “historical” gay writer he is going to have to someday accept, own, and transcend his history.

Distasteful little (lower class) men

who live together and don't give a fuck about who in the proverbial forest is or is not cognizant of the various (illicit) relationships they're involved in, give this sort of older yuppie Snow White severe migraine cases of the Siggys Freud hives. It's a disease common to cartoon Upper West Side writer-types who prefer an afternoon of therapy—talkee talkee—versus an afternoon of getting your black leather boots licked. Snow meant well. But in the final analysis she's only a so-so fairytale. Snow White has no edge. Personally, I preferred her mother, the witch.

The Beautiful Room Is Empty begins in a prep school. How appropriate. We then take a prep school tour of the 1950s. The Beautiful Boy (who does not think of himself as very beautiful as he doesn't like who he is in the least, remember it's the fifties) grabs ahold of a shrink (how very gay), a psychiatrist, who does little to help TBB accept his sexuality but then most stereotypical shrinks from the past (and everyone in this book is stereotypical) would shrink away from such distasteful confrontations. Although the perspective of this book is the protagonist's, it still feels frozen. It's somewhat difficult to feel any sort of empathy for fictional characters who, although they were all born with the same silver spoon in their mouths, can't find themselves. Say what? The reader now finds himself at, where else, university where TBB studies Chinese because he's very smart and very chic although he does not think of himself as chic—even in college (particularly in college) TBB oozes with whiteboy attitude. Eventually he moves into a frat house full of hunky numbers, none of whom spank TBB mercilessly with a wooden paddle until his white ass bleeds blood which is what this overwrought self-centered brat so richly deserves. And needs.

TBB wonders about guilt. He wonders about girls, not that he's able to lay anything with any amount of overt satisfaction. Eventually he manages to drive an actual female gaga. She's summarily committed (they share the same shrink) to a tasteful facility for the insane. In time TBB moves to—it was preordained—Manhattan where he becomes really beautiful. More really beautiful than he already was. White's autobiographical mosaic invites us to wonder when TBB might someday turn into the Princess of New York Publishingland where he can once again crank out something unique and literary, something inspired, something (we never find out what) about desire, something meaningful and depressing, set let's say in a disco on Fire Island, called *A Very Tired Very Trendy Writer's Own Story*. The *New York Times* could clap its

hands in post-Stonewall glee while the rest of us—those of us who've been there, who went through that, those of us who continue to survive and get on with our lives and our issues—can gulp amphetamines in order to wade through yet another grand mal swamp of disapprobation otherwise known as intellectual obituary.

White's characters all seem tediously well-heeled, overly educated, neurotic, coquettish, terribly polite, sealed in a vacuum of upper middle-class purity. All of which would be fine if we could care about any of these people as human beings, but these are human beings whose shit does not only not stink, these are people who do not shit, they are shitless, their guts are filled with nothing, they do not feel depth because they have no depth to feel, nor do they come to life with any sense of manic animal passion, sexual or otherwise. Everything and everyone in this particular universe seems very controlled. Although this book is very much concerned with sex, it never manages to capture anything that feels at all sexual. Even the scene where TBB buys his first hustler (the scene that *should* have some dirt and passion to it) reads like a toothless dog.

Obligatory guilt floods everything, here. Remember guilt? It was once quite the rage, fashion is as fashion does, but a little bit goes a looong way. I keep expecting Ed White to publish somewhere a personal interview with Gertrude Stein. Everyone in gay salon society will read *The Beautiful Room Is Empty* and everyone in gay salon society will love it, although Gertrude Stein is dead. So is Siggie Freud. So are the issues Ed White seems intent on drowning himself in. White's obligatory "female" is inevitably "anorexic"—tragically—which is what all 272 dreary pages of this "highly acclaimed" adventure in literary masturbation turn out to be. Starved for strength. Starved for sweat. Starved for the exciting phantasm, the razzle dazzle of what it can really mean to be alive and gay. Alive and gay even in this day and age. Alive and gay without having to wallow in retrospect until one's focus loses its direction, its fire, its individuality. This book is starved for everything except a rather pointless ostentatious ornamental pageant of cosmetic vanity. The fact that the protagonist in this novel becomes "politicalized" cannot redeem the work when this evolution seems as contrived as it seems in awe of itself.

Edmund White wants to be seen as a historically important literary figure who happens to be gay. He will, indeed, be judged by the ability of his work to endure. In order for work to endure it must take risks; it must court reinvention, redefinition. *The Beautiful Room Is Empty* because its author is whiteboy blind to anyone or anything or any scene unlike himself. TBB just doesn't stretch much.

He continues to reinvent that which has been reinvented. What TBB needs is a very stern Daddy-type (preferably someone who does *not* have a subscription to *Vogue*) to torture his tits, to discipline him, to force some self-respect into his psyche. This beautiful room is vanilla all the way to the center of its petrified frigid soul. —\$17.95 Alfred Knopf.

—Tim Barrus

MANIFEST READER: GOOD WRITING, LOUSY PACKAGE

Alternate Publishing, the former publisher of *Drummer*, has come out with the first issue of *Manifest Reader*, a quarterly billed as "an exciting new approach for readers of the best in leather fiction."

The bad news is that a number of the pieces are reprints, and not all of them are identified as such. Much of the artwork and photography have been seen before, mostly in early *Drummers*. This is not a terribly "exciting new approach," and it can't be good for sales, because when I first picked this collection up, so much looked familiar that I thought it must all be reprinted material. It would be good to see more new illustrations.

The good news is that at least the reprinted stories are worth reprinting. "Playing with Fire" by Orlando Paris (from *Drummer* 6) is a great story of very heavy and consensual s/m, remarkable for the amount of action in its short length. It's one of those exceptional pieces of fiction that burns into your memory and gets stored away for future use. "In a Pig's Ass" (from *Drummer* 21) by Phil Andros features a cop and a hustler; it's one of his best stories and can be considered a classic in the traditions of the old *Drummer*. (The best news is that the text of the stories is actually pasted up in the proper order, unlike another old-*Drummer* tradition.)

Also included is a long story first published nearly forty years ago by James Barr, author of *Quatrefoil*, one of the earliest published gay novels. Rife with classic American Lit. 101 symbolism, the story is a period piece and somewhat unsatisfying since the s/m content is extremely brief, largely psychological, and ultimately confusing.

John Preston, who gave us the *I Once Had a Master* and *Entertainment for a Master* books, here gives us more of the same, and if you like his work, you won't be disappointed. Frank O'Rourke contributes a story (reprinted from a recent issue of *The Leather Journal*) steeped in the history of medieval Europe, which starts out promising but ends up as just another getting-fucked-with-the-world's-biggest-cock story. The better stories include one by Mason Powell featuring rustlers and cowpokes, a modern fable by Robert Payne of an s/m pimp and his coterie of hustlers, and a well-written and sensual fantasy by Rick Leathers about

slave-trainers and slaves. A story by Henry Crow and another from Mason Powell round out the issue. None of these stories is exceptional, but each one will get you off.

Some of the pieces I enjoyed most were the short humorous pieces by T.R. Witomski, Wendell Ricketts, and Harry Bush. In a field often with too much heavy attitude and misappropriated macho, the good humor of these pieces is as refreshing as a gust of fresh air in an overcrowded and smoky bar. And one of the best pieces of writing in this collection is not a story but an essay by Rick Leathers, an intelligent, thoughtful memoir of Folsom Street, the neighborhood and lifestyle that were so near and dear to our hearts, minds, and crotches.

As an aside, I'd like to observe that *Manifest's* publishers and editors apparently have no shame. "Now! Your Wildest Fantasies Come To Life On Our 100 Hot-As-A-Pistol Pages Of Manhood Rituals!" screams the cover, although 26 of these 100 pages are advertisements for the publisher's mail-order businesses. It's not the ads I object to—although my wildest fantasies do not include buying vitamins and silk bikinis by mail—it's the claim that we're getting 100 pages of writing when we clearly are not.

And then page 2 advertises for sale another volume, *The Golden Age of Folsom*, with an order blank and a pitch that it will sell out quickly, while on page 5 there's a call for story submissions for the very same volume. Another note on page 16 tells us that *Folsom* will go to press "the first of the year," which, since this *Manifest Reader* is dated "Winter" on the cover and Spring 1988 inside, can only mean that *Folsom* won't be printed for another nine months, or that both publications are hopelessly late. (Hmmm . . . I guess the ads should be considered fiction after all.)

It may simply be ineptness on the part of the publisher, but I believe such unprofessionalism in a publication reflects poorly on its authors, and represents a profound lack of respect for the intelligence of its readers. We really deserve better.

That said, there's still enough good writing in this collection to justify its \$7.95 price. There's not exactly an abundance of good erotic fiction, and it's debatable whether another publication for leather-s/m stories will be good for the genre by increasing competition, or spread the work of the field of good writers too thin. Whether *Manifest Reader* can maintain (or even improve) the level of quality of this first effort, as well as fulfill its claim that this will be a quarterly publication, remains to be seen. As an avid reader and lover of good erotic writing, I certainly hope so.

—Thor Stockman

LEATHER NOTEBOOK



Dear Larry,

I am 24 years old, and have been SM/gay for about five years. I moved away from my folks when I went into the Marines at 18; i.e., I never went back after I was discharged. So, they are not aware of my sexual proclivities, and I'm sure they are not very sophisticated to anything that is sexually exotic. I tested HIV positive about two years ago, and now I'm beginning to exhibit some symptoms. I don't want to be on my deathbed before I tell my parents, but I'm not estranged from them and still have a feeling of love and closeness—all except for my sexual life. I just don't know how they would take the news at this stage. I imagine you have known a lot of people in my situation, and there are bound to be more and more. What has worked out best for them?

Rick, Washington DC

Dear Rick,

It's a lousy situation, no matter how you cut it. And there isn't any set answer. Every one of these situations is different, because no two sets of parents are the same. Neither are their kids. My own feeling is that it's probably best to hold off telling them when you only know you're positive, because you still have a chance of never getting sick. But once you have a definite diagnosis, you've got to bite the bullet and just do it. It is a heavy enough trip to lay on them right now—far worse when you're further along. However, you should remember that people will often believe only what they want to believe. If you simply tell them you have AIDS (or ARC), you really don't have to tell them everything else, at least not immediately. If they want to believe that you contracted it other than sexually, so be it. I'm not suggesting you

lie to them, but if they don't ask you don't have to lay it all out—at least not on the first encounter. I have to say, though, that very few parents have turned their backs on their sons. They've been grieved and upset, but after the initial shock their concern has centered far more on the guy's health than on his sexuality.

Dear Larry,

I see ads in a number of magazines, from people offering vitamins or other food supplements which claim to "boost the immune system." While they don't say that these products will help prevent a person's getting AIDS, that is the clear implication. Would you give me your reaction to this? Do you think there is any possible value for a person who is not presently infected?

John H., Los Angeles CA

Dear John,

I have always been an advocate of vitamins, mostly because I personally find them beneficial. I have a great deal more energy when I take them, and generally feel better than otherwise. From this respect, my answer would be: Sure. Go ahead and take them. Like chicken soup, "they can't hurt" (unless you overdo the oil-soluble ones—usually A, D, and E). As to their effect on the immune system, I think this is probably negligible. Being in the best shape possible, of course, is going to permit you to better handle any disease that comes along. But this requires more than just vitamins. There is an entire underground, at this point, of people who have either tested positive for the HIV antibody, or who have been diagnosed with AIDS or ARC, and who are taking all kinds of vitamins, minerals, home and/or folk remedies. This information is regularly passed through the grapevine, and much of it is done with at least the tacit consent of a doctor. I have talked to a few guys who are involved with this, and they swear by the positive benefits. Nobody really has the answer, I would suppose, but a number of people who are in these holistic programs are beating the odds and are holding their own. You can't knock a winner.

Dear Larry,

I have a sort of strange question, but I hope you won't just laugh at me. I'm a bottom (not a slave), and I have a regular Master who really likes to work me over, and who usually ends up fucking me. (We're both antibody negative, etc., so no problem there. We're also monogamous.) My problem is that I have a terrible time with my guts. I just can't seem to empty myself completely, and I'm always afraid I'm going to dirty my Master. I had tried doing an enema

before I got to meet him, but he always likes to get together early, have dinner, then come home and play. Even if I eat very lightly, I have problems. I even get gassy sometimes, and the long time span between the initial meeting and our sex is difficult. I don't want to discuss this with my Master, because I'm sure it would be a real turn-off for him. What would you suggest?

Name Withheld, West Coast

Dear Withheld,

You may have a mild spastic condition of the colon, which tends to be a physical condition brought on by the emotion tension (excitement) of your impending sexual encounter. Or you may just need a "softener" to help you eliminate more completely early on. In either case, it is a problem that your doctor should be able to solve for you. I note you live in a small town, but even if you don't want to tell all, you can tell your medico enough that he can probably prescribe a remedy. The condition isn't unique, and it may be a forerunner of more serious problems that you can head off if you get treatment now.

Dear Larry,

I have been reading your column since it first appeared in *Drummer*, and I seem to recall your answering a couple of questions about anal warts. My impression (although I can't find the back issues to refresh my memory), is that you seemed to feel they were fairly common and easily treated. I had never met anyone who had this problem until recently, but just within the last six months I've encountered three guys who have them. Is this another epidemic, or is my experience merely coincidence?

Charlie, NYC

Dear Charlie,

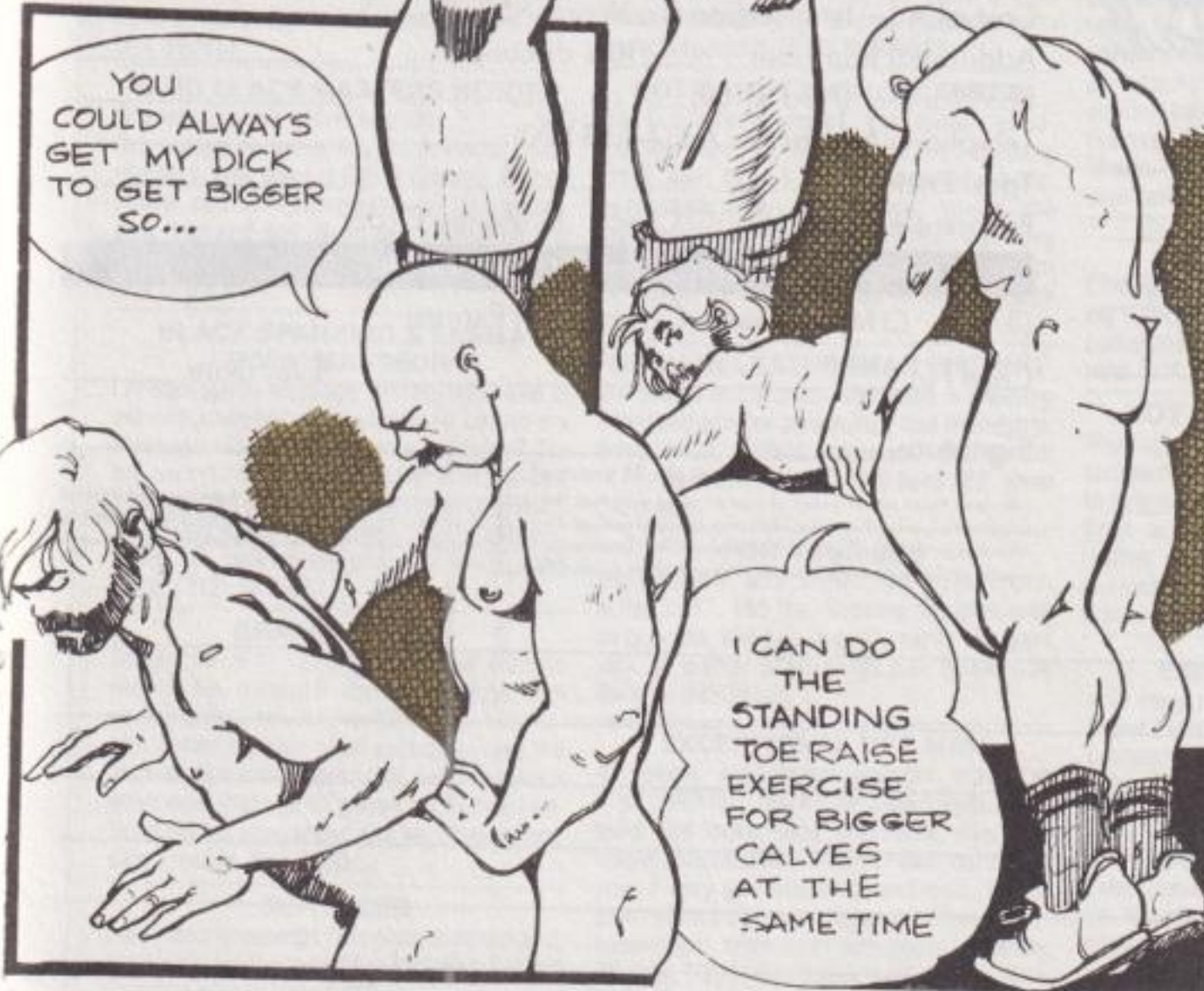
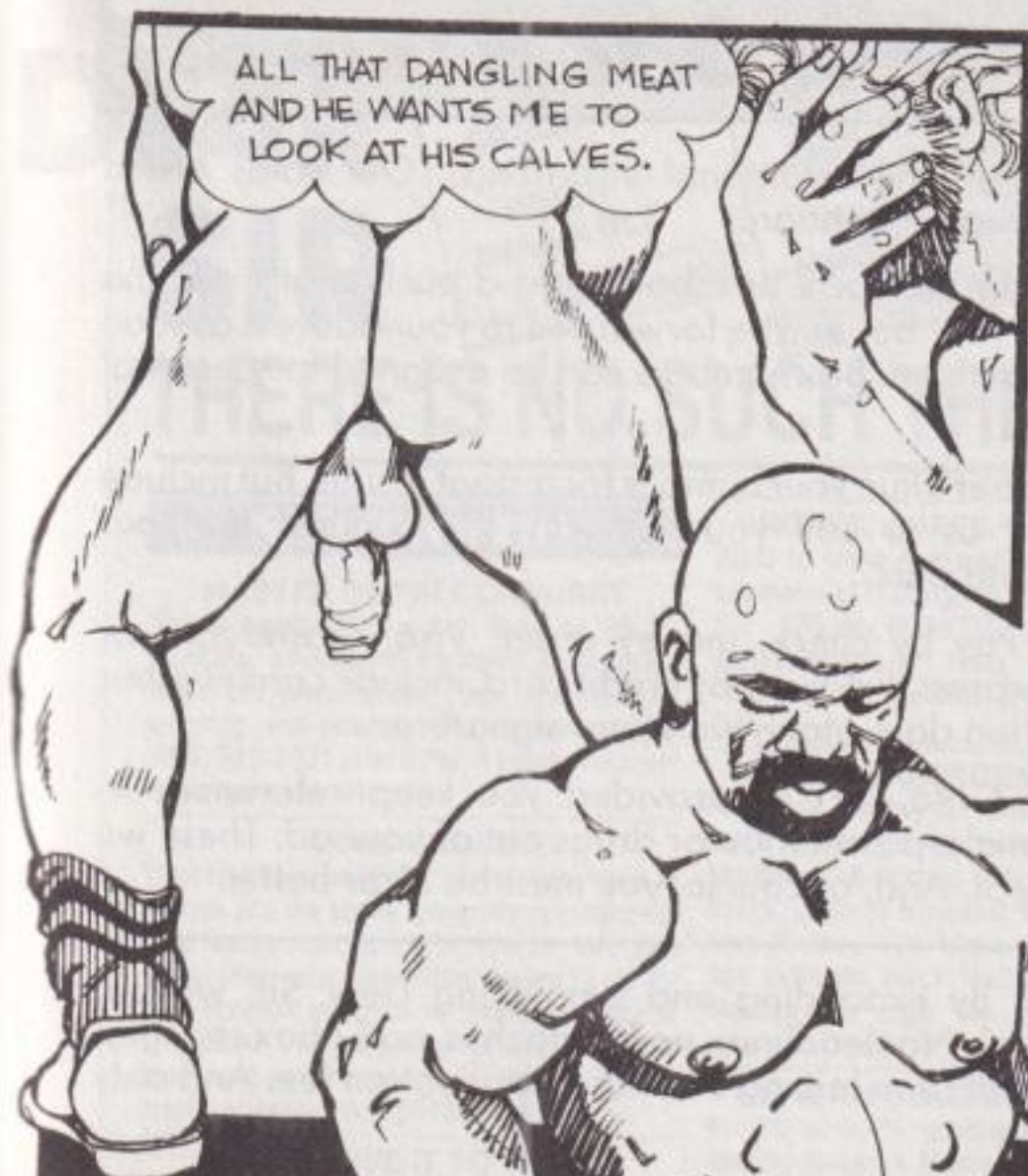
I read an interesting article in the April 4th issue of *Time* magazine: "Another Sexual Blight to Fight." There is apparently a "new" virus called HPV that is causing genital warts in both men and women, and the writer seemed to feel that if it were not for AIDS getting all the media attention, this would be perceived as a major health crisis. This HPV virus (papillomavirus) seems to be a really miserable bug which resists conventional treatments, and in some instances has proven incurable. It just isn't safe to stick your pecker anywhere, these days, to say nothing of your asshole! □

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

drum







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DEAR SIR

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS AN OLD ISSUE OF DRUMMER

NATIONWIDE

MASTER OF FALCONHURST

Master seeks black slave. Must be 18-27, muscular, smooth and intelligent. Must accept strict discipline, dress code, mental conditioning and relocate. Prefer novices. Call (405) 235-2821 after 9 PM. If you do not meet my criteria, do not call.

CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally openminded, total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA, area seeks other educated leather-lovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF

PLEASE GIVE IT TO ME, SIR!

WM, 34, 5'10", 162, strawberry blond, hot & horny, needs verbal abuse, raunch, humiliation, discipline. Use me, Sir, to fulfill your fantasy, make me beg for more! Safe sex. Phone & photo gets mine, Sir. Will travel. Jay Stevens, PO Box 62128, Virginia Beach, VA 23462. (LF5868)

NEED DAD'S DISCIPLINE

Strict 6', 180 lb. Dad will use firm discipline and corporal punishment to direct inadequate, lonely, horny, honest son desiring to relocate in own Northwest residence and stay employed. Son will learn obedience, to control solitary jacking off, and the satisfaction of pleasing Dad. Photo. Box 5954LF

LOVER/MASTER WANTED

GWM, 35, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair blue eyes, healthy masculine ex-farm-boy bottom-man seeks hairy-chested healthy masculine dominant natural top-man for monogamous relationship. I especially like farmers, ranchers but will answer all. I can relocate. Please send photo and detailed letter. Sincere only. Box 5907LF

HARD BLACK MASTERS NEEDED

Groveling white slave boy, 35, 5'11", 190 lbs., needs to serve rough, powerful black masters. This slave is Greek passive, French active, and very submissive for ass licking, piss, shit and spit. Need to be whipped and used as a toilet by black Masters. Please, Sir. Box 5899

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I'm licensed to massage, and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides, making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks, etc. pick up the phone or write. John Rose, (212) 889-5477.

GRAPPLIN' DAD

Tough, 45, 6'1", 225 healthy Dad likes to remind his muscular son who's boss with some rasslin', titwork, verbal abuse, humiliation. If son's gotten good enough to take the oldman, Dad can respect that. Let's test each other now that you've grown up. Travel a lot. Send photo, your scene and we'll have a hot, safe reunion. Box 5985

SHITFACED

Fine-looking asswipe responds to command, especially for big men 40+. Midwest, but will travel to please. Box 6412

ROPES, CUFFS, RESTRAINTS

Want to show some all/more to a German Leatherman? Dungeon/playroom big "++" 6'2", 185 lbs., in the U.S. later this year. Send photo, letter to Hans, 1000 Berlin 42, Postfach 420515, West Germany. Thank you Sir!

GLOVES/UNIFORMS/CIGARS

Hot dude looking for others into skintight black leather gloves, police/Nazi uniforms, Marlboros & cigars. Shiny black leather boots, uniform trousers, black police shirt, Sam Browne belt, black tie, armband, hat, and skintight black leather gloves holding Marlboro or cigar. All answered, photos returned. Box 6171

GERMAN LEATHER BIKER SON

6', 180, bl/bl, 25, good-looking college stud, looking to serve Master, take care of your boots, leather, tits, and cock. Serve Daddy under 35, tall, big, to expand, explore my limits, turn me into your obedient son. I'm motivated, straight-acting and enjoy motorcycles, leathers, outdoors and sex. Box 6173LF

BUTCH BOTTOM WANTED

Must be muscular, butch, submissive. Interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking rare find, no-bullshit relationship. Me: unusual WM, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., dark moustache and beard, loner, masculine, muscular, hairy. Successful, confident, in charge. Emotionally available. Not into gay scene. Landmark, 227 N. Federal Highway, Dania, FL 33004.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

GWM, 39, 6'2", 230 lbs., black hair/beard/moustache, hairy, nonsmoker, hog rider, shit kicker, pierced, tattooed, 8" cut, bigballs. Lookin' for an equal for puttin' and partyin'. I'm not top/bottom master/slave or into bullshit games. Like bikers, truckers, etc., especially uncut. (614) 846-6045.

HOT DADDY IS ON HIS KNEES

Dad's a strong, smart, successful, good-looking man, 43, 5'10", 160 lbs., thinning black hair, brown eyes, swimmer's build, very masculine and intense. You're the object of his worship, a young man with very good looks, body and mind who know what he wants. Letter and photo to Bob, PO Box 45355, Phoenix, AZ 85064

GERMAN LEATHERMAN VISITING

the States in October. Interested in meeting Tops/bottoms for action, fun, and friendship. Send info, details, requests, photos to: H.T.L. Postfach 620472, 100 Berlin 62, West Germany

FOR YOUR USE

Mid-30s WM with brown hair, eyes, mustache, 5'11", 165 lbs. Seeking hot man with dirty boots. Will beg to orally serve arrogant jock or leather Master. PO Box 3544, Oak Park, IL 60304

EXCEPTIONAL HOT MAN

42, seeks exceptional younger man. I'm 5'10", 160 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, good build and looks, very masculine, dynamic, stable, successful, intense and caring. If you're very good-looking, well-built, intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance/submission, send letter with photo to: Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. Box 6398LF

WRESTLING

5'10", 160 lbs., good-looking, 30, muscular, looking for challenges. NHB wrestling leading to rough sex, humiliation. Photo/letter to Tozo, PO Box 6193, Station "A," Toronto, Canada M5W 1P6.

DADDY & SON SPANKING!

Are you into bare bottom spanking, sensual tit play, safe-sex and friendship? If so, WM, 43, avg lkg, would like to hear from you. Sincere only. Also want to correspond with guys from Pacific Northwest (Seattle). Write: J. Greene, PO Box 6894, Orange CA 92613-6894

SLICK AND SLIMY PURSUITS

Rubber-coated novice trash bucket, white, 36, handsome, 168, 6'3", br/bl, awaiting orders, training from intelligent, slim, younger scatmaster/spitshooter/snotboy with a wild imagination. Photo/phone if possible. Reply PO Box 981, Portland OR 97207

ONE YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

By 6'1", 195 lbs., master, 38, ex-football player, Handsome, hot. You must be 18-24, obedient, submissive with correct attitude. Write only if you can provide photo and phone. High School athletes with big asses given preference. Al, PO Box 20004, London Terrace Station, New York, NY 10011

MASOCHISTIC BOTTOM WANTED

WM Sadistic Top (5'11", 165 lbs., 26) seeks low limit masochistic bottom. Uncuts preferred. I'm into almost ANYTHING including: SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, catheters, and shaving. Send photo and phone number with letter of submission. Boxholder, PO Box 60071, Phoenix, AZ 85082

HOGTIED, HOLE-THROBBING, STIFF-NIPPLED NAKED DADDY

Spread-eagled for hot-wax & hot-lube & ready for love and the S&M needs of the condom-capped studs invading above, finally staring up at the cocks I had pleased on the boys in the back, as they empty themselves on my tits, face & crack. Bob, Miami, (305) 274-4773, 1 AM-noon. Travel everywhere. Box 6509LF

DIAPER DISCIPLINE!

Chicago, 32. Boot licking piss-pants in soaking diapers plasticpants needs diaper training, punishment, humiliation, Spanking, enemas, mild S/M, B/D, W/S. Box 6393

HOT COUPLE SEEKS DADDY

Boys are white, 5'9", 31 and 6'3", 28; butch, tattooed and pierced. Looking for hot daddy to help us relocate to Western United States. Boys are hardworking professional. Love leather, heavy nipple and tit work, cock sucking, discipline and toys. We will not disappoint the right daddy. Box 6377LF

EXPERIENCED BOTTOM

with early retirement has time on hand, can travel Eastern U.S., need experienced Top for complete control and unforgettable experience, answer with desires and photo get same. Box 5871LF

HOUSE BURNING PARTIES

Exhibitionist loves both sex and parties that go to extremes. If your parties literally destroy your house and you get off on it, let's compare experiences. Write Brad, PO Box 416547, Chicago, IL 60641.

HOT DEPRAVED TURDLICKER

Muscular, 22, tired of playing solo, wants shit buddy—age, looks not important, filthy body, dirty mind is. Object: shit smearing, turd sucking, grunting, filth feast, have big hard dumps and hungry holes for wild man fucking and good times, also sucking farts, dirty toilets, your depraved sex fantasies. Let's trade shit porn, pictures, etc., Vancouver or North America. Box 6396

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hot, tan, W/M slave animal, 34, 5'9", 172 lbs., blond, seeks demanding, innovative, muscular, hung Black Master for workouts, S/M, CBT, paddles, mirrors, toys, wax, heavy Greek/French, B/D just about anything, uniforms, fantasy action. Master may write to Zack, PO Box 14630, Phoenix, AZ 85035. Letter, phone, photo, instructions, please... (LF6406)

SEEKING RELATIONSHIP

Shaming, shaving, bondage, beatings and lots of affection I'll give you. Seek permanent expense-sharing. Me: G/A, F/P. Eunuchs welcome. Box 6402

BB GUNS

When you were a kid, did you and your friends ever have BB-gun fights? Want to correspond only with guys who've experienced or seen a BB-gun fight. This specific scene only, please, no gun nuts or prisoners. Box 6399

HOT SHAVED ASSHOLE

seeks dominant x-hung topmen into dildoes & heavy ass work. I'm 28, 5'10", 155 lbs. Call Guy (312) 764-6657.

TITS AND ASS MAN! WANTED

Michigan GWM, 35, 6'2", 220 lbs. Play with my large, pierced nipples and I can do just about anything. Not into games, just men. Into heavy tit and ass workouts, enemas, toys, bare feet, body odors, etc. All replies answered! No bull, let's do it. Can travel. Tri-state area. Cliff, (313) 398-4497. (LF5865)

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

Looking for tall boots & brawny bike leathers on a farmer's hard-muscled body? Looking for the tough but tender pleasures of prolonged rigid bondage (top/bottom) in heavy irons, ropes, hoods? Possibly looking for a permanent partner (sweaty outdoor work guaranteed)? Then write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149

ASSUME THE POSITION

Mature hung Master wants weekend masochist sons under 40 who need a good workout and can show their stuff. No wimps, preppies, marrieds. Prefer bluecollar, military or construction types. One of the area's best-equipped slave rooms. Request application. Tom, PO Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

DADDY'S BOY 1988

Submissive country boy seeks dominant coach to provide discipline and respect. Quiet, shy boy (30, 5'9", 165 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and moustache) looking for experienced muscular Dad (35-45) for BB training and leather sex. Into Levi, leather, uniforms, and cowboys. Will relocate. Box 6232LF



LATE-NIGHT JERK-OFF

Exchange stories about men under restraint/control. Raunchy; dominating; tantalizing sex. TT, CBT, dildoes, foreskin, foot fetish, tickling, shaving, cock control (no scat). Frat; police; jock; military; business scenes. Straight/bisexual themes OK. Your letter, typed, gets mine. PO Box 40136, Berkeley, CA 94704. Mr. N.P. (LF5890)

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Cowboy Master, 40, 6'3", 205, blond, moustache, seeks live-in slave who is willing and ready to surrender himself completely to his Master. No bullshit, no limits—complete surrender, complete slavery. Assistance with relocation available. Enclose photo and phone with reply. Box 4426LF

SENSITIVE TOP

seeks sincere bottom for father/son relationship. Should be 18-35, average weight, interests in all safe aspects of S/M, bondage, daily spankings. Will help right son. Relocation necessary. Am 39, 6'2", 175 lbs., brown/blue. Send picture, detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 39, Oshtemo, MI 49077-0039. (LF6231)

LEATHERMAN

WM, 5'6", 135 lbs., 35 yrs. old, S-P hair, hazel eyes, 6 1/2" cut, goatee. Looking for leatherman who has tested HIV-pos and not afraid to continue with his life. Can be kinky, depends on partner, open-minded. Leatherman should be about the same. Facial hair a must. Don't be shy. Call Terry (812) 422-3786 Daddy-Son.

LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense, prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, CB&TT, W/S, shaving, rubber and total submission and are under 40, in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo, descriptive letter and phone to this 30-year-old BB, 5'8", 165 lbs., Top. LF4883

MUTUAL RAUNCH

Bearded WM, 5'8", 135, 40, likes hard rock, beer, poppers, fireplaces, rain, wet dirty Lees, leather, boots, seeks slender GM, black a+, 40+ or into mutual WS, shit, SM, BD, top, bottom, snuggles, ready for monong, relationship, lover, friend, willing to relocate to NC. Box 6236LF

DAD SEEKS B/B SON

Successful W/M, 36, 5'10", 155 lbs., will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

BOTTOM/SON? CALL DAD NOW

Chicago Daddy/top seeks son/bottom for intense physical/mental relationship. Must be in shape, masculine manboy who needs to be controlled by taller (6'4") man. Into spanking, fucking, getting sucked, jocks, and creative play. Want a long-term relationship with Dad? Proud to be a boy? Serious? Call John, (312) 682-4558 after 6:30 PM Chicago time.

THE FINEST OF MASTERS

A youthful 50s top awaiting weekend slaves to 40s for large, well-equipped dungeon. Adventurous enough? Write Thom, PO Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123 for application.

WICCAN MASTER AND HIS SLAVE

are interested in networking with similar-minded men. Absolutely no Satanists, please. Also wants to locate man to do quality processing of 35mm b/w &/or color film. Write: Panman, PO Box 80053, Mpls., MN 55408

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

You must be under 35 for consideration as permanent live-in boy. Others for week/weekend training. Be in good shape or be ready to work out together to get there. Master is 36, 5'11", 210 lbs., blue/blond, demanding—leather, Levis, boots, whips, bondage, pain, service, suffering and servitude. Hank, (612) 690-4167. (LF6457)

DESERT MANEUVERS

USMC/SEAL, BB, footballer, wrestler, cop other hot well-built WMs sought by Italian top, 35. Especially big men who need mutual pleasure to serve, or be used/abused. Almost any scene, especially pec/TT, sweat, L/L, kinky. Occ., PO Box 319, Henderson, NV 89015.

SLAVEBOY(S) NY/NJ/PA

Handsome, experienced, muscular, trim, well-built master 36, 6'1", 150, seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary, weekend, who is trim, under 35, well built. Limitation accepted, but will expand. Novice welcome. Well designed and equipped dungeon. Write with picture to PO Box 135, New Hope, PA 18938 (LF6453)

WANTED: TOPMAN

who enjoys big men (31, 6'4", 260) and boots, cigars, TT, discipline. Box 6500

BEEFY ASSED PAL NEEDED

rough masc-male 36 yrs., 6'2", 215 lbs., healthy, safe & lookin' good, craves submissive masc. globular melon-ass to slap around, roughhouse & humiliate—jockstraps, torn & worn briefs & your turn-on. You are tough, masc., blue-collar wrestler but be my "yes sir" "male bull twat" in private. Dick size not important—small preferred, but must have spectacular round beefy arse. Your full, round, meaty, smooth or hairy bum cheeks and moist and sweaty deep male cunt crack are my creative fantasy. I need to tell you what to do. My big stud hog is cut and heavy and belongs to you in appreciation when you pull down your briefs, exposing those furry, meaty, football-player loaves. This stud ass needs your stud ass. Drop a line or photo for same to this possible rear-end buddy. Serious, real men only. Boston, MA. Box 6493

BELLY BUTTON FETISH!!!

Please tell me about your belly button. Does an exotic body part turn you on? Let's trade hot fantasies, up-close photos. Maybe more! Box 6494

BALLS IN MY COURT

5'7" top, young 40s, hot mind, body, hung, seeks submissive low-hangers and receptive mouth on non-fat, healthy frame for mild to heavy abuse. Ball-stretchers, weights, face-fucking. Detailed applications considered from masculine, cut only. Box 6505

BEAUTIFUL DAD WANTED!

Dominant European guy, 38, 6'1", 160 lbs., trim, hairy, masculine, dark hair/eyes, reliable, seeks submissive professional/retired dad over 55 for lifetime relationship. Leather is great, so are business suits. Want to worship Dad but also dominate him. All scenes considered. Will relocate. Photo a must. Box 6308LF

I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

W/M, 42, 5'9", 150 lbs., beard, pierced, seeks in-shape blacks and others into pain, torture, verbal humiliation, heavy tit/ball pulling, twisting, pinching, stretching. Beer drinkers, safe raunch, spit, W/S. Safe Sex. Interested in Satanism. Work 3-11 PM. Call or write Karl, 836 Wheeler St., Woodstock, IL 60098. (815) 338-9137. (LF6508)

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by 41-year-old Daddy/Master. If you have a serious desire to be the live-in son/slave of this blond, 6'3", affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master, include photo and phone with your response. You must be willing to relocate. Box 4426LF

DAD SEEKS SON

Dominant Daddy, 6'1", 170, 42, seeks son/partner. Possible relationship, TT, B/D, experimentation, safe sex, discipline. Dad can be affectionate and nurturing or demanding and controlling. If you are looking for a full life with just one Master, write with photo to Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES

Master, 36, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications, telephone to Master, Box 45189 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (617) 437-1821. (LF5304)

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(32, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile) seeks buddies into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, S&M, B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Ich kann auf Deutsch. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, IL 60640.

ULTIMATE SLAVE

For your ultimate fantasy: W/M 26 5'8", 125 lbs. brn/grn smooth, cln shvn, 7", U/C, 28" w, 1/2 Latin, looking for that special Master who is educated in the arts of slavery. Professional people are given special treatment! (415) 337-2008 Eves. San Francisco, CA or write to Drummer Box 5875LF

DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER

wants totally submissive, young, slim, low-limit, masochistic slave for new heights, needed release. Novices must want fantasies turned into safe, sane, rough reality. Travel, visit Miami weekly. Live in NYC. Master: 6', 175, 45. Apply/letter, phone, photos: Suite 769, 263-A West 19th Street, NYC, 10011. (LF6017)

SON/SLAVE

You are any age, not fem or fat, obedient, energetic, needing direction, capable of giving and receiving love, loyalty, permanency. Dad is in perfect health, 57, 6'1", 160 lbs., 6" cut, bald, glasses, into constant but leisurely travel by van, nudity, massage, wrestling, BD, SM, earned affection. Letter, photo, phone to Dad on the road; I may be near you now. Box 6309LF

MASTER/DADDY

52-year-old WM seeks son, slave or partner for long-term relationship, bondage steel/leather. Photo, phone. Box 6316

HUNGRY CUM GUZZLER

Hunky, expert cocksucker craves thick, creamy mouthfuls of jism from hot, healthy, well-hung, in-shape Tops. Uncut with cheese a plus. Also into hairy, sweaty armpits, deep rimming, and recycled beer. Any race, 20 to 55. Fantastic oral worship only. No Greek, pain or scat. Box 6078LF

INSANE ANIMAL MASTER

sought by true slave, 25, 5'9", 140, healthy, tight body, beginning bodybuilder, into anything including depraved, humiliating sex scenes with the above. Will travel for scenes and possibly relocate for the right man. This is not fantasy!!! PO Box 632, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011

SATAN WORSHIP

Attractive, healthy, W/M, 28, 5'11", 150, seeks discrete masculine guy for serious Satanic relationship. Send details, description, photo if possible. Will consider relocating. Can travel. Into leather and most scenes. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. Others into Satanism please write. Box 6102LF

COCK SLAVE

Looking for ambitious, straight-appearing, lean Top, with hot mind, body and cock, wanting/deserving service. I'm 5'8", 138, smooth, honest, hard-working. Interests: outdoors, exercising, travel, rural living, long sessions. Let me be your partner, lifemate; make and train me to be your cock slave. No cigarettes, feds. PO Box 1044, Westerly, RI 02891.

CONTROL

WM, Top, 5'11", 37, seeks bottoms same size or smaller for exploration via mental and physical torture. You will be verbally and physically abused to the point where you will beg for more to the point where you are controlled. Call (714) 957-2642, 7-11 PM for appointment/discussion or write Box 6094LF

BODYBUILDER SLAVES

5'8", 210-lb., extremely muscular Master requires BB slaves for exhibition training. You will be taught proper attitude to carry this body. You will mold as I see fit. A description of self with picture is required with application. Pictures returned if I determine you not yet ready for the challenge. Box 6237LF

MY FACE, YOUR ASS

Dave, Hot! Age 22 5'10", 150, 7", 24-hr ass licking my specialty! W/S Receive only. Piss all over me! Dick, ball sucker, fuck hungry butt! (415) 357-2919. Call anytime!

WALT WHITMAN TYPE DRUMMER DADDY

(artist) awaits volunteer model top for new wave paintings and drawings. 25-55. Some bondage; safe, physical intimacy. Modest room and board, no wage. Lifetime or long-term relationship possible. Serious-minded suit-wearer a plus. 47, 6', 175 lbs., employed, tall, dark, and GQ handsome. Homosexuals only. Box 6270LF

SEEK DOMINANT SON

Executive, 57-year-old, 5'11", 172 lbs., silver moustache, 7" uncut, seeks 18 to 36 to 5'9", masculine, boyish, horny jock ass stud, commanding body worship, rimming, water-sports. This hot butt Dad craves verbal abuse, mild ass beating, shaving, piss, enemas, sucking. Call (415) 929-7124. (LF6242)

ARROGANT MASTER WANTED

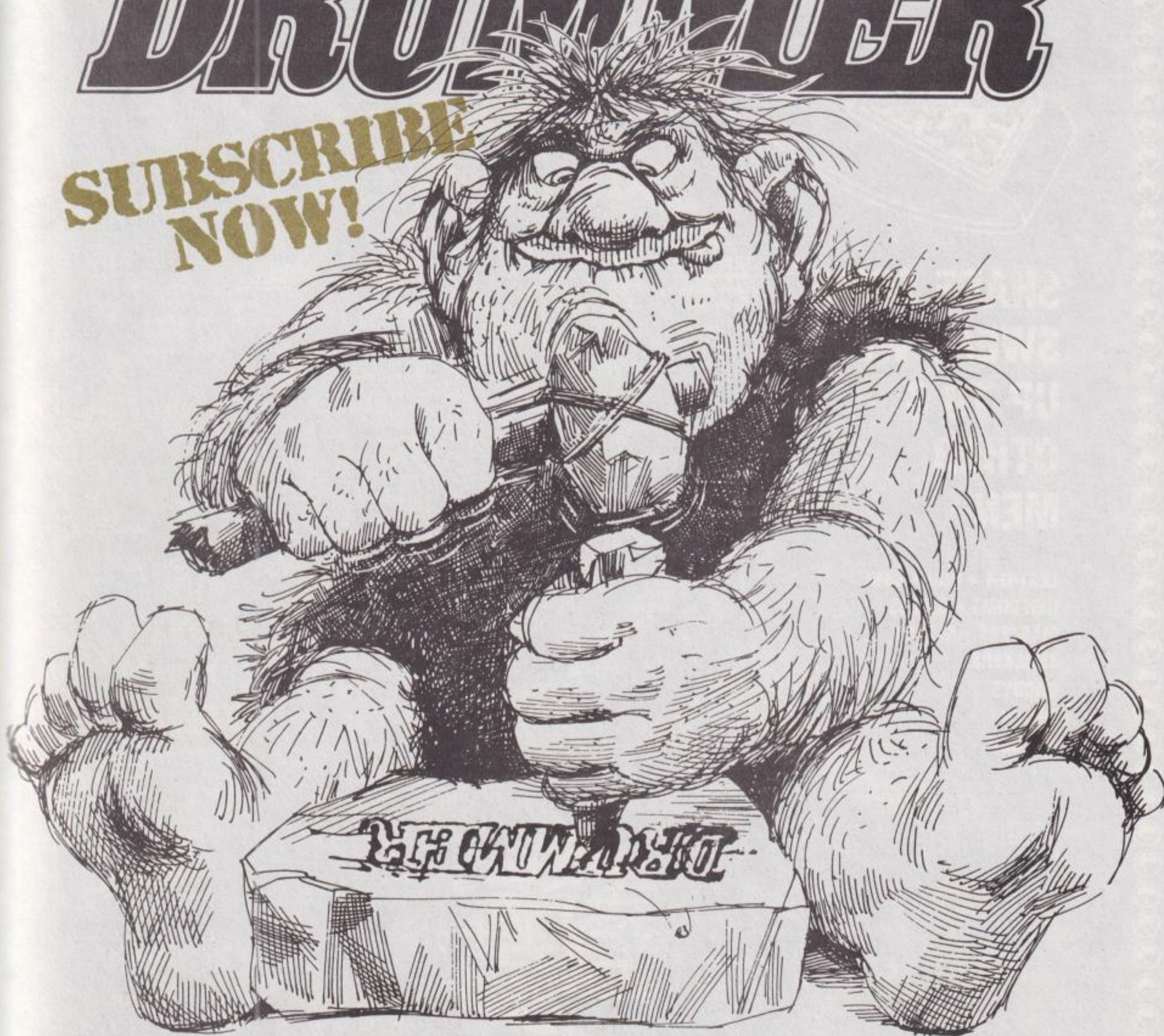
GWM, 27, 5'11", 140, black/hazel. Need Master to totally control me, mentally and physically. My last decision will be to become YOUR slave permanently. Brainwashing, S&M, B&D, CBT/T, whipping. Anything YOU desire. No limits. Please send photo and phone with YOUR orders. Box 6239LF

HYPNOTIST OR MENTOR

Older, hard-bodies, safe, sought by imaginative hot, hung, bronco, late 20s. Chicago. Photo, Box 6452

DRUMMER

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BOOTS LEATHER BONDAGE

Seek mature muscular top interested in boots bondage hoods oil jocks biking softball weights rigid service shaving C&B work hot lube. (312) 274-5479. Box 6260LF

BOXING GLOVES

WM, 29, 155, non-fighter, seeks guys who crave the look, smell and feel of the gloves, to find "amateur" boxing videos, photos, stories, private boxing clubs/bars, etc. Safe sex only. Box 6451

WANT AN EXCEPTIONAL MASTER

33-year-old bi white male, 145 lbs., 5'7", straight and aggressive in business, seeking special friend/master to serve. This bottom submissive is educated, creative, unique. Want same characteristics in master. Want exceptional quality times not just brute. May want one woman on the side, but will commit to you and yours, show you much pleasure, more than you've ever had before. I'm inexperienced, sort of, so will learn your ways. Want to relocate. Will pay my own expenses. Would appreciate your photo, phone, detailed handwritten letter, honest, and, oh yes, the want ads so I can interview for a job and for you during my visit to meet you. Please, if you're a good man, write me! Box 6449

PAPER ROUTE

takes this here 6'2", dark haired, lean masochistic cocksucker thru seven deep South states seeking experienced TOP men over 40 who require prolonged oral service and worship. Box 6443

DIAPER DISCIPLINE

Novice slave/son 31, 6', 200 lbs., masculine seeks diaper discipline, infantilism, humiliation, punishment, light bondage, light spanking, watersports, toilet training, shaving, verbal abuse, and fetishes. Photo. Southeast. Drummer Box 6442

S&M LIFESTYLE

Master with hairless slave, health conscious, into no-limit S&M monogamous relationship. Would like to correspond with and meet other couples/devotees to share experiences and good times as peers and friends. Midwest and beyond. Box 6135LF

HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT

Bitch/baby's hot writhing male cunt/pussy desires harsh man-handling to make me gasp with pleasure/pain. Command this whore on perverted ways to service you. Shaved gash/twat welcomes your dork or fist with lubricated, extruded lips. Write kinky intentions. Your picture gets mine. Box 6376LF

HOT SMOKERS WANTED

If you're a hot, masculine, facial-haired man who knows how to smoke a cigarette or cigar to turn another man on, and you'd enjoy appreciation for your talents, then please write to this tall, slim, mustached, well-hung, versatile (31 year old GWM) novice, who can thrive under the leadership of an imaginative, sane, smokin' Daddy-Topman. Live NYC. Some travel poss. No fats. Box 6218

GIFTED PHOTOGRAPHER

Quickly building a national reputation, seeks HOT MEN for Test Shoots for potential publication in nationally distributed magazines. Good looks and modeling experience are a definite plus. However, since these won't be fashion layouts, an exhibitionistic streak, a kinky mind and ease in front of a camera are most important. Care to come along for the ride? Reply to: JSM, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

ASIAN SM BONDAGE MASTER

Or smooth hispanic or white man wanted by good-looking blond, 5'7", 138 lbs., smooth body in good shape. Ropes, chains, leather restraints, wax, clamps, suspension, tit torture, etc. Travel regularly throughout USA including NYC, SF, DC, Colorado. Photo appreciated. PO Box 691303, West Hollywood, CA 90069. (LF6051)

WANTED: YOUNG TRUCK SLAVE

45-year-old trucker wants young slave to learn trucking from the bottom up. Permanent only. Will supply what I think you need. Call weekends or send letter with picture. Box 6057LF. (619) 723-8481

HOT LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 36, 5'11", 185, brown/blue, moustache, seeks other hot Tops/bottoms to 43. This man has hairy pecs w/hard nipples that demand mutual heavy play. Dig heavy, sweaty JO workouts, jockstraps, chaps, uniforms, uncuts, cowboys, Asian men. Am stable, educated, healthy, professional. Potential big brother/Dad for right man. Into photography, BB, hiking. No feds/drugs. Reply w/hot photo /phone to Box 4675LF.

WANTED—YOUNG S&M SLAVE

Training, discipline, bondage, C&BT, TT, face slapped, hair pulled, spankings and rough orders by two Masters, 18 and 48. You become whatever turns us on. No permanent damage, limits increased. Send photo including face. Mr. Jones and Mr. Heim, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN 55433.

HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young, virile stud looking for someone to fuck, to slap around and to suck me off. You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126

BONDAGE AND SLOW TORTURE

W/M, 36, lean, muscular, masculine, imaginative, easy going, discrete, versatile, seeks similar, in-shape buddy for capture, bondage, torture games. Indian, Roman, Inquisition, other classic scenes possible in hot, sweaty, erotic, but safe, sane fashion. Permanent relationship, relocation possible. Let's not get old wishing we had! Box 6129LF

YOUNG HANDSOME COP

My uniform and great body hide an eight-inch downward-bent hook dick which needs a masculine man to humiliate, twist and deform it further while I worship your healthy penis. Attractive, endowed and macho only. Send raunchy letter and photo for same. PO Box 5724, Savannah, GA 31414

SHIT MASTER WANTED

by cute redhead, 43, could be live-in. Healthy, sincere. Am also great cocksucker. I like man smell. Prefer bi or divorced. Barry Ross, 14624 SW 144 Court, Miami, FL 33186. Phone: (305) 251-4838.

NAZI WORSHIP

Healthy, bootlicking WM, young-looking 34 (part-Jew) deserves and craves Aryan domination and cruelty. Sieg Heil! (Can travel worldwide). Box 6435

TRAVELING SON

30s, 5'10", 150 lbs., am into Fr, Gr, hot ass/buns, FF, spanking, light S/M, recycled beer shower and 3-ways. Top only for FF, prefer bottom for the rest. Travel frequently from Chicago to Chatt., TN; Des Moines to Cleveland; Miami and Dallas. Write with photo and phone so we can get a hot nonstop evening going. Box 5296LF

NAKED SEXSLAVE/HOUSEMAN

24-45, masculine, healthy, wanted for Master and partner, stable dynamic, sex-crazed, versatile, grey-haired/bearded motorcycle men, both 54. Duties: Master's bike buddy, cocksucking, assplay, WS, TT, C&BT, wax, whip/paddle, BD, cooking, housework. Good service, loyalty, more. Master Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

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Only a real master stands a chance at making me one. If you're tough enough to command my respect and obedience; up to training someone who's not sure he wants to be; and into prolonged bondage, send orders. Suite 22, 1530 Locust, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

SHIT PIG WANTS SLAVE

No-nonsense, stern, hostile, controlling son of a bitch wants permanent live-in slave whose primary duty will be to dump a full load of hot slimy shit into my mouth every night. Prefer you not work or have career ambitions, but stay home, keeping your body (ass in particular) and underwear filthy and stinking. Also expect you to beg to sniff and eat my dirty shithole. You will accept verbal abuse and discipline as I deem necessary. The right slave will be quiet and insecure; content with little social life; and devoted to meeting my needs. In return for your loyalty, obedience, and devotion, you will be well cared for, protected, and receive affection; some travel. But it must be remembered that I call the shots. I want your shit but not your bullshit. If you're a stupid fuck who can't get this through your thick head, don't bother writing. Am 43, 160, 5'10", moustache; live NYC. TEST HIV Neg; expect same. Send detailed letter about self and qualifications along with photo if possible. Can help relocate. Box 6288

ATLANTA COUPLE

would like to exchange photos of leathermen who enjoy bondage. Photos of you gets photos of us. Photos of hoods, gags and hard-bound muscles a plus. PO Box 55125, Atlanta, GA 30308.

SM LEATHER LIFESTYLE

WM, 40, 5'11", 195, brn. hair and eyes, seeks others for mutual pain and pleasure. S&M, B&D, TT, piercing, shaving, watersports, enemas, hoods, gags, toys, aroma, smoke turn you on??? Primarily bottom but have had training and can switch for the right person if that's what you want... Let's trade photos and phone numbers. All letters acknowledged... Get your leather ready!!! Box 5514LF

HOUSTON TOP PIERCED TITS

6'5" bearded, 36, into Titwork, piercings, shaving, spanking, butt toys, enemas, and burrs. Seeks true bottom preferably younger. Box 6429

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Two masculine, safe Masters require young, hunky boy-slaves with proper attitude for training, hot 3-way scenes. Expect heavy VA, tit work, spankings. Please us with full body worship. Inexperience a bonus. Good tits, eager mouth, boyish ass get top consideration. Respectful letter, photo essential. Master George (52, 6'2", 190). Master Jim (42, 6', 200). Jersey, PA area. Box 6439LF

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who is also bottom into FF, dildoes & leather would like to hear from any other AFA, NCS or bird persons. Looking to increase knowledge & limits. Washington state. Box 6116LF

MOTORCYCLE/MOUNTED COPS

Looking for dominant guys who are into motorcycle cop uniforms, spurred black boots and equipment for cop on cop(s) fantasy scenes. You should be into boots, leather, uniforms, bondage and cop work-overs. Need info on how to get genuine police motorcycle helmets. Box 8204, Richmond, VA 23226. (LF6366)

BE DADDY'S MUSCLE BOY

Eastwood daddy, 42, mean and hung, auditioning healthy, obedient slaveboy BB, 18-30, anxious to please and train for BB competition for daddy's pleasure and public display. If not smooth, will be shaved. Send interesting photo and imaginative letter of application. Box 6356LF

MASTER

White male, 47, does not fit usual leather scene mold, 6', 190 lbs., wears glasses, beer gut, out of shape, smokes, drinks, reader, book collector. Requires live-in slave. Demands total submission/obedience. Expect to be used. Live in L.A. Plea to Box 6349LF

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Trained mature houseboy, body servant, 5'11", 160, secure, healthy, rarely used for SM. Would be honored to again serve a MASTER(S) whose interests would include total mental/physical domination and complete retraining resulting in a piece of exemplary slave property existing solely for its MASTER'S pleasure, well-being and lifestyle. Box 6369LF

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Tattooed weightlifter is nosing out Foot Men into Feetsoxgymshoesthicktoedsweatodors jockscrawcutsroughpunchesdominationorders trainingleatherbootstoughsubmission. Box 3338LF

HAIRCUTS/HEAD SHAVES

WM, 29, 6', 160, wants your scalp for haircuts, from trims to shaves. Already shorn/shorthaired guys are also an automatic turn-on. NYC visitors welcome. PO Box 2291, New York, NY 10185.

COWBOY BONDAGE/WRESTLING

31, GWM, 155 lbs., 5'10", hairy, good physique seeks sane nonsmoker, masculine, well-built man, 30s-40s, into bondage, wrestling. Reply w/photo. PO Box 755, Tualatin, OR 97062.

HUNGRY BOY

28 years old, slim, seeks arrogant top. Box 6476

MASTER/SPONSOR

39, 6'1", 210 lbs., Midwest professional, sponsor/master bodybuilder son, submit mind & body to training for Midwest BB Contest Display with discipline, workout partner, supplements, good food, photos of progress, sex, house & yard responsibility to earn keep. Son 23-28, 5'10" & 185 lbs. Sound mind. Letter, detail personal history, sport & BB experience, personality, physique photo. Must have show potential & desire. 1 yr. min. commitment. Yes-Sir attitude. Box 6432

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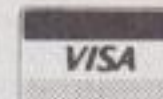
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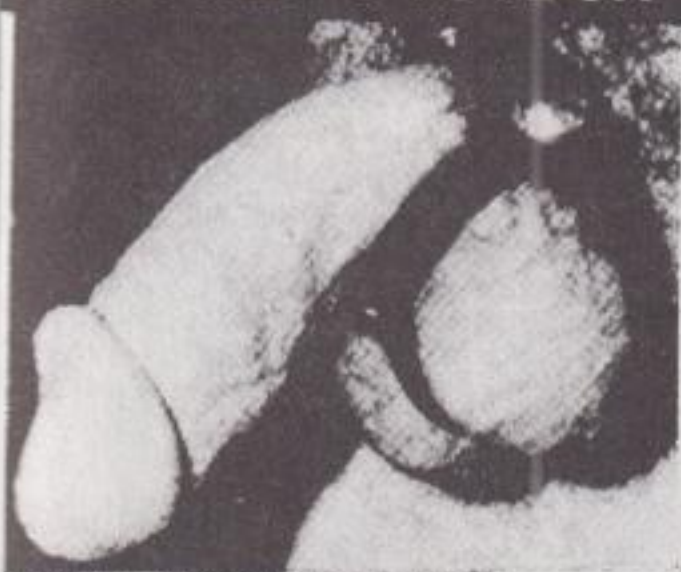
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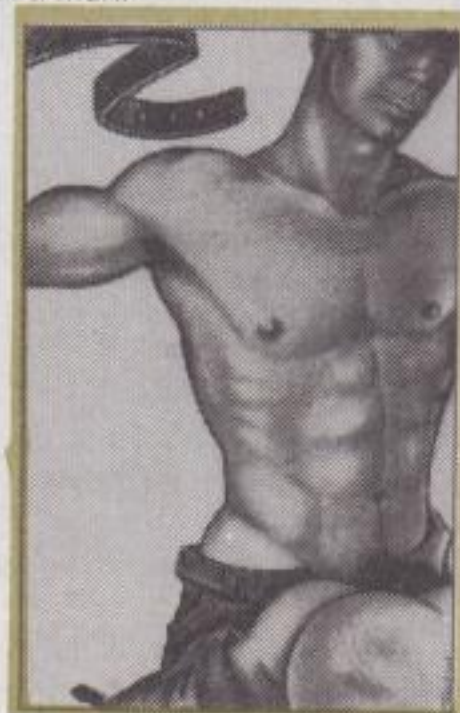
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MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes. Into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrotorture, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

TOTAL SLAVE WANTED

Muscular B/M Top, 36, 5'10", seeks slender bottom (21-40) any race for heavy SM, prolonged restraint, immobilization, torture, crucifixion, etc. I'm experienced, sane. No fluids exchanged. Only detailed letter. Photo & phone will merit response. Jim Will, PO Box 20990, Oakland, CA 94611.

QUIET MASTER/DADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easygoing but firm, very health conscious, together, loving, looking for special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. I am dominant in light S&M, being Greek active, bondage, spanking, shaving, and other fantasies. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling. Son/slave should be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and nonferm. Located in NY but travel around the country. Photo/letter to Box 4711LF.

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HOT, BUTCH, BEARDED TOP, 43

6'1", 193 lb. bodybuilder needs expert crotch service from shorter, solid, muscular, hairy bottoms around 5'8", 165 lbs. Photo. POB 8008, FDR Sta., NYC 10150

YOUNG LEATHER DUDE

GWM, 23, 5'6", 140, HOT! seeks other wild rugged young dudes and leather-jacketed punks into leather, heavy bondage, leather gloves, hefty boots, hoods, gags, whips, chains, cuffs, face 'n' ass fuckin', gang rape, gangbangs, long hair, heavy metal. Rock stars, Bikers, and Leather Gods are a big plus. Hey, dudes, let's wrestle 1 on 1, 5 on 1 or 5 on 5, the more leather the better. Loser gets tied up and used, I can take it. Can you? No fats, fems, or over 28... photo and phone a must, also gets mine. PO Box 95172, Las Vegas, NV 89199-9998

SON SEEKS HAIRY DAD

6', 180 lbs., 29 y.o. novice son seeks permanent, monogamous relationship with a loving Dad. Bearded and hairy preferred. Will answer all with photo. Box 6463

BONDAGE BOTTOM

needing white Master-Daddy to own and control me. Novice, but willing to submit to big hairy take-charge man. Bottom is 37, good-looking, 5'8", 160, bearded, blue, strawberry blond. Train me to your own personal satisfaction. Muscles, beards, very tall, very hairy, hung are pluses. Detailed letter, photo, please. Box 6462

BIG MEN, TOOLS, VACUMPR

If you are equipped/admire ANYTHING BIG send S.A.S.E. to B.G., 584 Castro, #395B, S.F., CA 94114.

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Passing thru Connecticut, stop and meet two guys for a hot but safe time. One 5'9", 165, WM, 40s. Second, 6'1", 185, WM, 50. Located near I-95. Stop to explore your desires. If interested drop a note so we can send you a phone number. Box 6225LF

PRIME MASTER!

Sadist, Master, handsome bodybuilder with big chest and arms requires slaves for perverted sex. An expert in whipping and fisting, sex is my creative outlet and years of experience in DC and NY have made me a master of my arts. My instincts will bring out your hidden fantasies to the fullest pleasure of both of us. Let's see how far your body can go. I pride in being your top. Exactly as that will you treat me and apply devotedly including photo to: GEST, 2800 Bennett, Dearborn, MI 48124

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Hard-working, home-loving, monogamous white man looking for something more than a sexual relationship. Me: 36, masculine but submissive in bedroom, partner outside. Hairy, affectionate, honest, giving, straight in public. Don't drink, smoke, or take drugs. You be 35-50 white, masculine, self-confident, dominate in bedroom, honest, possessive, hairy, desire to be spoiled at home, straight in public. Not alcoholic, cigars a plus. Letter, photo, phone. Box 6470

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WM, 25, seeks hot guys to tie and tickle. Let's share original tickle stories. I am ticklish too! All letters answered immediately. Box 6489

DISABLED DAD WANTED

by son, 32, good-looking and obedient, wheelchair, braces, crutches especially welcome. I will take care of you and serve you well. Your son is 6', 170 and ready to meet you. Write please, Sir. Box 6482

GWM MASTER

Want honest man to grovel and lick my boots. Light SM, BD. Send desires, photo, phone. Beg. boy. Box 6481

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other. Want to buy, sell, trade uniforms, meet, talk with others also interested. Box 6478

ALABAMA

BONDAGE TOP

Blond, blue, beard, hairy, 29, wants bottoms with bondage fantasies wanting to become realities. If you're a W/M, 21-40, fat, slim, or stud send a detailed letter with fantasy, photo, address, and phone. I'm hot, horny and waiting, Central Alabama (Montgomery). Box 6107LF

LEATHER, BONDAGE & RUBBER

Experienced GWM 44, 5'8", 165, seeks men into leather, bondage, rubber, light-medium SM, CBT, TT, WS and raunch. Versatile. Healthy sex only. Huntsville, AL. Send detailed information, photo, phone. Box 6430LF

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VERY HANDSOME NOVICE

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LEATHER HOME

Mature, sane, nonsmoking GWM into leather, SM scene, wants to find a stable man with similar interests to find and share home in San Francisco. I have furniture etc. and at present live in small apartment. I want to move. Let's join forces, pool ideas, and find suitable place together. Just drop me a note with your name and phone number, to PO Box 31782, San Francisco, CA 94131.

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Very hot-looking Latin, 30s, muscular, well defined likes mutual shit scenes and steaming piss. Get off on watching turds, gaping assholes, recycled beer, shit smearing, dirty jocky shorts and lots of grunting action. Looking for filthy minded, hot hunky and hung studs to get our sweat holes going. Box 6056LF

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Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship. Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45, like home life. Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer, has been into S/M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk. Box 5461

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Teddy Bear types, black bears or polar (white) bears. Big, tall hairy bears with thick, fat, long dicks. Bellies a+ but not a must. I'm 5'10", brown hair and eyes, average build, and not into SM, just good old-fashioned roll-in-the hay sex. Send photo to Box 5151

SONOMA COUNTY

WM, 44, 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 25 in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!!! Box 5150

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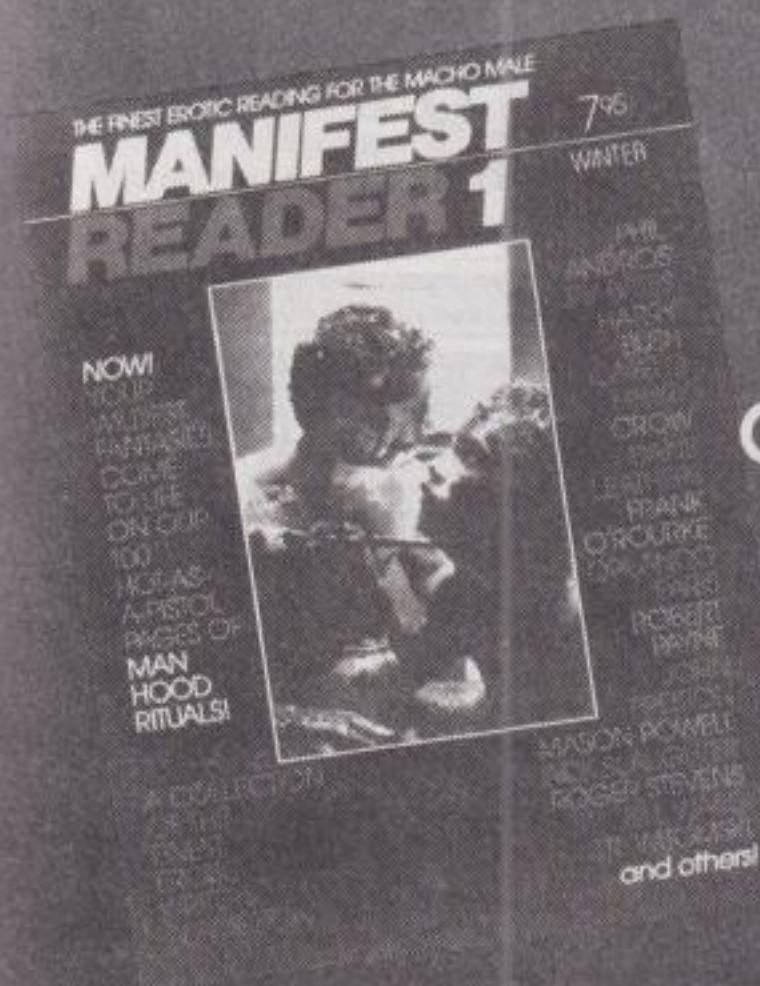
Must be knowledgeable and have proper equipment for full maximum levels of pain, but safe only. I enjoy a variety of torture, starting slowly and gradually building up to a very intense level. I'm a WM, 43, 5'10", 170 lbs. Letter with photo & phone & address. Eric Adams, PO Box 14212, Santa Rosa, CA 95402.

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WOLFS

LEATHER · UNIFORM · WESTERN

SAN DIEGO



JUDGE/JURY/EXECUTIONER

wanted by 23-year-old blond, 6'0" tall, 160 lbs., blue-eyed cigar-smoking college boy whose cock hardens at the sight of a noose. Into cops, cigars, execution/prison scenes, military, bondage, leather, VA, hoods, gags. String me up, Sir! All scenes/people considered. Box 6310LF

BACK IN LEATHER

GWM couple, top 35, 5'6", 170, blond/hazel. Bottom 35, 6'2", 165, brown/blue. Looking for bottoms or couples who are into leather, FF, dildoes, CB&T, catheters, films, hoods and especially long ass play. Lover is into leather, FF, dildoes and is an animal lover. Let's get tweaked out and do a leather anal invasion. (209) 576-2260. (LF6319)

DEHNERS ONLY PLEASE

Serious devotee wants to be of service. (415) 992-1353

HEAVYSET TOP

is looking for a trainable bottom. Top is WM, 40s, husky, intelligent, affectionate, professional. Bottom should be eager to please, willing to have his limits explored and expanded. Trust and respect important. Not into leather or motorcycles. Novice/older/bi bottoms OK. Reply with candid letter/photo. Box 6328

PRIVATE AFFAIR

Stud, 34, has perfect Nautilus body and thick 8" cock. Spanking, dildoes and dirty talk. Safe, very discreet. Send hot letter w/photo and phone. Tim Hunter, PO Box 140, Carmichael, CA 95609

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER TOP

Masculine, white, 31-yr-old S.F. leatherman seeks training by experienced levelheaded top(s). My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M... but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am safe sex oriented (no fluid exchange, blood, FF). Skilled Tops planning to be in area invited to write ahead to assure memorable visit. Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

TOP BOY

25, 5'8", 130 lbs., br/gr, 28w. Smooth, Clin-Shvn, 7" u/c Top for High Caliber Professionals. (415) 685-5035 Aft. 11pm PT (LF5875)

DRUMMER DADDY

seeking tall, trim, muscular slave. You will be stripped, chained, & led to my dungeon. Relationship possible for intelligent, professionally employed man capable of stepping out of the slave role and serving as companion. Drummer Daddy is in his 40s, brown hair, bearded, 6'1", 170 lbs., nonsmoker. Nude photo, phone, letter to Box 4988LF.

SLIM, SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING

WM, 30, looking for hot big-dicked top/dad/buddy. Too independent for slave, but want to experience leather. Especially like hairy, uncut. Prefer 33-45, honest, sane, aware. I'm 5'6", 140, brn, grn, more than curious, and ready. So go ahead, write w/photo. Box 6209LF

TOPGUNS

Two hot, horny, uniformed cigar-chompin' lawmen (29 & 40) looking for a punk that needs to get used and abused. Into just about everything as long as it's kinky and safe. Looking for buddies into outdoor sex, hunting and hot workouts on the range. Box 6318LF

MARAUDING MOTORCYCLIST

You like it hard... butt with feeling! Relationships are seen as different depths reached by work, love and an effort to give as well as receive. Thrill to rough-riding, tenderizing, pain, pleasure; abuse, NO! Self-respect a must! NO PUSHY BOTTOMS! Stats: 37, 5'8", hair brn/silver, in shape and sinfully sexual. YOU: attractive, honest, HEALTHY, intelligent, in shape and interested in friendship as well as fantasy. NO WIMPS. I expect a recent photo, a sincere letter... and imagination. SAFE SEX ONLY! Manhandler, PO Box 170508, San Francisco, CA 94117.

WANTED/SLAVE BOY & HOMEBODY TYPE BOY

"Disabled Couple," GWM, 38, heavy, top-only leatherman, 7 1/2" thick... GWM, 43, slim, versatile 5". Looking for a boy who is very versatile, small butt & waist size. Hung nice, cocksucker, light bondage, nipplework, give great massages, assplay, toys & good service, loyalty. No drugs, alcohol, smoking OK, no scats, fems or hustlers, and no money paid out. Must be ages 21-29 only, please. Write to Sirs: Reply w/photo, letter, phone if possible, to Box 6408LF

ALAMEDA ASSHOLE SNIFFER

Straight-appearing man, early fifties wants to smell your brown hole and lick your cheesy cock and pissed-stained shorts. Finger my hole and drive me wild; I get off on playing and smelling a responsive guy's hot shithole. Mutual rimming and J/O, spanking too. Cum often! Letter and phone # to Stan, Box 6371LF

NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

wanted by retired GWM, 63. You're 18-40, 5'9" or under, slender, smooth, submissive, drug/smoke-free, honest, enjoy cats, cooking, the arts. Accept shaving, nudity, complete supervision, safe sex, being owned, affection, light bondage, no rough stuff. White, Oriental preferred. Serious only, no cons. Full letter, phone, photo. Box 6123LF

DIABLO DEVIATES

An association of leathermen into hot, safe, deviate sex. Offering contact roster, newsletter, sex parties, 24-hour playroom with toys, equipment and porn libraries. Service area is Alameda, Contra Costa and Solano counties, but city men are welcome. For details SASE to: DV8's, PO Box 27672, Concord, CA 94527-7672.

WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31, 6', 160, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Gd/kg W/M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill S., #237, 2215-R Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

GET IT OUT

Hot-looking, horny, stud, 30, wants solid, masculine, aggressive fucker for raunch and more. Box 6143LF

FUCK MY BUDDY

Handsome WM, 6'2", 190 lbs., 38, wants you to fuck his handsome buddy BM, 6'1", 175 lbs., 39. We're masculine, muscular, healthy and athletic. Seeking good-looking, hung, well-built, imaginative, versatile guys for S&M, TT, shaving, prolonged assplay. Safe & sane. Photo, phone. Box 5959LF

YOU

Are a leather fan, Gr/A, a Master at tit torture, and B/D. Enjoy topping a strong personality and harnessing an over-energetic mouth. You are fun, sexy, and seek a bottom to share living expenses, ideas, hopes, sexual fantasies, etc. You are HIV-neg. I'm 33, good-looking and want to tag along through many adventures with you. Write Ed, PO Box 4534, San Francisco, CA 94101.

SPIT ON MY FACE

while I suck your dick. Box 6250

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5'6", 145, seeks domination, discipline, humiliation from short/lightweight Master. Into body worship, armpits, verbal abuse, leather. Especially seek to grovel at the feet of a Black/Asian Master. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101.

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

executive in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 32 yrs., copper beard, furry, 8" clipped, oversexed, tattooed, seeks to submit to bossman for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage, both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation, shaving, ass beating, piss, TT. All available to Master who needs to dominate a together stud & turn him into his butch son/slave dog. If you can rope me, you can hump me, if you can cage me, you can keep me. (Hairy preferred.) Mark, PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. (LF5439)

BLACK SLAVE NEEDS YOUNG MASTER

Young Black needs verbal abuse, etc. (415) 474-7480.

DOMINANT SON

26, 5'9" 140 lbs., seeks masc. submissive dad, 40+ for creative & safe action. Send photo and phone number w/letter to: Son, PO Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101

CIGARETTES, DUCK TAILS

Leather jackets, beer, 21-30 only, no drugs! Jack M., Suite 284, 2040 Polk Street San Francisco, CA 94109

OVER DADDY'S KNEE

Little boy looking for big Daddy to tan his ass, teach proper discipline—boy knows how to please daddy, likes his ass beat with paddles, and Daddy's big hand. Then have Daddy plow boy's bubble butt. Bearded Daddies only. I'm 30, 5'6", 120 lbs., smooth body. Box 6486LF

RAUNCH SLAVE WANTED

Two crazed, sleazy leathermen, handsome, mid-30s seeking weekend raunch slave. Into W/S, enemas, TT, ass play, ripe butts & armpits, C&B/T. If you like to be greased up, tweaked out, sleazy, stinking pig, you'll fit right in. No scat. Send letter including interests/fantasies. Box 6485

ABUSE THIS PUSSY DADDY

Cunt bottom needs to serve horny, arrogant stud Top—red assed! Use verbal abuse, discipline, corporal punishment and humiliation to get all the ass and head you want your way! HIV- No drugs, please. Box 6477

SPANKERS WANTED

by clean, physically fit person. Can take or give spanking. Clean, slim, under 33 yrs. White only. Box 6475

RAUNCHY STINKING BEARDED

Relationship oriented, 35, 5'10", 150, HIV+, smelly bodies turn me on. Sharing each other's clothes, odors, piss, shit, puke, etc. Love out of doors, romantic. Want similar types. Beards a must. PO Box 880647, San Francisco, CA 94188-0647. (LF6425)

SANTA CRUZ LEATHERMAN

Young student, fascinated by other virile men fucking around in leather harnesses, cock rings, ball stretchers and other instruments of delight, would like to meet with same. Send photo, fantasies to Richard, PO Box 7190, Santa Cruz, CA 95061

FIRM DAD REQUIRES SON

Dad is 30, trim, lots of hair. Son must be ready to receive spanking, piss, cum, tit work. You will present your cock, tits, and mind to Dad. Respond with detailed qualifications. Letter w/nude photo get fast reply. D.A.D., PO Box 971, Forestville CA 95436

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER MASTER

Masculine, white, 30-year-old S.F. leatherman seeks training by experienced level-headed top(s). My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M... but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am safe-sex oriented (no fluid, blood, FF). Skilled Tops planning to be in area invited to write ahead to assure memorable visit. Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

DRUMMER DADDY

seeking tall, trim muscular slave. You will be stripped, chained, & led to my dungeon. Relationship possible for intelligent, professionally employed man capable of stepping out of the slave role and serving as companion. Drummer Daddy is in his 40s, brown hair, bearded, 6'1" 170 lbs., nonsmoker. Nude photo, phone, letter to Box 4988LF.

SADISTIC MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

38 yo., tall, husky, very masc., straight appearing master seeks slave into heavy pain and worship. Must like whipping, C&B torture, dildoes, cigs., mental interrogation & obedience. Permanent relationship possible. Box 6459

PLAYROOM EAST BAY

Complete except for men who know how to use them. If interested in real sex with real man in a complete playroom—write and let me know. Include phone number if you can. Box 6448

ACTION—KINK

GWM, mature, but with stamina and drive for intense, wild, extended but safe scenes. Looking for playmate of any legal age. I prefer bottom roll but also go top. Interests very varied, inclined to sensual & refined play. Like bondage, all toys, electrical, needles, rubber, etc. I guarantee reply to all—send short note with phone number to PO Box 31782, San Francisco, CA 94131. Let's meet and explore.

CHARIOTEERS, MANBACK RIDERS

Man the reins of attractive blond 5'10", 140 lbs., 32 years old. Go to the whip or spurs to keep your beer gut from slowing your ride. Exchange fantasies, or schedule test drive, (send photo). Box 6444



MUSCULAR BONDAGE BUDDIES

sought by horny white male bodybuilder, 26, 6'1", 195, blond/blue. Let's tie each other up and have some painful fun. Nude photo/phone: Box 6447

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SON WANTED BY DADDY

You are an obedient boy needing love and discipline administered by affectionate businessman type Daddy with strict standards. Dad is 42, 6'3", 255 lbs., balding, hairy and loving, with high standards for your behavior. Send honest revealing letter and picture. Box 4934LF

MATURE BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN

Good-looking, professional WM, 35, 5'8", 168 lbs., well built, looking for professional man over 40 who can introduce me to leather lifestyle and share with the excitement of healthy body, dressed in leather and a productive professional career as well. You won't be disappointed if you are genuine. Box 6050LF

HUNG BLOND JOCK DIGS COPS

Good-looking athlete, trim, tan 28 boy, 6'1", 165 lbs. Huge thick cock. Looking for hot studs, cops, military, to be arrested, strip searched, cuffed and used. All American Boy into BD, CB/T, fantasy. Wrestle me down, bind me, gag me and rape me repeatedly. Come on, Sir, arrest me! Box 6054LF

WANTED EXPR. LEATHER SADIST

Muscular, tattooed Italian S has hot Italian M to share. Looking for hot S., with attitude and endurance for long, rugged session ordering m., into heavy S/M, BD, hoods, gags & other fantasies. Detailed letter/phone to Box 585, 8306 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 47, into serious bondage (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB/T, T/T, ass/T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11 PM 9 AM (818) 843-5428.

EAGER SMALL HANDS

Hot hairy trim masculine sexy bottom, 40, 6', 165, moustache; likes FFA, toys, clothespins, paddles, harnesses, seeks fun-loving kinky cocky safe small-handed young men/older boys who know what they like and want. Returnable picture/letter gets same. Chris Lee, PO Box 39703, L.A., CA 90039. (LF6320)

MANHANDLE MY BIG COCK/BALLS

GWM hung big and uncut need heavy CBT. It's all yours! PO Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734.

WANNA FIGHT?

Toughman elimination contest. Bareknuck fist-fights stripped- to-the-waist, boots, Levis, to a K.O. or submission. Any weight, any age. Send pic and address for further info. Box 6363

ANIMALS

WM, 32, 5'10", 160 lbs., very hot, horny, wants to meet experienced/novice in scene. Phone up to 11 PM PST No JO calls. (213) 669-0068

ORANGE COUNTY SUBMISSIVE

Seeks Master-Daddy type for direction and structure. I'm WM, 32 y.o. slightly overweight, attractive, and completely honest. Sammy Jo, (714) 220-0513 early morning and evenings.

HOT ASS AND TONGUE

Submissive WM, 42, 6', 160. Mutual FF, TT, CBT, WS, enemas, catheters, rimming. Expanding limits/experience. Palm Springs, (619) 321-2819.

ALL COPS ARE WIMPS!

Prove otherwise or submit to rough WM, 26, 165, br/br, mustache. Discretion assured/required. No fakes. Over 30 a plus. C/O, Gaztonca Box 6, 1241 N. Harper, Los Angeles, CA 90046

WHIPMASTER

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white, 33, 5'11", shaved head, mustache, hairy body, sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call: Paul (213) 657-5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069. (LF5903)

MASTERS/SLAVES WANTED

by Master, 25, 5'11", 150, and his slave, 37, 5'10", 160, to assist in achieving pleasure/satisfaction through SAFE and SANE SM, BD, VA, CBT, mindtrips, leather/military fantasies, body worship, assplay, submission, obedience. If serious, open-minded, and interested, whether experienced or novice, call (619) 237-0586. No phone J/O. (LF5897)

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 5888.

UNIFORMED BUST

Decidedly for... abuse-hungry. White stud sonofabitch, gung-ho to discharge duties as Convict/Slave/Animal Prisoner/Captive to sadistic, kick-ass, tall-booted, uniformed Black stud 43 who demands intense disciplined workout, exacting punishment torture to rein force proper attitude and behavior. Direct letter w/mandatory foto to: PO Box 2524, Chino, CA 91708. (LF5987)

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot bootied leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 PM.

STUD SLAVE

Very hot, hard-body bottom, muscular, 5'10", 175, 36, wants raunchy muscular top to put me in my place. Age (younger or older) unimportant. Good bod and dominant attitude are. If you want a stud slave, with spirit, write with pic to Suiteholder, Suite 304, 12228 Venice Blvd., L.A., CA 90066.

HOUSEMAN/SLAVE WANTED

Two dominant WM professionals (42/44) seek mature bottom as permanent houseman/servant in unique household. We will provide love, discipline, further personal development. You must totally commit mind and body to our service/satisfaction. Prefer healthy, intelligent, obedient WM 25-45. Submit detailed letter/photo to SHACK, Box 6210LF.

MASCULINE SLAVES WANTED!

by hot nasty Daddy—35—185 lbs., moustache: must be willing and ready to submit to my demands and orders. Spankings—humiliation—bondage—C&BT—TT—hot wax—V/A—groups possible. I want openminded men whose limits will be respected, but hopefully expanded! 73-091 Country Club Drive, Suite A5-53, Palm Desert, CA 92260

BAD LITTLE BOY

Good-looking in-shape WM, 5'6", 30s, look 20s, wants Daddy to administer painful punishment, spank, enema, CBT, dildoes. Can punish other bad boys. Couples welcome! Box 6418

WANTED: HUNGRY COCK-SLAVES

Currently taking applications for cock-boys & sex slaves, to service my 9"x7" mastercock. Must be 18-30, possess a well-maintained physique, experienced in extended servicing sessions. I am 28, 6'5", 220 lbs., dark hair/eyes, mustached, hairy. To apply call Marcus (213) 439-5052. Live-in, full-time, permanent positions in my stable available.

BLOND WEIGHTLIFTER

6'3", 195 lbs., 27-year-old jock, good-looking, interested in contact with a dominant, aggressive, inflexible topman with a mean streak. Enjoy extensive verbal and physical humiliation. Interested in men 35 yrs.+ into well-worn leather, work boots, businessmen, badass working-class men, cops, bikers, mechanics, cigar-smokers. Safe sex only. Serious Photo gets mine. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

LOVING ASS CARE NEEDED

Handsome W/M, 48, 5'11", 190 lbs, needs tender loving ass care, no pain; wants asshole licked, massaged, hand up it, soft toys up it, asshole sucked for hours. Enjoy being in sling receiving safe sex service by asshole lover. Enjoy having my 7"x6" thick cock sucked and heavy balls licked. Enjoy videos, your place, answer all (Orange County) Boxholder, PO Box 1971, Hawaiian Gardens, CA 90716-0971

PISS SLAVE WANTED

Good-looking top wants to meet slim and sleazy guys into weed, bondage, piss fantasies, safe sex. I'm 5'9", 150 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, good shape. Write Bill, Box 6491, Pix?

HEAVY ASSWHIP MASTER

Force and train me to serve as your slave, houseboy, workout dog. W/M, 38 y/o WM, 25-45. Safe sex, respect limits. Call (213) 691-8464 or write instructions. Box 6487

KINKY PLAYMATES/FRIENDS

Looking for kinky bottom for safe play. Ropes, fantasies and spankings are some of my favorite things. Me: cleanhaven, 31, 5'10", 165 lbs., uncut, in-shape top. You: height/weight proportionate, 21-45 in L.A./Long Beach area. Ethnics/beginners welcome. Send letter/photo (no photo/no reply) to: Box 6473LF

CRUDE OIL

Wanted: trips involving crude oil, heavy grease, light asphalt, etc. The dirtier the better. Can travel. Box 6461

SHIT EATING SLAVE

I need to eat and suck the filthy shitholes of huge beefy butts. Football studs & chunky bodybuilders. I need shit-filled ass & big fat turds for my hungry tongue and mouth. Am 31, GM, BM, 6'1", 190 lbs., muscular body. PO Box 8203, Universal City, CA 91608-0203

BUTTBOY WANTED

by slim blond coach, 41, 5'10", strong, self-made, hardworking, decent looking. You: about 28-34, under 5'11", slim to trim, sharp, working. Up for frequent spankings, workouts, enemas, boot camp training. Work, play, growth & companionship. Local men. Photo. Jake, 1064 Myra, #86, Los Angeles, CA 90029

COLORADO

DENVER DRUMMER DADDY

25, 5'9", 160 lbs., dark hair, moustache. Seeks son for face fucking and ass plowing. Limits respected, but must be willing to expand them. Must be in shape, under 30, and willing to commit himself to my lifestyle. Send detailed letter with current experience and specifications, photo and phone. Box 5967LF

BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

Attractive white boy, 27, waiting to follow orders of black tops. White trash needs discipline, verbal abuse, toilet duties. Boxholder, Box 5304, Loveland, CO 80538

YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

for lite bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 50, Top. Mountain climb, run, tennis, hike, travel. (303) 972-4177.

DC-METRO

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM, 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, loner, erotic. Lean/muscular, nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "9½ Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

DADDY'S BOY

WM, 32, seeks tough but tender jock-wearing dad. This boy is into paddles, straps, some TT/C&B, mild SM but heavy into ass play, dildoes, etc. Are you my Daddy? Allen (202) 332-7017. (LF5983)

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM, 40, 5'10", bl/bl, 150 lbs., mustache, goatee, seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, hair, tats. PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO. YOUR ONE-STOP S/M SHOP

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

Willing to submit to Master for humiliation, discipline, S&M, TT, C&B work, whippings and whatever else Master determines for proper training. Slave is 35, 200, 5'11", blond, little body hair, pierced and ringed. Sir, please let me serve you. Box 6249LF

PAIN ENTHUSIAST SEEKS TOP

Masculine, submissive, 38, (gdlkng) seeks heavy pain sessions with Master(s) into TT, CBT, shaving, piercing, catheters, piss, dildoes, FF, prods, branding. No scat or slave training. Just fun pain scenes. Box 6501

MY ASS—YOUR FACE

Tall, muscular, lean, hung, hairy, man wants to play with your hole while I am on your face. Men, boys or slaves in shape, solid or slender, call Daddy (202) 667-6151

HOT!



HOT TALK TAPES

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 1

The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves. It's a horny kid's introduction into the male world of cocksucking, armpits, piss and, most of all, hot, masculine attitude.

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 2

Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene.

KID VS DAD—WINNER TAKES ALL

Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot—too hot—and he overpowered you? Even wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick of his up your ass? It's all on this tape!

rites and Raunch

There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself, so masculine—well, I did them. Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff—devil worship, toilet sex in a filthy bathroom. Male bonding at its most extreme.

BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

Imagine: it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true—mean, dirty, muscular—leaning against his big, black Harley. You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike. But back in your garage his massive chest, his big, hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick... It turns out he's quite an exhibitionist. But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your Polaroid does.

MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss... and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig... if you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms, the feel of a cold tile floor against your naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in *Marines Overheard*.

HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck... Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off—then his dirty, greasy jeans. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out how this tape got its name. Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig. And you'll feel like you're right there to help him out.



MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders, after a sweaty workout...stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps...eyeing each other...their hands reaching out to feel their buddies' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs...and down, down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in. If you get off on pumped-up muscle, hot man-to-man action, steamy lockerroom sex with no holds barred, then this tape is for you.

DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot, straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity; soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off. "I gotta piss," Richie announces so the bartender hands him an empty beer can. A hot session follows that gets into heavy cocksucking, lots of dirty talk, more piss games and kinky exhibitionism.

AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN

Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy whose wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's enormous cock? Sucking that mammoth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guy's begging for it up his ass. He gets it too—plus Al's giant balls at the same time, in one of the hottest and kinkiest scenes ever recorded.



SLEEZE ATTACK LP

Such all-time hits as "One, Sir, Thank You," "In A Sling," "The Whip Sings," "Rings," "A Night At The...," and "Woof, Woof, Oink, Oink." A Source

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KINK, NAILED TITS, SATAN

Serious only. 42 years old into heavy scene. Photo & phone get mine. NOW (312) 628-1321

INDIANA

LET ME HELP

Discreet WM, 25, 5'8", bearded, professional is interested in meeting inexperienced boys of all ages. This caring disciplinarian wants to correct your bad habits. We all have limitations. I'll respect yours. Any photo, phone appreciated, but not necessary. All answered. Write! You know you should. Box 6152LF

V/A ASS BEATING

Daddies: plusses—cigars, chaw, beerguts, filthy boots, cheese, mean, filthy mouth, heavy belt/razor strop, hard strokes. *Dicksuckers*: you'll crawl and your boy dick will drip from the abuse you'll suffer. Slow, painful assbeatings/floggings, CB/T, bondage. Daddy or dicksucker, write for intense, painful Power sex/Male ritual. Box 6233LF

ATHLETIC GWM

24, 170, 6' white boy looking for relationship, lonely, living in country, want intelligent 30-55. Enjoy fishing, camping, outdoors. Box 6483

IOWA

YOUNG BB NEEDS FUCK BUDDY

6'1", 210, wants hot masculine men (top or bottom) 21-40 for safe but serious play. Interests: bondage, shaving, CBTT, SM, spanking, massage, and ??? Special turn-ons (not required): uncut, hairy, tattooed. Long-term relationship possible with right guy. Can travel. Photo and detailed letter to Box 6071LF

NOVICE SEEKS TRAINING

Sir? This bottom needs you, a HOT muscular TOP, to expand my limits and whip me back into proper physical shape for your use. This bottom is a white male, 29, 6'2", 248 lbs., and will try anything except piercings, scat, head shaving, or permanent damage. Box 6262LF

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/daddy, 36, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

FROM KISSING TO SCAT

No pain, condoms for screwing. Otherwise anything goes: WS, FF, 69, scat. I'm top and bottom, 33, attractive, professional and intelligent. You are under 35, honest, no substance addictions, and attractive. Prefer cleanliness. Can travel KCMO to OKC. Write soon with photo and phone to box 6458LF

KENTUCKY

KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER

Leatherbottom, GWM, 35, 5'9", 145 lbs. beard. Versatile, openminded and stable. Likes leather, porn, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF

PUT ME IN MY PLACE

Good-looking, 23-year-old needs muscular Daddy/Master to reduce my mind and body into total submission. PO Box 54772, Lexington, KY 40555-4772.

LOUISIANA

MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans WM, 32, 6', 165, seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather: tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, harnesses, jeans, jackets, caps, belts. Prefer to be bottom, but am versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a H.D. by days, and I ride Yamaha V-Max at night in leather. Also have a Suzuki GSX-R1000 and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Police uniforms and police gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone JO ok. Call (504) 282-0729. PO Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices. *If you aren't dedicated to leather, call someone else.*

DADDY WANTS PHOTOS

36-year-old daddy starting private photo collection. Strip naked and show your stuff. Don't be shy. Dick Larson, 1233 Esplanade #1, New Orleans, LA 70116.

MAINE

SADIST

Sane experienced gay white male master, 45, seeks masochistic gay male slaves for medium to heavy S&M, B&D, torture sessions, tit torture, cock & ball torture, anal work, fistfucking, whipping, shaving, hot wax, endurance & most safe scenes & sex. Must be trim, masculine, clean & willing, a few limits OK. Send pix. Location, southern Maine. Box 6431LF

MARYLAND

ON-CALL SLAVE & SHAVING SERVICE

Wanted, GWM slave 18-40 to be on call. Into shaving, TT, CBT, B/D. Must have transportation. Send photo, limits & telephone. Most limits respected. No drinkers or drugs. Also tired of shaving your slave or do you want a shave? Write; reasonable prices. Address, letter to Sire. I am 174, 6'3. Box 6153LF

SUBMISSIVE BOY

Cute, 23, 5'7", 140, seeks dominant, intelligent young master. Box 6441

MASSACHUSETTS

SCAT SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Young scat slave respectfully seeking Master of shit and humbly requesting to be smeared with shit. Bondage necessary. Will eat my own dump if Master instructs so, however forced feeding may be necessary. Urinal service provided by Master's request. Masters, groups, mutuals please reply. Box 6147LF

MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE

Master 60s, sexually 40s, and slave 20s are looking for second GWM slave. Applicant should be about 6', weigh about 160, NO facial hair. Master and slave are into leather, HEAVY rubber, bondage, SM, etc. Applicant must have driver's license, be able to work part-time. Be able to relocate immediately. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10 PM EST.

SMALL MASCULINE MAN

Into heavy physical abuse and bondage wanted by masculine, hairy, hung, sadistic 40-yo. into C/BT, body punching, whipping. You be trim, in shape, and able to endure punishment along with affection. Box 5986LF

LEATHER BIKER

Bearded, full-leather Harley rider, also intelligent professional, wants buddy for friendship, riding, conversation and good hard safe sex. Am WM, 38, 5'10". Box 6098LF

TRAINING NEEDED

GWM, 50, 6'1", 195, mature and sane, mostly bottom. Interested to meet or correspond with mostly/totally Top men. Have experience, but need to learn or be trained. Open to suggestions, ownership to work towards, as well as open to experimentation. Seek honesty. Replies to PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146. (LF6140)

SLAVE WANTED

by GWM, 45, 5'8", 150, slave must be into BD, CBT/T, shaving, enemas, spanking. Master can be affectionate or demanding. Photo, phone to: Box 6372LF

HAIRY TOPMAN

Dark, bearded, tall and strong into VA, spit, boots and bondage. Seeks masculine, hairy guys who know they need it bad. Specialize in short guys, Italians, cops. No smoke/drugs/assfucking. Photo and phone to Box 6246

LEATHER BIKERS

Healthy, fun-loving, fit dudes, 20-40, interested in joining leather bike buddies club. Do you enjoy cruisin' in black jacket, boots, worn Levis, Gauntlet gloves, chaps? Meet some good biker friends. Framingham/Metro West area. Sane, straight acting guys. Not a sex ad. Ideas, suggestions, interests, write John, PO Box 5087, Natick, MA 01760-5087

MASTER

Bound and gagged, this 38, WM is ready to serve. All fantasies, all reponses answered by hot bottom-male. Box 6507

DAD SEEKS SON MASTER

for 48-year-old slave, 6'1", 190 lbs., white. Seeks son Master for exploration via mental and physical abuse and control. PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146.

MICHIGAN

BUTCH BOTTOM

seeks dominant leatherman into bikes, lt. B/D, Gr/a/c, size L, uncut a plus, blk or wht, mustache, good shape and intelligent. Me: 40, tattooed, self-sufficient, self-contained, dark Irish looks, friendly and experienced. Looking for the real thing—no bullshit. Let's do. Box 5905

HOT MASTER

has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050.

MINNESOTA

BONDAGE MASTER

Do you need to be tied, gagged and tortured by an experienced but sane bearded 34-year-old Master? Then send me a letter, including a picture and phone number. Permanent live-in position possible for right boy. PO Box 22602, Minneapolis, MN 55422 (LF6093)

MISSOURI

SLAVE TRAINEE AVAILABLE

Inexperienced St. Louis Greek passive needs young attractive arrogant jock to serve, worship and submit mind and body to for training, bondage and discipline, verbal abuse, spanking and fulfillment of Master's fantasies. Would-be slave is 28-year-old white professional who is 5'11", 170 lbs. with brown hair. Box 5908

LEATHERMAN

Looking for another leatherman who is into the feel, smell, sight and taste of hot black leather. Dressed in leather from head to toe all the time and cannot get enough of it. Send photo with reply—all answered by 6', hung, 190, 39 y.o. Box 6468LF

NEW HAMPSHIRE

WHITE MOUNTAINS

Leatherman, GWM, 42, 5'11", 170, bearded, seeks buddies into full leather, Levis, boots, tattoos, piercings, Harleys, S&M, TT, CBT, hard safe sex. Letter and photo to Box 6252LF

NEW JERSEY

RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1", 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures—movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONE CALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757.

COCKSLAVE BONDAGE TRAINEE

Seeks 18+ Menudo type boy/man, slender, hairless body with thick cock to transform this GWM of 41, 5'6", 145 lbs., drug/virus-free nonsmoker into cock worshipping slave. Pierced nipples/cockhead. Interests include cock modification/piercings, cock control/chastity devices, urethral stretching, ass play, leather/latex bondage, exhibitionism/humiliation. Box 6216LF

TATTOOED DIRTY BIKER

Blackwood. Heavy tattooed biker seeks other bikers (local area only) who live in and worship dirty engineer boots, filthy torn levis or full leather and enjoy riding together followed by a prolonged J/O session where we exchange each other's piss and cum on our levis and boots. Local bikers only. PO Box 284, Blackwood, NJ 08012. Send letter & photo for reply. (LF6229)

LIVE-IN

GWM 18-30 son into heavy C&BT, TT, whipping and long-term bondage, desired by GWM dad into same. You will live days on Soloflex machine and in my well-equipped playroom. I'm into creative scenes. Leave your age, height, weight, heaviest scenes and best time to return call. CJ—(201) 874-6909. I-78 and I-287S. (LF5982)

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725, after 8 PM (LF4769)

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W A R N I N G : a d u l t p a r t y l i n e s , 1 8 & o v e r o n l y .



PRINCETON SUBMISSIVE

GWM, 40, 6'1", 190, pleasant looking, seeking dominant master for imaginative sessions. Race and age unimportant; attitude is everything. Older masters who want a real slave are requested to write. All responses will be answered. Photo welcome. Box 6417

SLAVE WANTED

Northern NJ master seeks slave for evenings and weekend sessions. You will be properly abused and mistreated, but never harmed. For more information call George, (201) 661-1138, before 11 PM EDT.

INEXPERIENCED BOY

29, 5'11", 150 lbs., brown/blue, good-looking, smooth, boyish, nice cock, tight, rounded ass. Successful professional living in Northwestern NJ seeks demanding, dominant, intelligent man to serve and worship in relationship. Box 6445

BLACK FOOT MASTER WANTED

Discrete, divorced, mid-30s Wall Streeter seeks black man who needs his feet, sneakers, boots, raunchy socks constantly pampered. Am offering servitude not sex, and a warm smooth body to rest your feet on as you relax. A hot tongue between your toes as you sleep. Box 6480

NEW YORK

WRESTLING

Take on a Brooklyn bruiser. Man-to-man action. Call (718) 492-0940

MAKE ME WANT IT

WM, mid-30s, NYC area bottom, new to scene—tall, lean, well-developed pecs, dark hair, moustache. Fantasies: leather, spankings, paddlings, slow tit torture, cock/ball torture. I need a patient MASTER to show me the ropes so I will no longer be a novice. PO Box 780, Horace Harding Sta., Flushing, NY 11362-9991. (LF5863)

23 Y.O. BONDAGE TOILET

Straight construction-biker for singles, groups. Serious only. Letter, photo, phone. Box 6087

ON-CALL BOTTOM NEEDED

Looking for bottom. Must be mature, prefer under 5'8". Time to spend at the gym (not looking for BB), at the Spike, J's and time to provide services when needed. I'm 45, 5'9", 180, very quiet, pensive and serious minded. Most limits respected. Box 6097LF

SADIST DAD SEEKS BB SON

or trim. Me 6', 200 lbs., attractive, 49, beard. Bondage, TT, face slapping. Mind control submissive disciplined punishment. Leather fantasy torture & prisoner scenarios. No body fluids, raunch, drugs. Safe mean, monogamous. My rules obeyed gets you rough tender friend. Photo, phone, letter. Box 6118LF

HOT YOUNG NYC DAD DRINKS

Handsome fag dad, 34, 6'1", 210, beard, hairy, yuppie executive offers support/worship/rim/suck as grateful, obedient property of clean, muscular, healthy, straight son who lets me jerk off while taking a long, slow leak down my throat. Sincere, no scat/Greek/SM/BD. Box 6224LF

HANDSOME FAT MAN

seeks boys all sizes—38, blond/blue, trim beard. Call (212) 586-9646, if you're between 18-35.

RECEIVING END UPSTATE

31, 150, 5'9", firm tight ass needs rough ride on your condom-covered cock. Healthy, attractive submissive desires to lick your balls, service your tool, and have face slapped with your big dick. Into spankings, bondage, dildos, VA, and some cuddling given by masculine, hard, directive but warm, dominant. Monogamous relationship possible. Please include vital stats, Sir. Box 6361

ANGELIC OR LUCIFERIAN

this 33-year-old, 5'9", 210 lb., Italian, stocky, butch, healthy, JC hopeful is interested in exploring and offering himself as a sacrificial lamb to a cut, hung, chunky master, to fly back in time before Earth was ever created and perform as any angel would from that time. Am very well trained and have no hang-ups. Smoke, poppers A-okay! Orders, phone/photo to Box 6506LF

SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37, 5'9", 190, seeks dog or pig into heavy, heavy V/A, whippings, pleasurable torture, CBT, TT, FF, W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF

NOVICE BOTTOM

GWM, 33, 5'10", 160 lbs., slim. Seeks similar type bodybuilder/leatherman top. Ages 29 to 37. Need top who is patient to show me the ropes. I'm into S/M, B/D, CBT, hoods, leather. Safe sex/no sex. No drugs, heavy drinkers, or hustlers. Relationship possible. Send letter, photo to: PO Box 7510, New York, NY 10116

MASTER I BEG TO SERVE YOU

Born a slave—just need training. Bind, gag, chain, cage, teach me to serve you. I'm good-looking, 33 yr. old, 6'4" professional. Kingston and surrounding areas. Box 6497

MUTUAL NIPPLE ABUSE

Extremely hairy hot Scorpio, 45, 6'1", 180, 6" cut, short grey hair and beard, big nipples. Need my nipples pulled and twisted, will do same for you. 69—deep throat and rimming. Only dildoes for assfucking. No condoms, no blood. You must be bearded, 40+, mutual. Box 6499LF

KINKY SLEAZE MAN WANTED

This bearded white man, 34, 5'10", 200 lbs., would love to drink your piss and cum and lick your hairy asshole. I am also into sucking, fucking, feet and lots of hot sweat. I can be open for suggestions for whatever raunchy scene you may suggest. Please write with photo to: PO Box 20480, LTS, New York, NY 10011 or call (212) 691-3438.

RAUNCH DUDE

31, 160, hot into mutual assplay and fun, W/S. Looking for smelly partner to enjoy. Getting into each other man to man. Box 6266

22 Y.O. CONSTRUCTION WORKER

5'9", 140, brown, blue, lean, tight, muscled, tattooed, beer drinking, healthy body. Seeks in-shape, over 6", mean top to serve mentally and physically. Have no limits, into it all. Hot letter, photo, phone. G.F., PO Box 30182, NYC, NY 10011-0102. (212) 228-1819.

SPANKING WANTED

GWM will grope fully dressed man (25-young 65). You give me a firm, barehanded spanking as punishment for groping you. Accompanying safe sex optional. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. If my place/no parking problem. But write to: Box 660, 132 W. 24 St., NYC 10011.

TOUGH BODYBUILDER SON WANTED

by 6', 200-lb. muscular top dad. Son must need cock and ball torture, tit work and gut punching. Dad will develop weak spots and make his big boy a real contender. Live in and serve his dad's every need. Photo and phone a must. Smooth body wanted for this hairy he-man. Box 4717LF

MOUNTED OFFICER:

Take it easy while this WM, 6', 165, 29, works for you. Menial, domestic labor. Regular basis possible. In-shape, booted authorities, write 131 W. 82 St., Apt. 4, NYC 10024.

TEACH ME TO BE YOUR SHITBOY

Need WM 35+ to teach me to feed from his hairy wide ass. Me: good-looking boyish WM (27, 160, br/gr, 5'9") eager to learn. Prefer beard, balding, verbal, hairy w/natural body, chunky. NYC area. Box 6298LF

ATHLETIC TOP

Dad seeks bottom (son) for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, masculine, aware, sensitive, adventurous, into B/D, S/M, spanking, safe Gr/A, Fr/p, ass play, toys. You: any race, good body, serious about committing. Phone (necessary) photo to Box 774, 263A W. 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

LOOKING FOR HOT STUD

5'10", 160, hot, 31. I am looking for a stud who likes mutual assplay, into smelly, raunchy and erotic sex. Let's have a good time. Box 6392

PUSSY BOY SLUT WHORE

This pussy boy has a hot wet mouth, nice big tits and a real tight pussyhole. Love to serve and service a daddy and his friends, love watersports and getting fucked. Especially love big black cocks. Reply Lennie, Box 650, c/o DMS, 132 W. 24th St., NYC, NY 10011. (LF6389)

NEED SADISTIC SON

Looking for narcissistic, uninhibited, clean-cut, innocent-looking youth (any age under 30) who can get into serious dominance & creative sadism. Obsessive need to totally serve and support such a person in an on-going relationship. I am 43, 6'2", blue eyes, brown/grey hair, athletic build, clean-cut & considered good-looking and am a true bottom. Experience not necessary, but an arrogant, controlling personality is. Serious replies to Tom. Box 6381

FORCED CELIBACY

Hairy, muscular slave, 5'8", 160 lbs., 31 y.o., seeks slim smooth master who would like control over my orgasms. Chastity belts, piercing, castration, genital modification are all possibilities. Let's be creative and experiment. F.L., 496A Hudson St., #15F, New York NY 10014.

CAN YOU HANDLE IT?

Novice bottom, HIV+, healthy and horny, needs training in SS from A-Z, anything that makes a hung Topman hard and ready to plow long and deep. I'm GWM, 46, 6", 195 lbs. UR HUNG, intense, dominant, horny and experienced. Box 5949LF

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Tall, dark-haired, educated white male, thirties, wants to hear from others who regard strict, no-nonsense discipline as a valuable and indispensable means to instill good behavior and correct errant ways. Have straps etc. for administering sound discipline, willing to take the same. Write detailed letter including experiences, photo. Box 6055LF

CARETAKER

I need a live-in caretaker (slave) for beautiful estatelet, on LI, New York. You will garden, and do maintenance, and retire at night to your very own cottage, where other activities will be available. You will need to send proper photos, medical and sexual history, references and the reasons you want this position. Slave's salary will be paid. Apply Box 4255LF

TOP SEEKS HOT BOTTOM

for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, athletic, top, masculine, sensitive, adventurous, into many scenes especially spanking, (safe) Gr/A, assplay, B/D. You: any race, good body, serious about a commitment. Phone (a must), photo to Box 774, 263A W. 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

UNIFORM HEADTRIPS AND

Hot dude into cop and firemen macho gear. I'm 38, H'some, 6 ft, 185, manly. Guaranteed to blow your mind away into most trips. RAP to me about yours. Your fantasy or real life scene is probably mine. PO Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480-0421. Travel U.S. It's dick drippin' time, buddy.

LEATHER BONDAGE SLAVE

seeks hot Master to expand limits and fantasies: leather/rubber gear, hoods, straitjackets, mummification, kidnapping/dungeon/hospital scenes, shaving, piercing, animal/slave training, exhibitionism and safe sex. No drugs. Slave: good-looking GWM, 45, 5'10" 179 lbs. Box 6289LF

LEATHER BUDDY

Hot 6', 175, 40, in-shape needs real man, 30-50, for imaginative scenes. Big guys, leather, muscles, hairy chests, beards, moustaches, uniforms, piercings are turn-ons. Heavy into nipples. Let's explore police, bikers, workouts, etc. Be men together, act safe and let our fantasies go. Box 6248LF

SADIST 42

to worship, photograph, have sex and/or relationship with. You are 20-50 and anything but pain and humiliation goes. Love ass/tit play. Your photo ensures reply and my photo. Perhaps you could teach me a few things. (718) 788-1842

SM REALITY

Not fantasy. Very experienced masochist, 38, 5'10", 170, well developed, seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restrain my power, clamp my 3/4" protruding tits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences, phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5444

BLACK MASTER WANTED

by healthy servile white European slave, 42, 5'10", 165 lbs., 8 1/2" semi-cut. I need hot and horny abuse from a demanding black master into S&M, CBT, TT, BD, WS, toilet training. Whip me and teach me to worship and totally service your black body. Will travel. Suite K52, 496A Hudson Street New York, NY 10014

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49, 6'1", trim, cleanshaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time-tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781LF



KINKY SLAVE EATS SHITS

(& serves you totally, too). GWM, 33, good-looking, seeks dom., top for very kinky multifaceted relationship. We can have real fun getting into: instant rimming any place, anytime; regular scat meals, munching, & snacks; tongue toilet paper service; head stuck-locked down bowl at ur whim; drinking toilet bowl & tongue cleaning it on command; heavy/longterm bondage at your pleasure (leather, rope, steel, straitjacket); stockade and pillory; confinement & cages; boots & sneakers; being butt of endless practical jokes & frat-hazing; enforced chastity; uniforms & rubber; public humiliation; houseboy/servant role & lifestyle; doing dishes & washing & waxing floors; extreme respect & obedience training; paddling & punching; exhibition of & discipline on my black & blue marks; barking like a dog & braying loudly like a jackass; WS; publicly pissed pants & bladder control. I can be as submissive as you can be creative, kinky, & abusive. I have lots of toys & a filthy original mind, too. Monogamy has kept me healthy until now, & until the health crisis is over, it's necessary to be owned by one sadist or a small group, but that's no barrier to the unusual. I realize that some people were meant to "give shit," & some were meant to receive it, & I know for sure that I am one of the latter. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship. Am intelligent, mature, masculine, good company. Wish to find same in others. Box 349, 70A Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011. (LF6290)

GANG RAPE

WM, 37, 5'9" assussy needs rough assplowing and mouthstuffing rape, piss, V/A, spit by cops, uniforms, frats, street gangs, rough tops. Healthy and expect same. Also into tough topman domination, armpits, foreskin, B/D. Bluecollar, hung, noisy roughfuckers a plus. Detailed action, photo to Box 6427LF

SEX BEFORE WORK

Bottom, 29, 5'10", 185 lbs., needs muscular tops with facial hair, but all welcomed, almost any scene. Exhibitionism and voyeurism. Watch me drink my own piss. S/S only. Early morning sessions. Send photo if possible. Box 006, 112-13 Atlantic Ave., R.H., NY 11419

CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily bike riding keeps my melon ass cheeks molded hard. But, this healthy 41, W/M Scorpio pigs ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Man in 5'7", 135 lbs., bearded, pierced tits-cock-balls, shaved chest, ass-c/b. Into mutual heavy ass work, ass toys, ball and foot fucking, L/L, mouth and tongue drool to extra special turn-on of feet, boots, socks, and jocks. Absolute turn-off to overweights, unexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them. Photo/phone/description to box 1440 Madison Square Station, NYC, NY 10159. Experience a real MAN! LF5575

ANIMAL SEX WANTED

By husky leather top. Phone to: Bud Hughes, PO Box 20406, Columbus Circle Station, New York, NY 10023

BIG BEEFY WANTED

GWM, 30s, 6', handsome, smooth slim Gr/p, Fr/a/p, submissive but responsive seeks tall dominant muscular guy to worship, photograph, have sex and/or relationship with. You are 20-50 and anything but pain and humiliation goes. Love ass/tit play. Your photo ensures reply and my photo. Perhaps you could teach me a few things. (718) 788-1842

GERMAN S&M

Visit East Coast September, master 30, 6'3", 176 lbs.; slave 40, 5'11", 174, bodybuilder, into EG, spanking, BD, CBT, tits. Want to meet singles, couples or groups. Interested in sexual and nonsexual meeting, information, correspondence. Write: Postlagerkarte 084532A, 5000 Koeln 1, West Germany

NEW YORK CITY HIGHWAY COP

GWM, 25, straight acting and hot, wants a true NYPD Highway Patrolman to service. You must have a full winter uniform. WM preferred: blond hair and moustache a bonus, but not required. Discretion assured. Box 6488

DADDY NEEDS DISCIPLINE

From stud/son who demands obedience from his passive Daddy. Failure is punished by humiliation, verbal abuse, enforced wearing fem undies, baby panties. Letter with photo, phone. Box 6484

SHIT PIG

Shit eater seeks top feeder or guy into mutual scenes for heavy duty shit/filth action and monogamous relationship. Prefer man who likes keeping his ass raunchy and stinking between dumps. I test HIV neg., have been very careful; expect same. Am 40, 5'10", average build; NYC. Box 6465

GREAT GUY SEEKS SAME

GWM, 25, brown hair/green eyes, 5'9", 160 lbs. —sick of fems, fags and phonies, seeks a regular guy. I'm a college grad, 3.7s, entering medical school in August 1988 (UMDNJSOM). I have classic good looks and some life goals. Interested? Please write. Box 6488

STRAIGHT GUY

27, healthy, muscular, tattooed, bluecollar worker available as victim. Kidnaping, interrogation, torture, confessions, humiliation, bound and gagged, brutal fisting, sex abuse, brainwashing. Heavy trips. Box 6464

LARGE BLACK BEAR

GBM, 34, 6'1" 310 lbs., looking for big game hunter to bring down this large bear. Then string up and torture his captured prey. Then fuck his big ass, feel game. Box 6446

AMPUTEE WANTED

GWM, masculine, 43, wants to meet/service amputee, preferable legless, satisfy your sexuality, whims, needs. Into BD, WS, SM, VA, CBT, shaving & heavy humiliation/punishment. Thinking of long-term relationship with any age man, race, religion. Call Mon.-Fri., 9 PM-6:30 AM, weekends 24 hrs. Or write Boxholder at PO Box 3092, Grand Central Station, NY, NY 10017. Call (516) 285-5181.

NORTH CAROLINA

PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS

GWM, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs., wants to be violently beaten and brutally gang-raped on camera. No limits. Am discreet, well-insured and will sign any necessary releases. I would like a copy of the edited tape for myself, what you do with the video after that is your business. Box 6343LF

COASTAL CAROLINAS

Crystal Coast to Grand Strand. White male 30 interested in contacting (meeting?) others along the North and South Carolina Coasts. Top, Bottom, Experienced or novice, into Leather, Bondage, Bikes or general rough stuff, if you're reading this I want to hear from you. Inland responses welcomed. Box 5979LF

OHIO

DADDY WANTS SON

Good-looking GWM, 43, 200 lbs., 6'3", beard, seeks obedient submissive son needing love and discipline administered by an affectionate, heavy-handed, masculine daddy. Daddy is hairy top looking for Gr/P. Son into B&D, CB/T, TT, and shaving. Letter with photo to PO Box 970, Westerville, OH 43081. (LF6063)

DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 35, 185 lbs., 5'11", beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr, P/Gr, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops. 25-45, for SM, BD, WS, TT, C/BT, FF, shaving, enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body. Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton/Cincinnati, OH Box 5514LF

SLAVE/SON AKRON AREA

Healthy slave/son, 18-30 yrs. must desire training, ownership, B/D in or out of Levis. Must send photo, phone, reason you should be selected to wear my collar, cuffs. Box 6403

SLAVE WANTS MASTER/DADDY

27-year-old slave looking for a Master to take control. Master must be over age 30. I want someone to serve and answer to all their needs. I am 5'9" and 185 pounds and I want to be manhandled. Please call me at: (216) 867-1324. (Akron, OH)

OREGON

PORTLAND

40-year-old working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

LET'S DISCOVER LEATHER SEX TOGETHER

If you're new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each other into being belted, fucked, sucked and pissed on. Top/bottom, I can be both gentle and strong. Handsome, 6'4", 210, 29. Into working out and staying in shape and want someone else who is too. Send photo/letter to PO Box 40540, Portland OR 97240-0740. (LF5747)

ARE YOU A SLAVE?

inexperienced, but feeling a commitment and need to serve a dependable, imaginative Master? White-collar Master will allow a large measure of independence while enforcing discipline and control. Progressive limit increase training. Must relocate in Salem, Oregon, without delay. Describe interests, photo, phone for reply. Box 5954LF

PENNSYLVANIA

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill instructor. DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242, Penndel, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledge, but those with photo/phone answered first. (LF4257)

LEATHER/BOOTMAN

looking for young slim submissive cocksuckers that need to have their face plowed. If you need long rough sessions, verbal abuse, and having a man hold you on while you service him, get off your ass and write. Leatherman is 45, 5'11", 160 and healthy. Photo and phone a must. Box 4840LF

SM TOPMAN

Well-built, quality topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex; 38, 5'10", 44" ch, 32" w; seeking submissive, level-headed bottom-men for play times in S&M, B&D, CBT, etc. No raunch—am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & phone to Box 6100LF

PHILADELPHIA TOILET MOUTH

Slim, attractive wants to recycle—safe masters—couples to 45. Box 6293

RHODE ISLAND

FAT MEN

Over 250, any age. Let me lick your ass. Send photo. Box 6311

MASTER/DAD NEEDED

Master/Top needed by WM submissive. Need training in SM. Please, Sir, use my hot masculine muscular body for your pleasure. Interest: bondage, tit/cock play, obeying, pleasing demanding Master. Sir, I need teacher; to be naked; expand my limits, train me. Hard-working, good-looking. Box 6342LF

TENNESSEE

YOUNG EAST TENN. SLAVES

Hot, cruel, master-daddy, trim executive, mid-fifties, seeks total sex slave in East Tennessee area. Slave must be under 25, well built and prepared to be on call at any time for heavy, demanding scenes. Serious only. Submit detailed letter with photo and telephone number. Box 6490

TEXAS

DALLAS

Hot, horny hole needs large tool, hands, toys. GWM, 32, seeks above. Nude photo gets response. Member Leather Fraternity. Box 5459LF

AUSTIN LEATHERMASTER

38, 6'2", 185, brown/blue, bearded, intelligent professional, monogamous, seeks ownership of inexperienced Austin slave, 30-40, professional, under 6', sexually uninhibited, masculine, trim. Smoker preferred. Photo, letter revealing your slave attitude and kind of MASTER you need to serve. Safe/Sane. Be one with ME. Box 6112LF

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Hot, muscular jock WM, 5'8", 160, 34 yrs. enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits. Discreet and safe, expect same. Box 6158LF

BROWNNOSERS

Dallas-based Top of German descent, 32, 5'10", 145, br/gr, with oversize dick and dirty asshole travels frequently. I am looking for other young, good-looking men (like myself) who are into raunch or scat. In-shape brownnosers contact Box 6223LF

READY TO SERVE

WM, 35, 5'8" seeks Master to serve. Interests include bootlicking, cock worship, C/B torture, dildoes, B&D, rubber, light S&M, TT, and toys. I am well-built, good-looking GWM. Write with photo, get same. Box 6227

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14⁹⁵

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MUSCLEMEN TYLER STETSON & BRIAN BAXTER STAR IN TIGHTROPES ONE

THE HOT NEW MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART VIDEO
PRODUCED EXCLUSIVELY FOR ZEUS STUDIOS

What is MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART? If you're into muscle bondage and have ever attended a physique contest, you've no doubt wished the physique contestants' posing routines included a mandatory muscles-in-bondage segment. What you've wished is MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART. If you've gone to the movies and dry-worked an uncontrollable hard-on watching Arnold Schwarzenegger tied up in "Conan," Mel Gibson tied up in "Lethal Weapon," Dolph Lundgren tied up in "Masters of the Universe," Brian Thompson tied up in "Pass the Ammo," Carl Weathers tied up in "Action Jackson," Sylvester Stallone tied up in "Rambo II," or every Tarzan from Elmo Lincoln to Ron Ely, and the grand daddy of muscle bondage heros Steve Reeves tied up in "Goliath and the Barbarians," "White Warrior," and "Duel of the Titans," you're already a fan of MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART. And let's not forget the King of TV Bondage... Robert Conrad, wearing second-skin stretch pants and/or the first black leather chaps on television, stripped to the waist and tied up in virtually every episode of "The Wild Wild West." Conrad literally pioneered television MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART. TIGHTROPES ONE (the first in a series of MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART video tapes) is movie hero, rope straining, muscle flexing, chest heaving, sweat dripping, ass slapping, man handling, pec pounding, nipple twisting, crotch groping, cock jerking, animal grunting, gut knotting, ball blasting, cock gushing, MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART for **men** only. No plots. No S/M. No hardcore sex, but **very** sexy. No "technical" bondage. No bullshit. This is movie hero muscle bondage for every one of us who waited impatiently for Allan Eagles' "Movie Mayhem" articles in Drummer. Now MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART begins with the video TIGHTROPES ONE exclusive to and available only from Zeus Studios. Who else?



TYLER STETSON/6'2"/185 pound bodybuilder/Mr Gay Dallas/"Best Physique" of the 1987 Mr Gay Texas Contest/short dark hair & mustache/clipped hairy chest with big dark nipples/shaved smooth washboard abdominals/clipped pube patch and big, juicy shaved balls cinched up tightly in a black leather thong. Stripped buck naked, Stetson rough-handles his longhorn for almost 25 minutes while imagining himself tied up in three different "hero" bondage positions. He sweats, he strains, he flexes and contorts, he grunts and groans. His tits heave as he gasps for breath and

every muscle in his gorgeous body glistens and drips and bulges in one of the hottest solo muscle bondage performance pieces ever seen. He spreads his muscular legs and thrusts his bound cock and balls right in your face. Still in bondage, rude "mystery" hands slap and manhandle his beautiful, bronco-busted butt, and fist-pound his pumped pex. His Texas-sized cock gets jerk-worked, jacked-off, and rough-housed rodeo style. When Mr Gay Dallas' gusher finally cums in and he slumps down his bondage post, you'll be as exhausted as he is. No S/M. No plot. No production frills. No "technical" bondage. No bullshit. Gentlemen, this is sweaty bondage imagery with one prurient purpose. To get your nut. "Stetson's performance is a meat beater."



BRIAN BAXTER/5'10"/180 pound/obsessed bodybuilder & wrestler/dark hair & eyes/clean shaven but shot with a four day growth of stubble. This industrial-strength musclemans is unforgivably gorgeous. Baxter combines the sexiest, steamiest, swarthiest dark brooding looks of Joe Delasandro and Ken Wahl, but with a body both of these celebrity men would kill for. With keen exhibitionistic knowledge of every pumped up muscle on his body, Baxter flexes, knots up, and works each spectacular muscle group into a full dripping sweat in this solo muscle showcase consisting of three different bondage positions. With his thick, massive, gladiator chest clean shaven; and wearing a pair of thin white nylon pouch-front, sweat-wet, see-thru shorts, his heavy duty cock and balls are tightly rope-harnessed accentuating the most awesome basket you've ever seen. This man flexes and contorts every muscle of his body to reach out and grind his bulging sweat-soaked box right in your face. Brian Baxter will literally take your breath away with his raw sexuality. Rude, demanding "mystery" hands grope and manhandle his thick, sculpted pecs, twisting his eager nipples while he squirms, grunts, groans, and growls like a captured panther. No plot. No S/M. No un-safe sex. No "technical" bondage. No bullshit. This is "hero" muscles in a performance art bondage showcase. This heartbreaker is bound to be broken... "your dick will stand up and demand satisfaction." Guaranteed.

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LOS ANGELES, CA 90064



LUBBOCK

Highly versatile and very horny WM, 34, 5'9", 165, 7 1/2" cut, HIV-, into CBT, TT, leather, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. Muscled studs, cops, military are special turn-ons. Will consider many types of scenes with really hot men. Letter, photo & phone to Box 6269LF

DISOBEDIENT BOYS

Hung Houston Daddy, 42, 6', 165 lbs., disciplines good-looking deserving boys, 21-34, until they cry, then satisfies them with heavy Greek action and tender care. Box 6333

TOILET WIMP

Late 20s, boyish, slim build, wants to sniff your masculine asshole. PO Box 980562, Houston, TX 77098-0562

LOOKING FOR DADDY/MASTER

GWM, 26, 5'10", 163, brown hair/blue-grey eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy/Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF.

TOILET SLAVE

late 20s, boyish, slim build, wants to sniff your masculine asshole. PO Box 980562, Houston, TX 77098

HOT SPANKINGS

Masculine Dad, 5'10", 175 lbs., spansk bad boys 18-40, in San Antonio. You will be turned over my knee and given a firm bare-bottom spanking with hand or hair brush. Limits respected—spanking videos to see. Discretion needed and assured. Write with phone number Box 6456

DALLAS SPANKING

Challenges accepted for bare ass fraternity, paddle sessions with men 21-35. Give/receive to each man's limits. Can also be top for muscular bottom. I'm not a bottom only. Ward, 15775 North Hillcrest, #508-307, Dallas, TX 75248

SA HOLE NEEDS BIG HANDS

Husky, horny bottom with dry hole needs greasy hand-drilling from discreet, beefy, hairy tops. Open hole wide with toys, experienced gloved fists. Smoke, aroma. Days only. All answered. Photos exchanged. Reply to Box 6503

HOUSTON ASS SNIFFERS

Arrogant well-hung stud, 6' 165 lbs., uses and abuses brownnosing wimps. Box 6504

VIRGINIA

BB SLAVE

Very attractive, successful, 31, 5'5", 140 lbs., 7", bubble butt, big chest/arms seeks master(s) or master with slave(s) to submit to mind control, SM, BD, toys, shaving, leather/levi, etc. needs. You: under 40, hung and in good shape. Willing to relocate. Travel. Photo. Phone. Mike. Box 6206LF

BOTTOM TRAINING SOUGHT

Bi/W/male, 34, seeks training by experienced top into BD, light SM, watersports, toys and mind control. Me: Br hair, hazel eyes, 220, football player's build. You: 24-35, experienced, good build, clean-shaven, into safe sex. Thanks. Box 6414LF

WASHINGTON

BOTTOM WITH KS

seeks Top with same for mutual encounter of the flesh. Into FF, recycled beer, uncut/cheese, ass rimming or whatever feels right. Letter receives same. PO Box 75524, Seattle, WA 98125.

WISCONSIN

OFFICER'S BOY

WM, 25, 5'11", 150 lbs., good-looking, clean-shaven, swimmer's build is looking for a police officer for a Dad-son or Master-slave relationship. Please send photo and phone #. All information will be kept confidential. Box 6471

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per 1/2-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

MASOCHIST SEEKS DESTINY

Experienced English masochist (37), great body, attractive, sincere, fit, healthy, mobile, seeks imaginative, strong-minded sadist/master/satanist for absolute mental and physical submission. Worships all S/M activity but now seeking real pain, utter depravity and exquisite pleasure through total slavery. And perhaps crucifixion. Available anytime, anywhere—quite genuine. 6299LF

BIG GAME HUNTER

looking for bear, and other hairy-chested wild animals who are as tough as they look. BMW biker, rastler, and leatherman stationed in West Germany being reassigned to Huntsville, Alabama late 1988. Moustache a must, with age and a beard a big plus. Box 6410LF

32" CROTCH-HIGH ENGINEER BOOTS

This leather stud is booted to his balls and looking for a special slave to kneel and worship before him. Write today with picture and phone # and pray that I call. Box 6467LF

BLACK OR WHITE MASTERS

Use me as whore, for gangbang, films, slave work etc. Slave likes to be tied up hard in leather hood and gag. Whip me! Fuck me with your big cocks and dildoes. Torture my tits, let me drink your piss, use electricity on me. Slave Swedish, blond, 28, 179, 68. Box 6472

HOT ITALIAN-AMERICAN MAN

23, visiting Germany, Italy, Greece, June 15-July 30. I want to be shown both sides of European life. PO Box 85733, Seattle, WA 98145

CANADA

DR. SOUGHT

Good-looking, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair/beard, seeks "doctor" to give me a complete naked physical examination, paying particular attention to cock, balls and ass. Looking for a scene that's as realistic as possible. Photo/phone preferred. Vancouver. Box 5658LF

QUEBEC

Montreal. Are you coming soon? Do you need a good guide? Professional massage and possibly a place to stay. Don't miss this offer with a 36-year-old Quebecois. Adam, C.P. 442, Socc.C., Montreal, Quebec, H2L 4K3

ENGLAND

PAIN SLAVE

Begs to enter total service of heavy Master. Mustached masochist, 38, hot, craves intense bondage, heavy whipping, unlimited TT/CBT. Teach me to serve and worship your boots and asshole humbly and totally. Slave need it bad. Sir. Box 5869LF

TRAVELLING SLAVES

Meet your match in a 6' blond living in London. Am into bondage, FF, body shaving and a desire to turn you into a slave. You, any nationality with a strong desire to serve. Get writing, cocksucker. Box 5829

HOT LEATHER GUY

32 yrs., fair hair, blue eyes, 6'2", muscular, 177 lbs., 9" uncut. Versatile FF, CBT, TT, into safe sex with lots of imagination and men who like to give and receive. Have good collection leather and rubber. Write explicit letter with photo or phone. London 767-3954. Box 6241LF

MUSCULAR TOPS

wanted by honest to goodness nice guy who wants to be raped by one or more. 34, 6', 168 lbs., businessman by day. Bondage experts into deep ass-work and S/M, hairy, hung, healthy. Beards, skins. Strong-minded and sociable. U.K., Europe, anywhere write detailed letter with photo. Box 6230LF

BUSINESS TRAVELLER SEEKS MATES

A beautifully pierced, 41-year-old cock, surrounded by tattoos is looking for compatible mate. Owner travels widely in Europe, and East Coast. Holiday promised to right prospect. Photos, letters, calls all appreciated and answered. Box 6282LF

FRANCE

DISCIPLINE IN PARIS

Dad spansk unruly boys. Box 6498

JAPAN

DADDY SERVANT

Japanese, healthy, intelligent, clean daddy, 50, 5'5", 143, wants young son Master, aged 20-30, who is healthy, good-looking and well-built. I am a worshiper of your feet and want safe sex. If you visit Japan, you can be my guest. Box 5419LF

WEST GERMANY

K-TOWN AMERICAN

Biker into leather, uniforms, B&D. Top or bottom, can take what I dish out. All military. MPs, SPs, especially welcome. Safe, sane, discreet. Cops, bikers write too, stateside or in Europe. (Often in U.S.) Here's your chance—sit on your ass and we won't meet. If you're legit, write! Box 6454LF

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Massive black master, 24 yrs., 5'11", 235# of solid mean muscle, 52" c, huge powerful pecs, trench wide shoulders, 18 1/2" a, seeks lowly slave recruits to submit to basic training my way! I'll beat it, punish it, torture it. You'll lick it, suck it, eat it, take it on command until you get it right! I give the orders, you give 'til it hurts! Service when, and how I want it—no bullshit, no limits—just dick hard training. Travel to your barracks anytime, anyplace. Photos available. Ready to enlist? Derrick (301) 942-0436.

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BONDAGE TRIPS

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So all you naughty business types, laborers,
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Rose, (212) 889-5477.

BONDAGE TRIPS

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Master Jack. In NY often.

BIG BAD MUSCLE

(212) 967-1352, 6'3", 215 lbs., 30" w, 18" a,
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COME TRUE. I'm a tough, rugged, handsome
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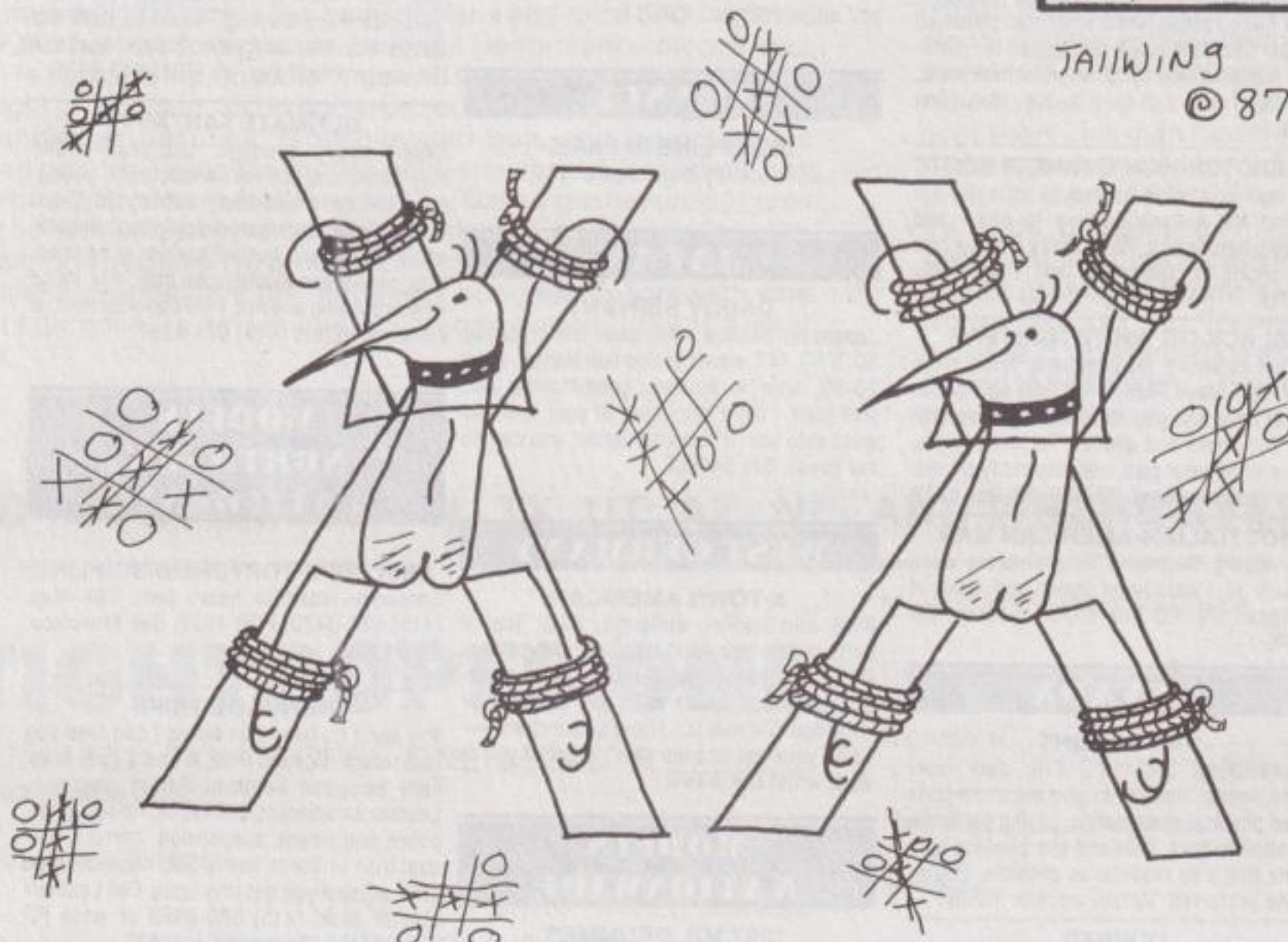
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VIDEOS

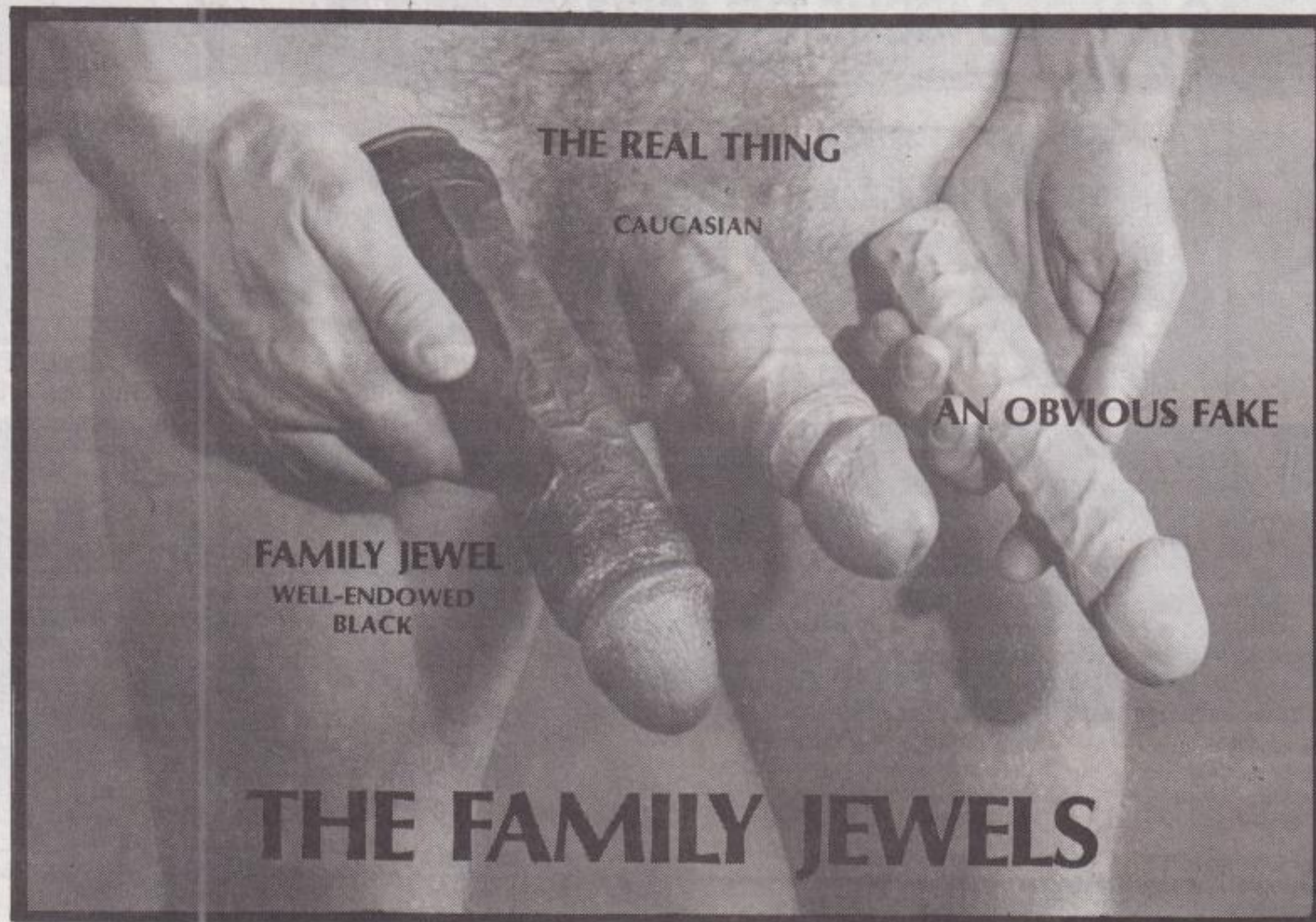
NEW S&M FETISH VIDEOS!

Former DRUMMER editor Jack Fritscher's PALM DRIVE VIDEO says: "Palm drive your own dick." Free photo-packed brochures. HOT FETISH VID-E-OHIS include SUPER-STAR KEITH ARDENT from sexpits of Manhattan in 9-Inch Pec Stud in BLACK RUBBER, ULTRA LATEX, VA, 80 sleazoid min., \$49.95; Uncut pro-wrestler-size Big Black Dick Black, 80 beefy foreskin-poppin' min., \$39.95; Gut Punchers, 2 greasy muscle men SEX-BOX for EROTIC FIGHT/BOXING GEAR FETISH fans, 78 min., \$39.95; Straight Mud Fighters in slimy combat, 50 hunky-wet MUDPIT min., \$39.95; Cigar Blues, 5 guys/5 cigars, 80 min., \$39.95; Filthy Musclemas Jason Steele is Leather Tit Animal, massive UNCUT cock, heavy-duty TT/CBT, pecs, spit, knife, whip, super-INTENSE autoerotic S&M, 90 min., \$59.95; BEARDED BEAR Rugged Jack Husky in Nasty Blond Carpenter J/O, cigar/piss/rifle/VA, 70 min., \$39.95; Double feature: 10 Inches Uncut and Foreskin Jerkoff, titles say all, 80 min., \$49.95; DAVE GOLD'S GYM-WORKOUT, seasoned Colt BB, 9-10 inches, very handsome DADDY, iron-pumping, cigar, FOOTBALL, heavy VA, 85 min., \$39.95; Hairy 9-Inch Sweat Hog Jerkoff & Whipping, starring DRUMMER DADDY'S BOY, Whipster Lee Baldwin, heavy TT/CBT WHIPPING, cigar, spit, knife, pain & passion, 70 min., \$39.95; Bearded Daddy's Beer Belly in Bondage, classic beergut, fat dick, cinched down with black leather straps, big load, 70 min., \$29.95. XXXXTATIC SAMPLE VIDEO: PALM DRIVE'S GREATEST HITS, 100 1-HANDED min., \$39.95! SEND FOR FREE PHOTO-PACKED BROCHURES! Add \$3 postage EACH video title (\$4 EACH UPS). CA res., add 6.5% tax. You must state and sign you're 21. Money orders receive 24-hour turnaround. Void where prohibited. Order VIDEOS & FREE BROCHURES: PALM DRIVE VIDEO, Dept. "D," PO Box 3653, San Francisco CA 94119 (not 2755 Blucher 95472).

THANK YOU

All the staff at Drummer would like to say Goodbye and Good Luck to Guy and Bob. We'll miss you!

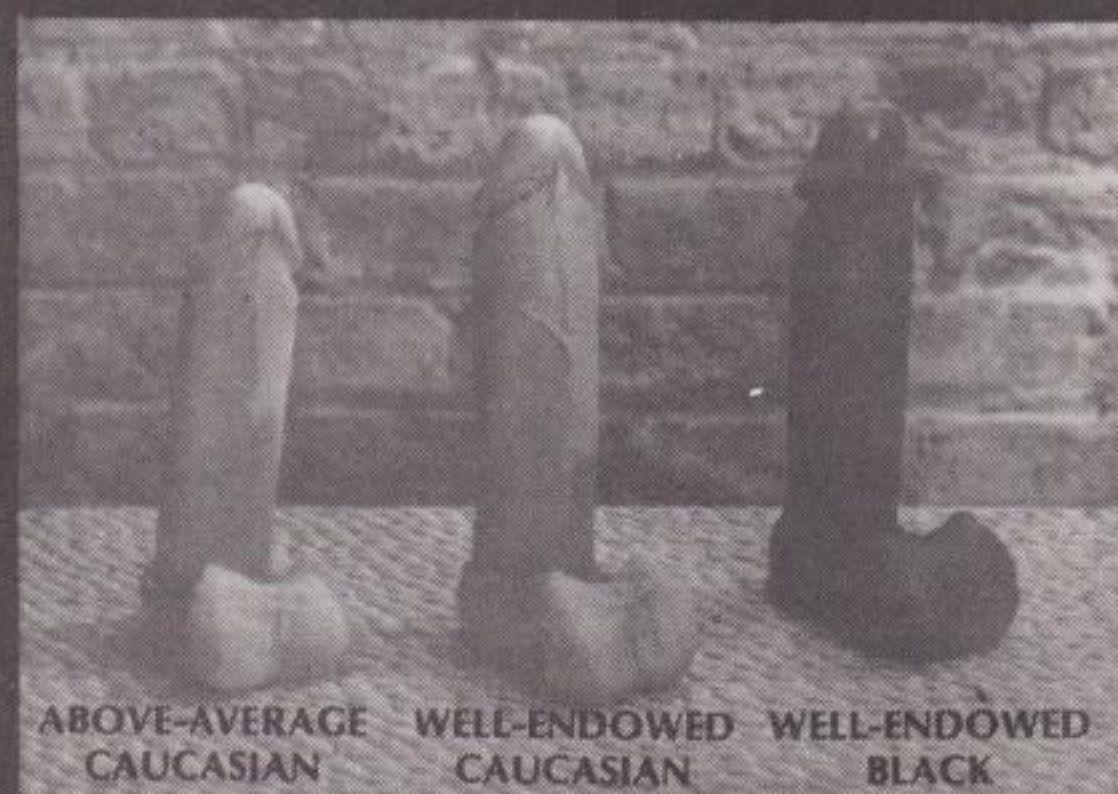
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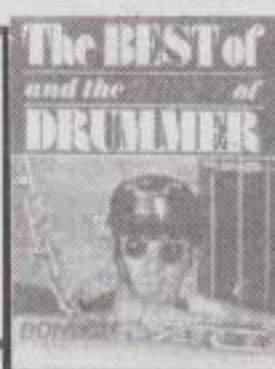
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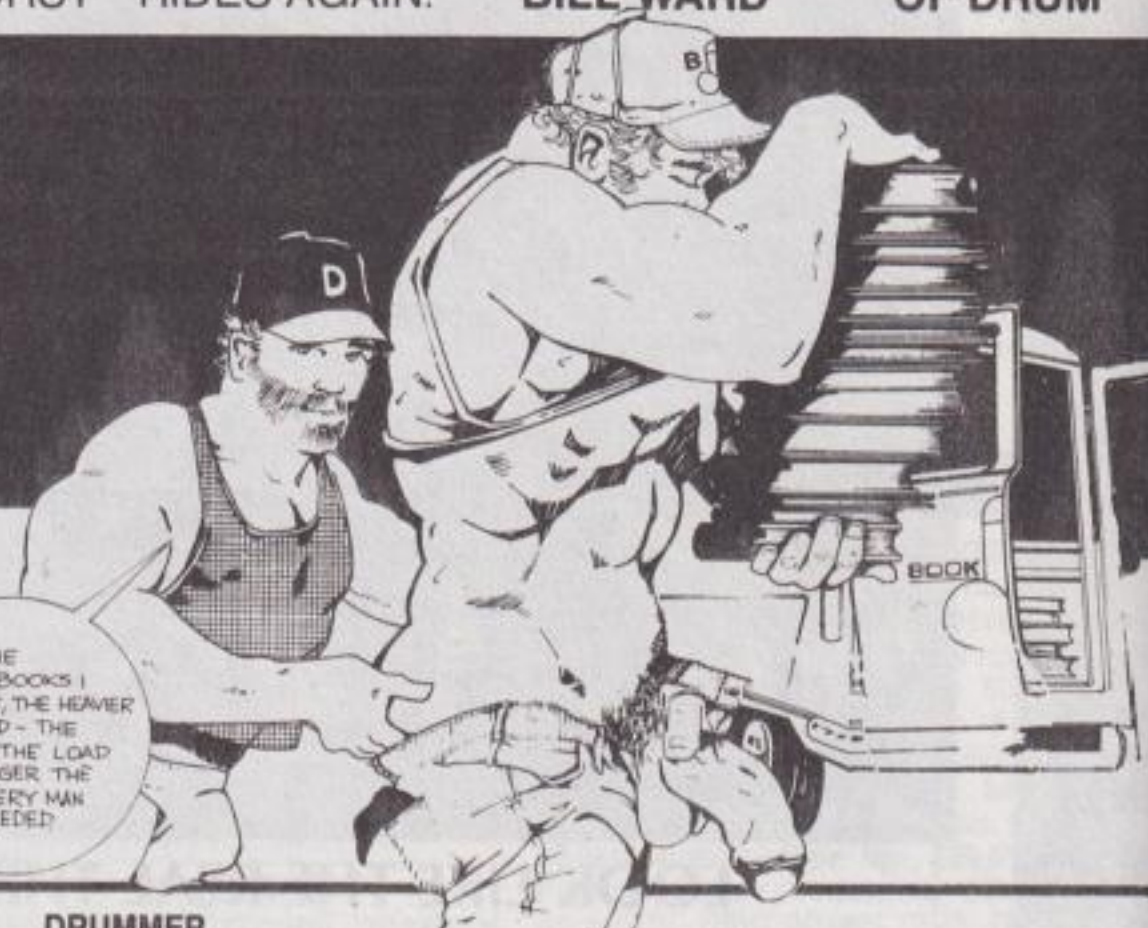
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'83, '84, '85

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FQ-5



FQ-6



FQ-7



FQ-8



FQ-9



QUARTERLY



Mr. Dru

Area contests scheduled so far include preliminaries at The Trestle in Dallas on June 25 and at Chain Drive in Austin.

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer:

Galerie Leon will sponsor the Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer contest in Denver on August 6.

Mr. S. California Drummer:

Mark Klein was selected as Mr. S. California Drummer at Probe in Los Angeles on April 16. He was sponsored by Der Wolf, one of San Diego's premier leather bars, where he had recently won the Mr. Der Wolf contest. He will be in San Francisco in September to try to continue his string of wins. We should have a photo of him for the next issue of *Drummer*.

Mr. N. California Drummer:

Up Your Alley Productions will sponsor this contest to be held at the San Francisco Eagle on June 10.

Mr. Northwest Drummer:

This year Mr. Northwest is moving even further north, to Vancouver, BC, where Mack's Leathers is sponsoring the regional finals to be held at Celebrities on Sunday, September 4. Preliminary contests are scheduled for Vancouver, Seattle (on July 3 at Sparks), and Portland.

Mr. East Canada Drummer:

MC Faucon will sponsor the first Mr. East Canada Drummer. More information will follow.

Mr. Europe Drummer:

The Regional Finals are sponsored by The Eagle Bar in Amsterdam and will be held in August at a large hall near the bar. We will provide more information on this and on area contests around Europe as we are notified.

REGIONAL MR. DRUMMER CONTESTS:

REGIONAL REPORTS:

Mr. New England Drummer:

The Underground, the Portland ME bar where previous Mr. New England Drummer contests have been held, will be the sponsor of the contest this year on July 24. Be there to root for your favorite to travel to San Francisco.

Mr. Northeast Drummer:

Shaftway Productions is sponsoring the first Mr. Northeast Drummer Contest which will be held at Tracks in New York City on June 25.

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer:

RES Productions is hosting the Mr. Mid-Atlantic contest over the July 4 weekend. See the full schedule of activities for this elsewhere in this section.

Mr. Dixie Drummer:

The Eagle, Atlanta's newest leather bar, will host the first Mr. Dixie Drummer contest on June 19. The Eagle is at 309 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE, 30306.

Mr. Southeast Drummer:

Tacky's held this contest in Ft. Lauderdale on April 16, but as yet they have not sent us info on the winner. We will

show him to you as soon as we get the name and photos.

Mr. Midwest Drummer:

This regional contest will again be sponsored by Spurs and held at the Dock in Cincinnati, OH, sometime in August.

Mr. Great Lakes Drummer:

A new regional title serving the Upper Midwest/Great Lakes region will be sponsored by the Detroit Eagle on August 19.

Mr. Great Plains Drummer:

Another new title serving the Plains and Prairie states will be sponsored by the Windjammer in Kansas City, MO on August 26.

Mr. Southwest Drummer:

Chutes and Falcon Leather in Houston will again sponsor this regional contest over the 4th of July weekend. The Regional Finals Contest itself will be held at Chutes on the July 3rd. Several other events are being planned for the weekend. There will be a \$200 cash prize for the winner in addition to the trip to San Francisco for the finals.

MR. DRUMMER '88 FINALS

MR. DRUMMER 1988 Contest Finals and Show SEPTEMBER 24, 1988

Fifteen of the hunkiest leathermen in the world will enact their hottest fantasies for you on the stage of San Francisco's huge Galleria. The show is being produced by Up Your Alley Productions and proceeds will be split among several gay charities around the country. Reserved seating, great entertainment, and acres of black leather and male flesh! BE THERE!

Leather Pride Weekend

The Mr. Drummer Finals mark the apex of a full weekend of leather activity that will start with a party at the San Francisco Eagle on Wednesday Sept 21. On Thursday night Mr. S. Alan Selby, will host another of his infamous Fetish and Fantasy parties at the Powerhouse. In previous years virtually all of the S/m clubs in the Bay area, male and female, gay, straight and

bisexual, have contributed segments to an entertaining and often riotous program for this fundraiser for the AIDS Emergency Fund. Up Your Alley is organizing a major Leather Pride Party for Friday night. And on Sunday thousands of Leather men and women will come to their street for the annual Folsom St. Fair. All in all it's a great way to wind up the summer.

Come to San Francisco to cheer on your Mr. Drummer regional winner and join in one of the biggest Leather parties going. For information on Mr. Drummer Contest packages, with and without lodging, contact Up Your Alley Productions, 584 Castro St. #504, San Francisco, CA 94114 or phone Jerry Vallarie at 415/864-6435.

Summer Update



**Mr. Drummer Profile: Michael Shareck,
Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer 1987**

"My intention in running for Mr. Drummer was to have an outlet to raise awareness levels through mass events such as this. Let's face it . . . I like the limelight!"

Michael Shareck

Michael Shareck took us by surprise, I must say. Though tall and tan and young and studly, Michael seemed at first glance to be too All-American, too honey-blond, too innocent to be competing for Mr. Drummer. That was before he knocked our collective socks off with his fantasy presentation. Consider this unlikely scenario: For his leather fantasy, Michael stood onstage alone in a pair of baggy pajama bottoms. He smeared honey on his tits and lustily licked his fingers. He demonstrated anal pleasure and health with an ear of corn to the tune of the Nutcracker Suite. Did I mention that he fist-fucked a grapefruit? Michael absolutely stood the joint on its ear, proving that one should never underestimate the guts or theatricality of a natural blonde.

Like many a blonde before him, Michael has recently relocated to San Diego, where he has opened his own custom cabinetry shop, Contemporary Classics. We recommend you look him up at 4385 Georgia Avenue in sunny S.D. The arduous tasks of moving and of opening a business have prevented Mike from competing in this year's International Mr. Leather contest, but he definitely plans to hit Chicago this time next year. We'll get back to Michael—but first a word from, or rather about, one of our sponsors.

Michael Shareck competed last year as Mr. Carolina Drummer under the sponsorship of QCQ of Charlotte, North Carolina. Our principal contact with QCQ was through a member of their board, the hard-working Robert Sheets. At the time, JimEd Thompson fielded most of the calls from regional sponsors, of which the vast majority came from Robert Sheets. One day I had to ask JimEd why this guy called so very often. JimEd, who is always patient and wise, explained that Robert's devotion to detail was exactly what we needed in a Mr. Drummer sponsor. Instead of having to chase down photos and information, we had in Robert someone who was willing to keep in close contact on a regular basis. His enthusiasm and creativity are very impressive indeed, making him a sterling example of what is required of a sponsor of a regional Mr. Drummer contest.

This year, Robert (as RES Productions) is busy orchestrating the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer contest, and his innovations continue. For the contest, which will be held the weekend of July 1-4, Robert has a jam-packed schedule of activities which he has extensively promoted through display ads in *Drummer* and other gay publications. At present, the schedule for the weekend shapes up as follows:

Friday, July 1	9 pm to 2 am	Welcome Party at O'leen's hosted by the Tradesmen
	11 pm	Drummerboy Contest begins at O'leen's
	2-6 am	Uniform Ball(s)
Saturday, July 2		Pool, Play and Rest Time
	4-7 pm	Dinner at Stevens' Restaurant
	8-10:30 pm	Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer '88 Contest: Part I
		Parade of Club Colors
	11 pm 'til	Party Time in Charlotte
Sunday, July 3		Pool, Play and Rest Time
	2-5 pm	Club Participation Photos/Tough Customer Photos at the Brass Rail
	7 pm 'til	Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer '88 Contest Finals
		Club Participation Trophy awarded
	1-6 am	Mandance III—DJ Thom Bland, Mr. Southeast Drummer, 1987

This is a full weekend of Southern hospitality and Leather activity. The Hun will be there as a judge and to present his first-ever East Coast showing of HUN HAUS art. *Drummer* looks forward to getting many club and Tough Customer photos from the sessions at the Brass Rail, not to mention hot MEN from the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer and Drummer Boy competitions. So plan to attend, call Robert at 704/339-0679 for information and registration materials. Then go to Charlotte to celebrate your independence, root for your favorites, and join the Mandance 'til "dawn's early light."

The entire staff of *Drummer* would like to express our gratitude to all our regional sponsors, as well as to encourage the kind of hands-on participation that Robert Sheets exemplifies. Don't be shy—we want to hear from you! We're looking forward to a great contest in September and we can only succeed with your continued help and support. Michael Shareck plans to attend this year's finals and is looking forward to meeting as many *Drummer* readers as possible. See you in September, Mike.

Ken Lackey

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

SAFE-SANE-CONSENSUAL ADULTS

The SSCA Interim Steering Committee has decided to increase its size and expand by four members. In one of its first actions, the current 9-member board, which includes two members from New England, one from Georgia, one from Texas, two from the Midwest, one from Southern California, and two from Northern California, has asked clubs in four unrepresented geographical regions to select delegates to join the steering committee in time for the committee's next meeting in Chicago, June 24-27. The four regions are: the New York City metropolitan area, the Washington, DC metropolitan area, the Rocky Mountain states (mainly the Denver area), and the Pacific Northwest. For further information about SSCA send a SASE to: SSCA, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd. #109, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

INFERNO ADJUSTS THE FLAME

The Chicago Hellfire Club's famous (and infamous) Inferno this year will have a slight change in dates. Although still scheduled for the weekend after Labor Day, INFERNO XVII will kick off *Thursday* evening and close on Sunday noon September 8-11 (instead of the Friday through Monday schedule of previous years). As I write this on May 13 my member's registration form has just arrived. Invitations to other men members have sponsored this year will go out in about two weeks. Last year over 90 of the 200 spaces available were filled by members. This year the number of members attending is expected to be even higher and all 200 places will probably be gone well before the end of July.

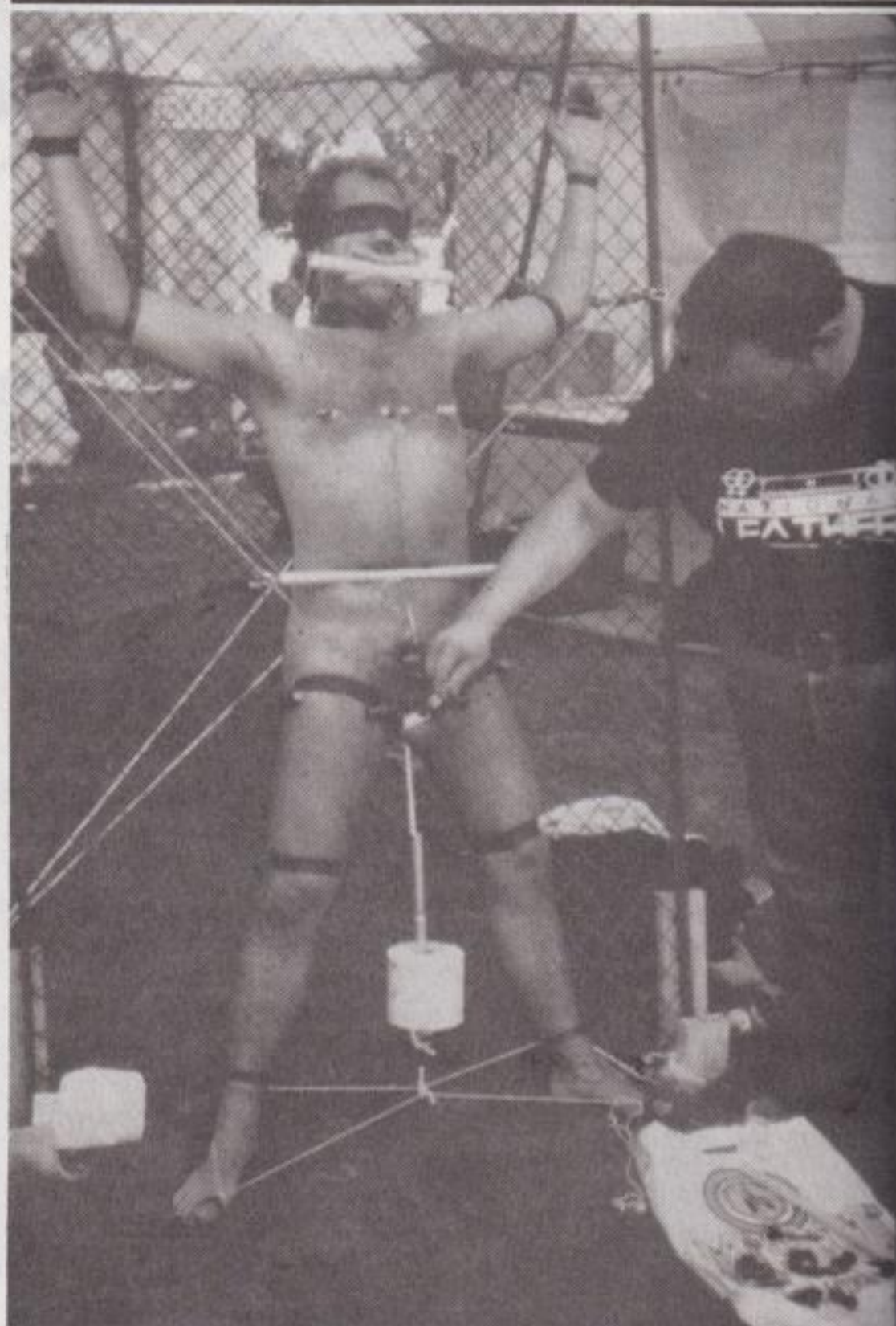
If you are not currently on the guest list but would like to be contact a CHC member or write to: Chicago Hellfire Club, PO Box 5426, Chicago, IL 60680. It is probably already too late to try to attend this year, but it's never too early to start working on next year!

LIVING IN LEATHER III

Now is the time to plan to attend the National Leather Association's third annual Living In Leather Conference being held in Seattle, October 7-9. Over 20 workshop topics are presently under consideration including: the psychology of SM, leather/SM community development, leather/SM relationships, and S/M play and the law. As in the past there will also be an exhibitor's floor with a wide range of equipment for the well equipped blackroom, special demonstrations, and social interactions on a variety of levels. The Seattle Dungeon Guild will again sponsor play parties in their spectacular dungeon in conjunction with this event.

If you have been to one of the previous LIL's, you know why

you should attend again. If you have not been there before, this is the year to do it. It promises to be much bigger and better than ever and attenders will be there in large numbers from all over the country. Registration is \$65, there are discounts for NLA members and for couples registering together. For further info (and an application) write: NLA-LIL, PO Box 17463, Seattle, WA 98107.



IMMOBILIZATION INGENUITY: Fledermaus and Bob won second place with this entry into the improvisational bondage contest at Inferno XVI. Photo by Gil K.

IMPROVISATIONAL BONDAGE

VASM (Vancouver Activists in SM) had a first for Vancouver when they sponsored a "Non Prep Bondage Contest" during their regular pub night last month. Since the event made its first appearance at Inferno last year we have heard of several such contests at various locations around the continent. In each contest a pair of contestants receives a bag of bondage gear. They have 30 minutes to plan what they are going to do with it and for one to tie the other up with the items in the bag. Each team of contestants gets an identical bondage kit and the judges award prizes on the basis of effectiveness of the bondage and ingenuity in using the items. At Inferno XVI, for example, a roll of toilet paper in the kit was used by some to create a hood, by others to make blindfolds or gags, or headrests, by others to weave a shelter for the bondage, and by at least one to make a ball weight. In Vancouver the contest was won by George C. and Tom, with Dean R. and Kevin coming in a close second.

This is a good contest to sponsor in a bar, or for any other party. It is fun, and a great visual for all those who don't want to actually participate. If you do it, send *Drummer* some photos so we can all share in the appreciation of the visuals!!

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

Club names marked with an asterisk (*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed; if you can provide a correction, please do so.

(S/M) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M; (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club; (Mixed S/M) indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, hetero-, homo- and bi-sexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk-off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc.; (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster—they may or may not have periodic meetings; (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's Leather-Levi-motorcycle or social clubs; (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list, yet which do not fit into any of the above categories.

If any club wishes to change its listing, please let us know. Send new listings or updates to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Notifications of incorrect addresses or defunct organizations will be appreciated.

Mr. San Francisco Leather 1988 Stephen Mistler (right) and First Runner-up Tom Rogers.

BOYCOTT IML ????

For the last several months someone has been conducting a campaign trying to get Leathermen to boycott the International Mr. Leather contest. Several letters have been sent, the most recent mailing included bumper stickers! The purported reason for the urged boycott is that the organizer of the contest refused to renew the lease on the building in which the Gold Coast was housed in Chicago. The Gold Coast was for a long time Chicago's premier leather bar, but it had ceased to be "premier" years ago, and many of my friends in Chicago have for the last few years expressed sincere doubts about the word "leather" too. Supposedly, when the lease was not renewed the bar was forced to close. Over its long history the Gold Coast moved five times around Chicago's north side. Each time the faithful leathermen followed the bar to its new location. If there was still such a faithful following, a mere move to a new location elsewhere in the nation's third largest city should surely have been possible.

But I digress. The debate about whether the agitator's arguments are valid or not is irrelevant. I have not published any of his letters for one, and only one, reason. All of them are unsigned and do not even carry a return address. If these gripes were anything other than vindictive bullshit, I can't imagine that this agent provocateur would not welcome inquiries from writers and editors. But he obviously does not want to answer any questions or in any way be held accountable for his tirades. In other words, he is just the most recent ball-less wonder trying to generate his own personal shit storm.

AFD

SUPER SIXTY INTERNATIONAL

Super Sixty International is a club for gay men over 60. While it is by no means limited to leather men, there are many leather men active in the club. Long headquartered in Chicago, the club is now based in Victoria BC. For information send \$2 to SSI, PO Box 755, Station E., Victoria, BC, V8W 2P9, CANADA.

M.A.F.I.A. (FL)
PO Box 2230
Chicago, IL 60690-2230

Meisters der Manner
c/o Dean P. Murray
704 Bon Air St.
Lakeland, FL 33805

Men of Dungeons (S/M)
PO Box 780242
Dallas, TX 75378

Men of Leather
1268 Madison Ave.
Memphis, TN 38104

M.L.L.A.
6204 Magnolia Lane
Lakeland, FL 33805

Motorcyclermen of New Mexico
PO Box 35844
Albuquerque, NM 87176-5844

Muscle Mates (FN)
c/o RS Enterprises
496A Hudson
New York, NY 10014

National Coalition Against Censorship (X)
123 W. 43rd St.
New York, NY 10036

National Leather Association (Mixed S/M) (NLA: National & NLA: Seattle)
PO Box 17436
Seattle, WA 98107-0463

National Leather Association (Mixed S/M) (NLA: BC)
PO Box 76827 Station 5
Vancouver, BC
V5R 5S7 Canada

New World Rubber Men (FL)
c/o Bill Bailey
1044 23rd St.
San Diego, CA 92102

New York Bondage Club (FL)
PO Box 204
New York, NY 10028

New York Wrestling Club (FN)
59 West 10th St.
New York, NY 10011

Nimbus
PO Box 68123
Grand Rapids, MI 49516

Nine Plus Club, Inc.
PO Box 1267 Ansonia Sta.
New York, NY 10023

Oberons
PO Box 07423
Milwaukee, WI 53207

Oedipus MC
PO Box 451
Hollywood, CA 90028

Oklahoma Linemen
PO Box 42391
Oklahoma City, OK 73123

Omaha Meatpackers
PO Box 6474
Elmwood Station
Omaha, NE 68104

The Order of the Marquis & the Chevalier (S/M)
PO Box 50014
Novi, MI 48050-5014

The Original Leathermasters Club of Los Angeles (S/M)
PO Box 93643
Los Angeles, CA 90093

O.R.R.O.C.
PO Box 14033
Chicago, IL 60614

Outcasts (W)
PO Box 31266
San Francisco, CA 94131-0266

Pacific Coast MC
PO Box 954
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Pacific Northwest Wrestling Club (FL)
432 Dewey Place E.
Seattle, WA 98112

Pegasus MC
PO Box 3957
Wichita, KS 67201

Pennsmen
PO Box 401
Harrisburg, PA 17108

People Exchanging Power (Mixed S/M)
Washington DC Chapter
PO Box 1161
Arlington, VA 22210-1161

People Exchanging Power (Mixed S/M)
Albuquerque Chapter
PO Box 332
Edgewood, NM 87015

Philadelphians MC
PO Box 20720
Philadelphia, PA 19138

Phoenix LL Club
c/o Greg Adams
701 NE 81 St.
Miami, FL 33138

Pittsburgh Bondage Club
PO Box 8033
Pittsburgh, PA 15216

Pittsburgh MC
c/o Gus Coleola
5133 Saltsburg Rd.
Verona, PA 15147

Portland Power & Trust (W)
2605 Woodward
Portland, OR 97202

Power Circle (W)
PO Box 3284
Santa Cruz, CA 95063

Praetorians
PO Box 23
New York, NY 10014

Prometheus (S/M)
PO Box 57213
Oklahoma City, OK 73157

Queen City Quordinators (X)
PO Box 221841
Charlotte, NC 28222

Reading Railmen
PO Box 13124
Reading, PA 19603

***The Recruits (W)**
PO Box 725121
Berkley, MI 48072

Regiment of the Black and Tans (FL)
PO Box 875616
Los Angeles, CA 90087-0716

Renaissance Men
PO Box 1001
Trolley Station
Detroit, MI 48231

Rivermen
1417 Logani SE
Grand Rapids, MI 49506

Rochester Rams MC
PO Box 1727
Rochester, NY 14603

Rocky Mountaineers MC
PO Box 2629
Denver, CO 80201

Rodeo Riders
3516 N. Bosworth
Chicago, IL 60657

Rodeo Riders MC
PO Box 780242
Corpus Christi, TX 78404

Saber MC of Florida, Inc.
PO Box 030367
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33303

Saddleback MC
PO Box 561
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Safe-Sane-Consensual Adults (X)
7985 Santa Monica Blvd., #109
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Sam Browne Society (FL)
PO Box 8293
Phoenix, AZ 85066-8293

San Andreas MC
PO Box 3945
Orange, CA 92665

San Antonio Mustangs
PO Box 12551
San Antonio, TX 77006

San Franciscans
PO Box 683
San Francisco, CA 94101

San Francisco Bondage Club
1800 Market St. #107 (FL)
San Francisco, CA 94102

San Francisco Jacks (JO)
2336 Market St. #127
San Francisco, CA 94114

San Francisco Precision Whip Drill Team (X)
2215-R Market St. #107
San Francisco, CA 94114

San Francisco Wrestling Club (FL)
172 Prentice St.
San Francisco, CA 94110

Satyricons MC
PO Box 19058
Las Vegas, NV 89132

Satyr MC
PO Box 1137
Los Angeles, CA 90078

Seattle Dungeon Guild
918 E. Pike St. (S/M)
Seattle, WA 98122

Seattle Wrestling Club (FL)
G. F.
432 Dewey Place East
Seattle, WA 98112

Selectmen of Detroit
PO Box 1855 Trolley Sta.
Detroit, MI 48231

Sex Magik Faeries Circle (SM)
c/o 5027 N. Hall St.
Dallas, TX 75235

S.F.G.D.I. Club
PO Box 42031
San Francisco, CA 94142

Shelix (W)
PO Box 416
Florence Station
Northampton, MA 01060

Shipmates of Baltimore
PO Box 13232
Baltimore, MD 21203

Sigma (S/M)
PO Box 30651
Bethesda, MD 20814-0651

Silver Spurs of Dallas
414 N. Winnetka
Dallas, TX 75208

Silver Star MC
PO Box 15152
Milwaukee, WI 53215

SMALERS (X)
PO Box 99626
Pittsburgh, PA 15233

Society of Janus (Mixed S/M)
Southern Calif. Chapter
2554 Lincoln Blvd., Ste 381
Marina del Rey, CA 90291

Society of Janus (Mixed S/M)
PO Box 6794
San Francisco, CA 94101

Somandros (S/M)
7985 Santa Monica Blvd. #109
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Sons of Apollo
PO Box 7281
Phoenix, AZ 85011

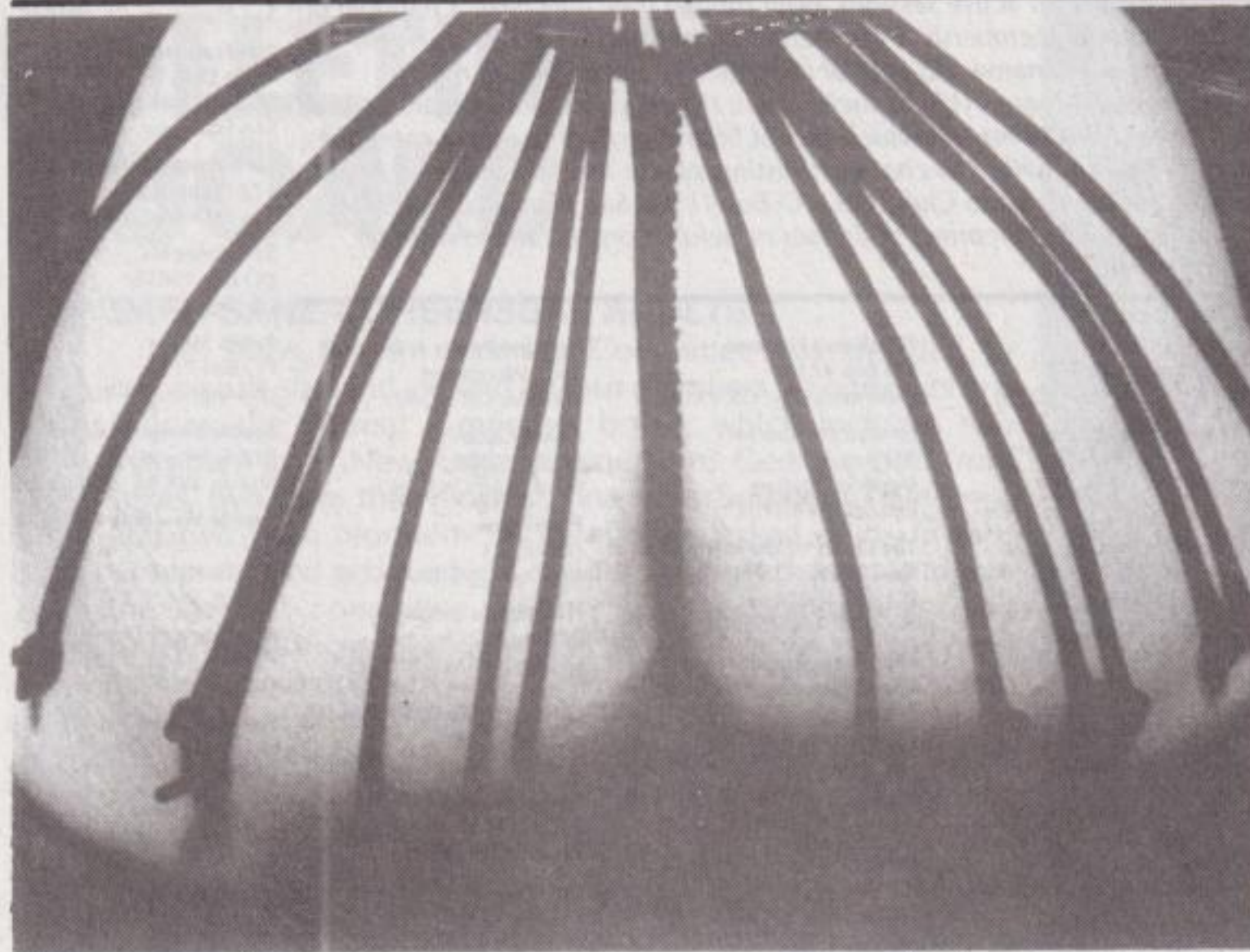
Southern California Wrestling Club (FL)
3678 Roseview Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90065

Spartan MC
458 L'Enfant Plaza
PO Box 23832
Washington, DC 20026

SM COMMUNITY TO MARCH!

Plans to include the Bay Area's SM community in San Francisco's Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day parade, Sunday, June 26th, are well under way. San Francisco's One and Only Precision Whip Drill Team will be on hand to lead the way . . . All SM people, regardless of sex, club affiliation (or sexuality for that matter), are invited, and encouraged, to participate. If you don't want to reveal your face to the audience and press, masks are perfectly appropriate. But make your body count, be there to march.

Due to construction on Market Street the direction of this year's parade has been reversed. It will begin in the Castro area and march up Market to the Civic Center. The SM contingent will group at about 11:15 on the morning of the parade. Check the windows of Image Leather for a sign saying exactly where the group will be gathering. Be there!



"WHIP ON TAIL" © Neil Polen, 1988, is just one of the photos to be featured in the 13th Annual "Rated X" show at the Neikrug Photographica, 224 E 68th St. New York, NY 10021, from June 16 through 30. The Gallery is open to the public Wednesday through Saturday from 1 to 6 pm.

UPDATE AIDS

Several clubs and individuals have thanked us for providing the clublists to facilitate communications. And many clubs that were omitted from the original listings have written asking to be put on the list. We do try to keep the lists up to date but, as any club secretary knows, addresses are constantly changing, and the clubs themselves are constantly evolving. We do a mailing to the clubs about twice a year and correct the lists as a result of that mailing, but some of the clubs using the list have been very helpful by sending us updates from their own mailing lists, or sending us the change of address, or undeliverable notices they receive from the post office when they do a mailing. This assistance is invaluable in keeping the lists as up to date as possible. I want to particularly thank California Eagles MC and Cincinnati Chaps for their help with this. I hope other clubs will also keep us updated on changes they are aware of.

AFD

BALL BUSTERS' BUST

The Ball Club will be hosting a weekend-long event at the Russian River in Northern California on July 8-11 (originally scheduled for the 4th of July weekend, it has now been switched to the following weekend). There are both motel-type accommodations and campsites available and LOTS of food is planned. Taking a hint from Inferno, they plan to have a large tent as a playsite. There will be contests and demonstrations, as well as lots of opportunities for social interaction. Not to mention lots of ball work ranging from light to ponderous. Suck them, pull them, squeeze them—whatever you want done to them will probably be done. For information and registration forms phone Robert at 907/276-5016.

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

SPASM (W)
PO Box 77270
Houston, TX 77270

Spearhead
113 Scadding Ave.
Toronto, Ont.
H5A 4H8 Canada

Spirit of St. Louis L-L
PO Box 12207 Souland Sta.
St. Louis, MO 63157

Stallions
c/o The Leather Stallion
2203 St. Clair Ave.
Cleveland, OH 44114

Steel Barons
PO Box 3553
Pittsburgh, PA 15230

Stiletos MC
c/o Phoenix Bar
1440 San Marco Blvd.
Jacksonville, FL 32207

Stingrays MC
PO Box 1643
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302

Sunrays MC
2027 Mayo St.
Hollywood, FL 33020

Sunshine Athletic Assoc.
c/o Robert Race
190L N. Andrews Ave. #105
Wilton Manors, FL 33311

T-Bolts MC
c/o Jacques Carle
49 Bartlett Ave.
Norwalk, CT 06850

Texas Cadre
PO Box 1041
Arlington, TX 76010

Texas Conference of Clubs
PO Box 66973, Suite 1010
Houston, TX 77006

Texas MC
PO Box 57462
Dallas, TX 75207

Texas Riders Inc.
PO Box 66071
Houston, TX 77266

Thebans MC
c/o Don Gibson
950 NW 7th St. Rd.
Miami, FL 33136

Toronto Motorcycle Riders
PO Box 132 Station F
Toronto, ON M4Y 2L4
Canada

The Tradesmen
PO Box 36712
Charlotte, NC 28204

Tribe MC
Box 32798
Detroit, MI 48232

Trident-Detroit
PO Box 1073
Lincoln Park, MI 48146

Trident-LA
PO Box 3431
Pacoima, CA 94142

Tri-State TCC (Mixed SM)
PO Box 99626
Pittsburgh, PA 15233

Tucson Knight Owls
PO Box 2332
Tucson, AZ 85702

Tucson Levi-Leathermen
PO Box 1774
Tucson, AZ 85702

Twin Cities S/M Alliance
PO Box 825
Minneapolis, MN 55440

Two Wheelers of Omaha
c/o Tony Zamudio
305 Turner Blvd. #8
Omaha, NE 68131

U.E.O.
c/o Walter Carlton III
1531 S. Madison Ave.
Tulsa, OK 74120

***Unicorn MC**
2203 St. Clair Ave.
Cleveland, OH 44114

Urania (W)
PO Box 23
Somerville, MA 02131-0266

USA (Uncircumcised Society of America) (FN)
c/o Bud Berkeley
PO Box 26011
San Francisco, CA 94126

Utica Tri's MC
PO Box 425
Utica, NY 13503

Vancouver Activists in SM (VASM) (SM)
PO Box 2204
New Westminster, BC
V3L 5A5 Canada
or
PO Box 21911
Seattle, WA 98111

Vanguards MC
PO Box 2308
Philadelphia, PA 19103

Vikings MC
PO Box 1323
Cambridge, MA 02142

Warlocks MC
PO Box 2484
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Warriors MC
PO Box 2484
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Wasatch Leathermen MC
PO Box 11314
Salt Lake City, UT 84110-1311

W.E.S. (We Enjoy Shaving) (FN)
PO Box 6316
Reno, NV 89513

Wheels MC
PO Box 615
New York, NY 10001

W.H.B.
PO Box 251
Wilmington, DE 19899

Wildcats MC
c/o Boiler Room
111 W. Tazewell St.
Norfolk, VA 23510

W.I.N. (Wrestlers Information Network) (FL)
Box 71 Station F
Toronto, Ont.
M4Y 2L4 Canada

Windy City Bondage Club
PO Box 578606 (FL)
Chicago, IL 60657

Womanlink (W/FN)
2124 Kittredge #257
Berkeley, CA 94704

Zodiacs MC
PO Box 48144
Vancouver, BC
V7X 1N8 Canada

As CLUBLISTS continue to grow, we have split the US & Canada into two parts: A-L were in #116 and M-Z are in this issue. The overseas list will be in #118. Then we will rotate through all three sections again.

LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

JUNE

- 10 • **Mr. N. California Drummer Contest**; The SF Eagle, San Francisco.
- 10-12 • A Midlands Thanksgiving—Two-Wheelers of Omaha MC & Corn Haulers LL Club; Omaha, NE.
- Fantasy '88—Long Island Spuds MC; Cherry Grove, Fire Island, NY.
- Baltic Battle—SLM Stockholm; Sweden.
- 11 • M.A.F.I.A. Party; Chicago.
- Party—Knights Templar; SF.
- 11-12 • 1st Anniv. Party: "Ruby Slipper II"—Firedancers; Dallas.
- Ballbuster—Batallion MC; Dallas.
- 12 • Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- 15 • Uniforms—SM Gays; London.
- Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- 16-19 • Journey to the Center of the Earth—MSC Iceland.
- 16-30 • 13th Annual "Rated X" show at Keikrug Photographica, 224 E. 68th St., NYC (212) 288-7741.
- 17-19 • Round-up '88—Hartford Colts; Hartford, CT.
- Summer Daze—Black Star MC; Orlando, FL.
- 18 • CBT Torture Party—The 15 Assoc.; SF.
- Inferno Night Party—CHC; Chicago.
- 19 • Leather Pride Night—LSM & GMSMA; NYC.
- 4th Mr. Arizona Leather Daddy Contest—Copperstate Leathermen; The Bum Steer, Phoenix.
- 17th Anniv. Picnic & Ride—Thunderbolts MC; West Point, NY.
- 22 • Tit Torture: An Art Form?—GMSMA; NYC.
- Women into S/M—Avatar and Leather & Lace; Los Angeles.
- 24 • **Mr. Dallas Drummer Contest**—The Trestle; Dallas.
- Bondage Party—CHC; Chicago.
- 24-26 • Acorn I—Oberons; Milwaukee, WI.
- ECMC Summerparty—SLM Aarhus; Denmark.
- 25 • **Mr. Northeast Drummer**; Tracks, NYC.
- Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- 5th Anniv./Mr. Boots '88 Contest—Boots Club; Antwerp, Belgium.
- 25-26 • Gay & Lesbian Pride Parades & festivals; USA.
- Fisting Demo—VASM; Mack's Leathers, Vancouver, BC.

JULY

- 1-4 • Golden Fleece Run: Jason Gets Drafted—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver & the Mountains.
- **Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer Contest**; Charlotte, NC.
- **Mr. Southwest Drummer Contest**; Chutes, Houston.
- Pow-Wow '88—Bucks MC; Pocono Mountains of PA.
- Rocky Mountain Regional Rodeo—Colorado Gay Rodeo Association; Denver.
- 2 • 3rd Annual Boots Party—Boots; Vancouver, BC.
- 3 • **Mr. Washington State Drummer**; Sparks, Seattle.
- 6 • Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- Hellfire Univ.—CHC; Touche, Chicago.
- 8 • M.A.F.I.A. Social; Chicago.

8-10

- Leather Connection—MSC Barcelona; Barcelona.
- International Cologne Leathermeeting, Panther on Tour—MS Panther Koln; Cologne.

8-11

9

- ECMC Bike Run—SNC London; London.
- Ballbuster's Bust—Ball Club; Russian River, CA.
- Annual Picnic—GMSMA; Hauska House, Pocono Mts., PA.

10

12

15-17

- Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
- Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- Ride—Thunderbolts MC; Tanglewood, MA.
- Run Around New England—Brotherhood Alliance; Springfield, MA.
- Tenth Anniv.—Branding Iron Club; Dallas.
- Bondage Party—The 15; SF.
- Odyssey 2000—FLC Frankfurt; Frankfurt.
- Inferno Night Party—CHC; Chicago.

16

16-17

17

19

20

22-24

23

24

27

29-31

30

- Brunch & Run—Spartan MC; Washington, DC.
- Alferd Packer Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
- **Mr. Dixie Drummer**; The Eagle, Atlanta, GA.
- Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- 7th Birthday—SM Gays; London.
- Gopher 8—Atons; Minneapolis.
- Kirmessparty—LM Dusseldorf; Dusseldorf.
- Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- **Mr. New England Drummer Contest**; The Underground, Portland, ME.
- Exploratorium: S/M Walk-Through—Avatar; LA.
- Kirmessparty—LM Dusseldorf; Dusseldorf.
- Copperstate Jamboree—Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix, AZ.
- Mr. & Ms Vancouver Leather Contests—NLA:BC; Vancouver.

AUGUST

3

4-7

5-7

6

12-14

13

14

17

19

20

20-26

26-28

- Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- Hellfire Univ.—CHC; Touche, Chicago.
- Falcon Flight '88—Wasatch Leathermen MC; Uinta Mts. of Utah.
- Finlandization 1988—MSC Finland; Helsinki.
- ECMC Bike Run—SNC London; London.
- **Mr. Rocky Mt. Drummer**; Galerie Leon, Denver, CO.
- Europe's Leatherparty—MSC Hamburg; Hamburg.
- M.A.F.I.A. Party; Chicago.
- Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
- Molly Brown Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
- Inferno Night Party—CHC; Chicago.
- Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- Ride: New England Air Museum—Thunderbolts MC; Windsor Locks, CT.
- Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- **Mr. Great Lakes Drummer**; The Detroit Eagle, Detroit.
- Torture Party—The 15; SF.
- Sleeezball V—Copperstate Leathermen; Bum Steer, Phoenix.
- New England Tour—Spartan MC; Washington, DC.
- Tri/Ram '88—Utica Tri's MC & Rochester Rams; Rochester, NY.
- Migration '88—MC Faucon; Montreal.
- Grill Party am Rhein—Black Angels Koln; Cologne.

LEATHER CALENDAR

- 27 •Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
•International Mud—Club Mud; Rio Nido, CA.

SEPTEMBER

- 1-5 •Ft. Waldorf IV—Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix, AZ.
2-3 •M.A.F.I.A. 10th AMG; Chicago.
2-5 •20th Anniversary Run—The Texas Riders; Buzzards Peak.
•Leif Erikson Run in New Hampshire—Vikings MC; Boston.
•Firedance II—Firedancers; Dallas.
4 •**Mr. Northwest Drummer Contest**—Mack's Leathers; Vancouver, BC.
7 •Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
8 •M.A.F.I.A. Social; Chicago.
8-11 •INFERNO XVII—Chicago Hellfire Club; Douglas, MI.
10 •Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
11 •Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
16-18 •Kumpeltreffen—LFRR Essen; Essen.
•18th Birthday Party—MS Amsterdam; Amsterdam.
17 •Spank, Belt, Strap & Paddle—The 15; SF.
17-18 •Ride/Bar Night—Thunderbolts MC; Bike Stop, Philadelphia.
21-25 •Leather Pride Weekend; San Francisco.
22 •Fetish & Fantasy Party—various clubs; The Powerhouse, SF.
23 •Leather Pride Party—Up Your Alley Productions; San Francisco.
23-26 •Oktoberfesttreffen—MLC Munchen; Munich.
24 •**Mr. Drummer '88 Contest Finals**; The Galleria, SF.
•Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
25 •Folsom Street Fair; SF.
•19th Annual Aspen Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
30-2 •14th Anniv.—Knights d'Orleans; New Orleans.

OCTOBER

- 7-9 •Bunkhouse I—Cincinnati Chaps; Cincinnati, OH.
7-10 •Living In Leather III—National Leather Association; Seattle.
•Annual Review—American Uniform Association; Atlanta.
8 •Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
8-9 •Fall Foliage Ride—Thunderbolts MC; Whitcomb's Summit, MA.
9 •Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
14-16 •Birthday Event—MSC London; London.
15 •Mad Doctors Party—The 15; SF.
17-23 •20th Anniversary—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
22 •Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.

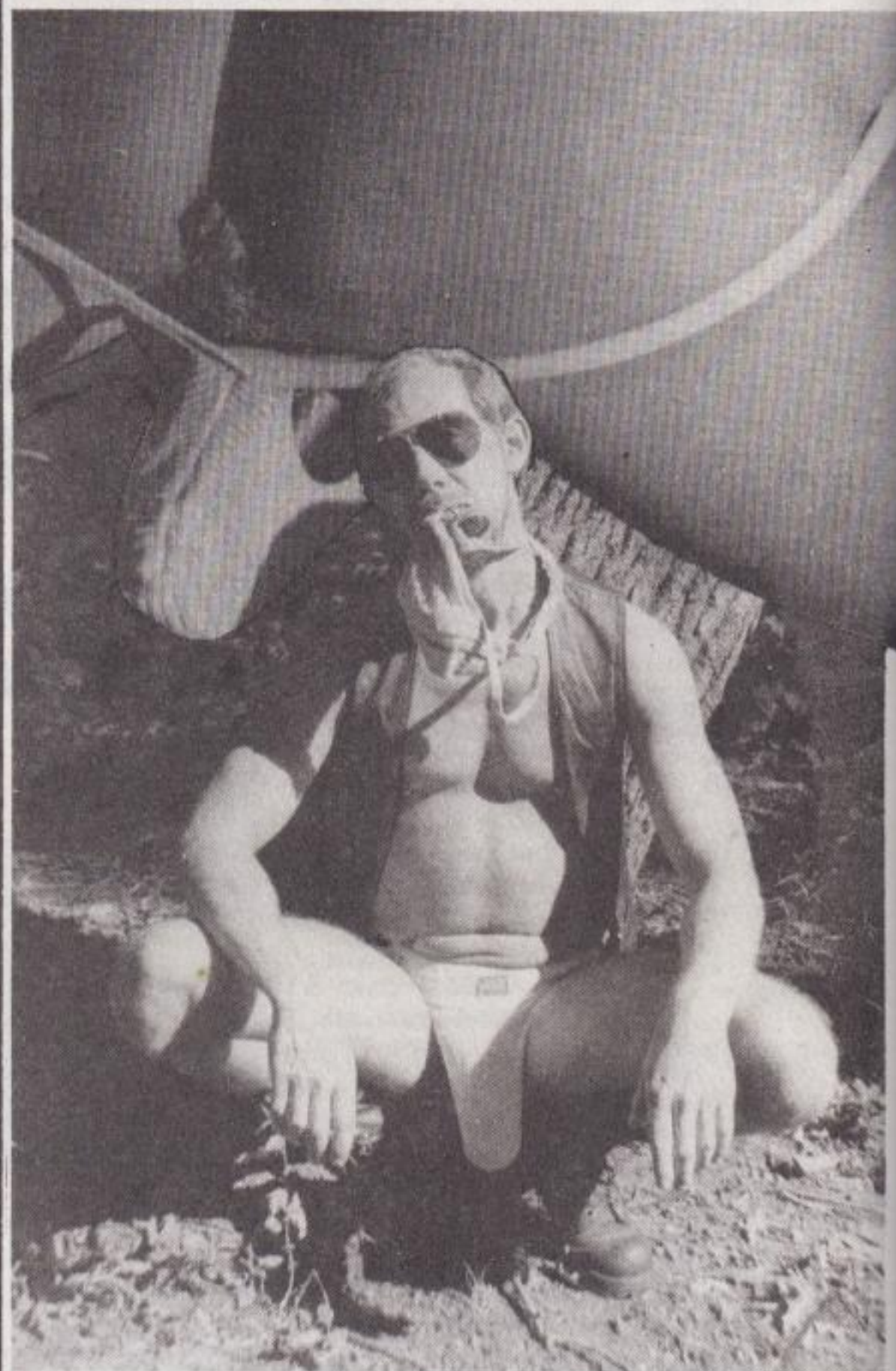
NOVEMBER

- 4-6 •Discipline IV—Disciples of de Sade; Dallas.
•Fox Hunt—The Rurals MC; Roermond, The Netherlands.
11-13 •ECMC AGM—LM Dusseldorf; Dusseldorf.
12 •Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
19 •Jail House Party—The 15; SF.

DECEMBER

- 9-11 •Christkindelsmarkt—NLC Franken; Nuremburg.
10 •Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
11 •Christmas Party—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.

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HOT-AND-HAIRY: This insatiable stud invites your inspection. Has fantasies centered around dildos, videos, and gangbangs. Are those buns hairy enough for you? This butt could shine Daddy's boots like a brush. Check it out! TC 1284.

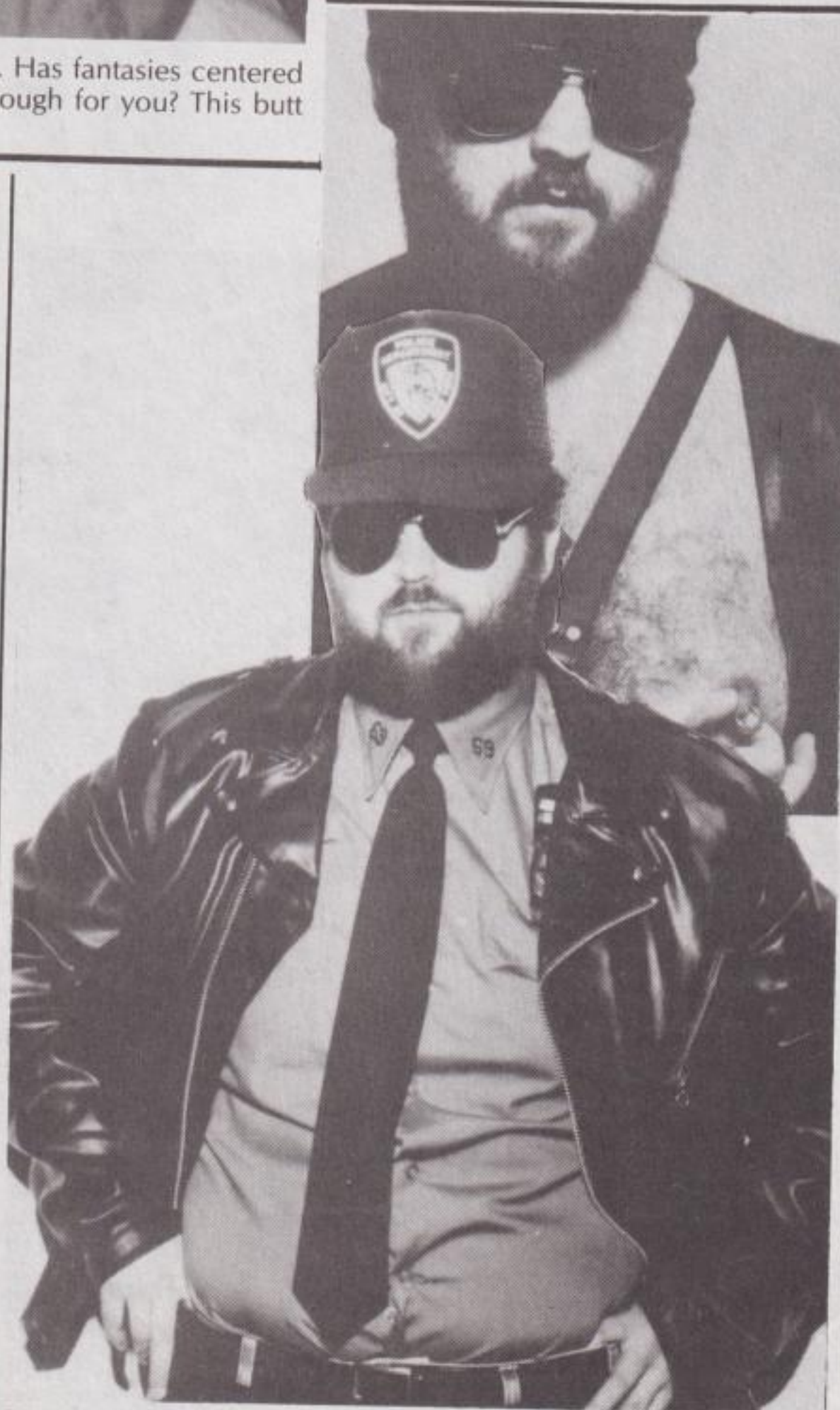
THINK YOU'RE A HOT DRUMMERMAN? CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT STUD OR THAT PERFECT BOTTOM?

Each month we pick the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. Send your *black and white* photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) with your name and address *printed* on the back, state that you are of legal age, sign your name and we will assign you a confidential TC Box number. (*Photos are not returnable.*)

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (*in pencil*) the TC number on the *back flap*. Put this inside another envelope along with fifty cents for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

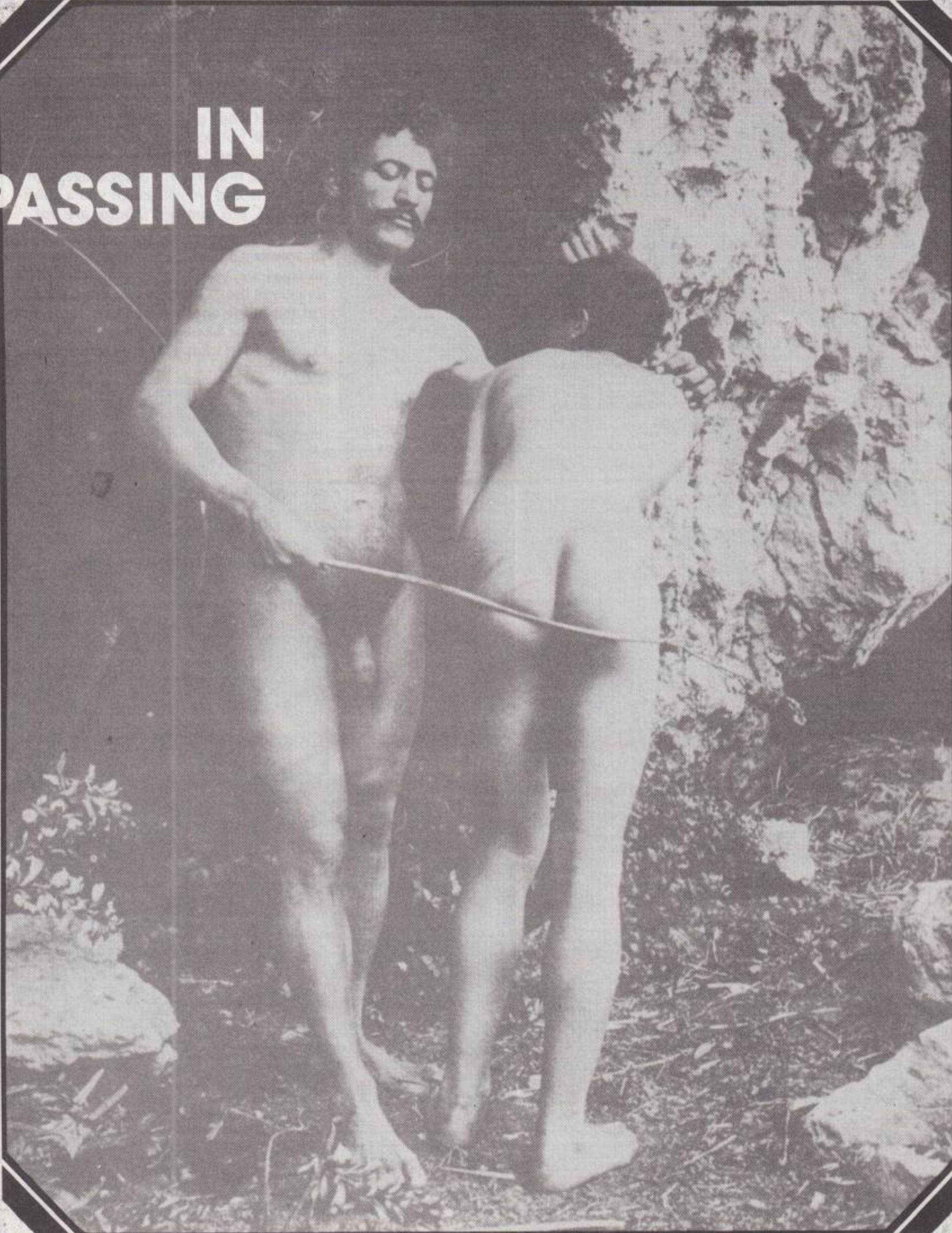


EUROPEAN MACHO: This customer is *serious* Daddy material. You have permission to suck on his tits—Daddy lives in Switzerland. TC 1286.



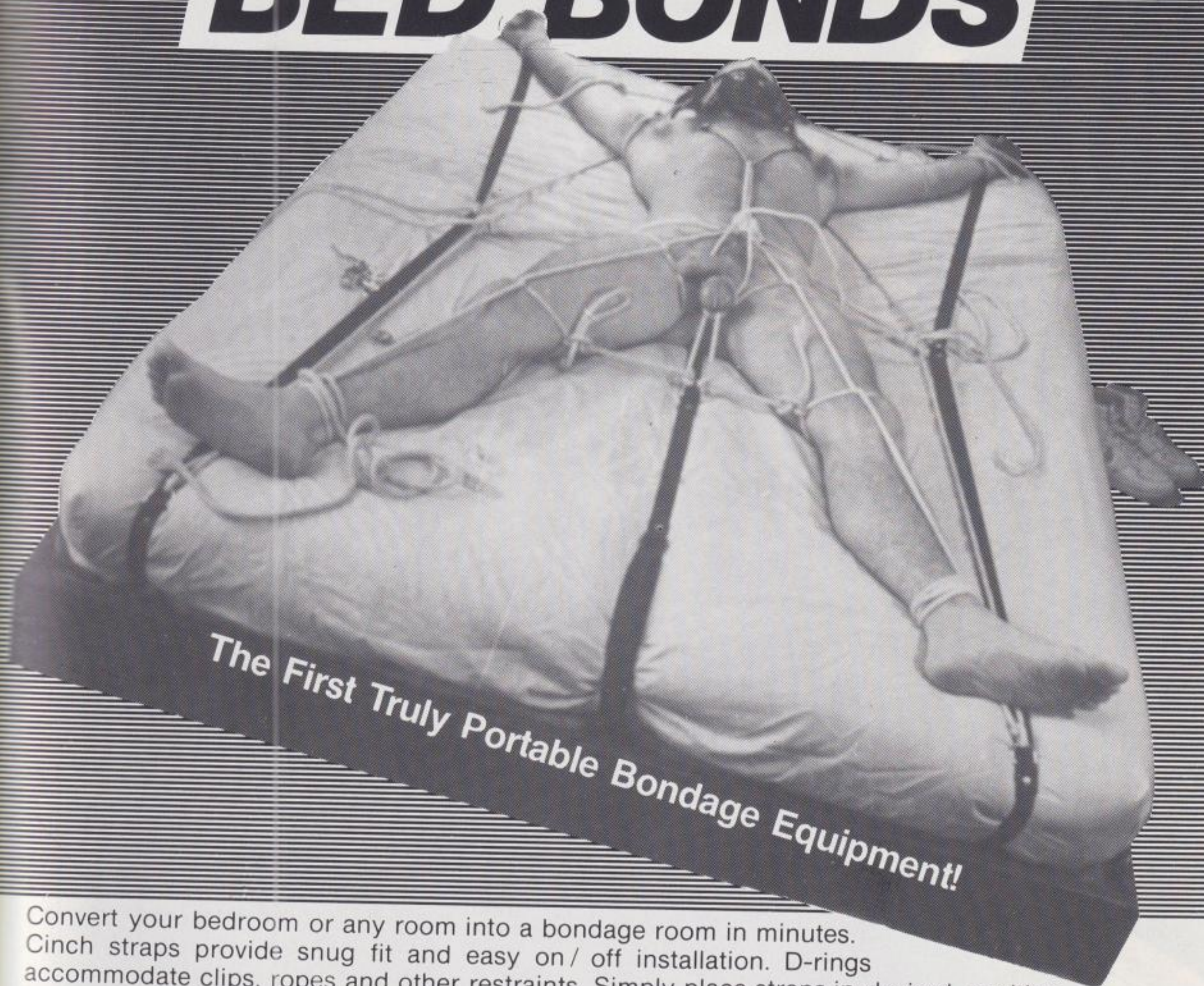
SEEKS ANIMALS: Are you animal enough for this New York bottom? He'll be in Germany this summer looking to be tied up; loves to have his tits worked over. Is a member of The Enema Fraternity. Looks like a solid five gallons of pleasure to us. Contact TC 1285.

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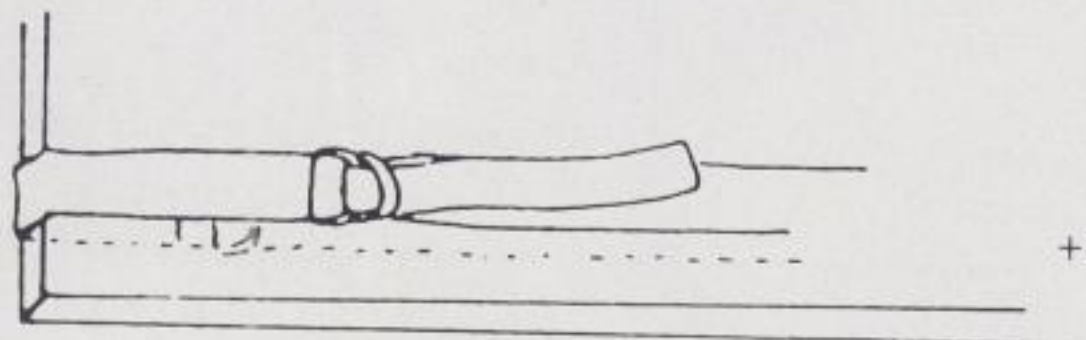
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